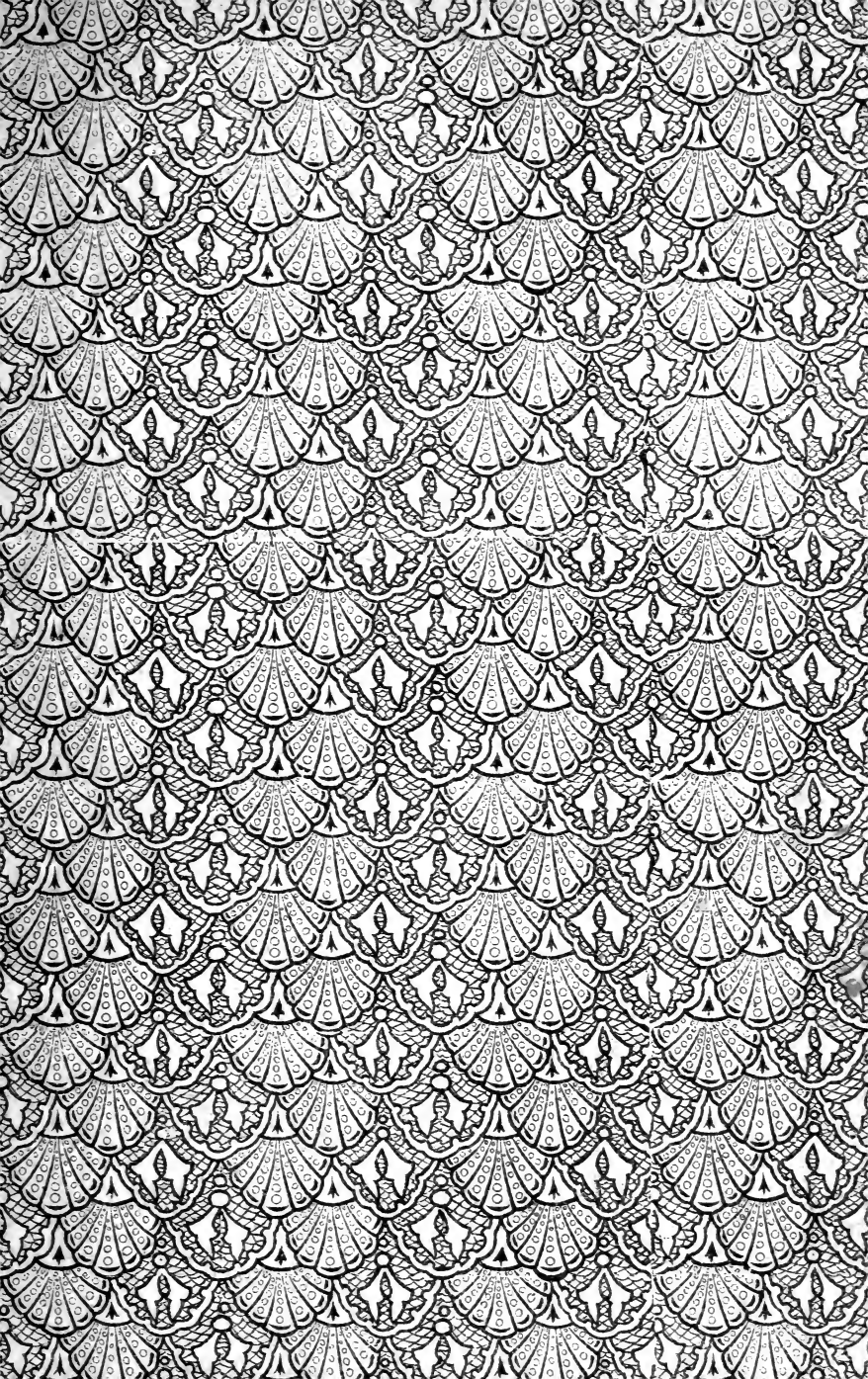

"COPY"

ESSAYS FROM AN EDITOR'S DRAWER

ON

Religion, Literature and Life

BY

HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, D.D.
Assistant Bishop of Mississippi.

THIRD EDITION.

NEW YORK
THOMAS WHITTAKER, 2 & 3 BIBLE HOUSE
1885

PREFATORY NOTE.

THIRD EDITION.

THE First Edition of this book was published in 1872. It comes to me quite as a surprise, that Mr. Whittaker, my friend and publisher, asks me for a word to introduce a new edition in 1885.

He tells me there is a continued demand for it, both in England and this country, and that the last thousand is exhausted.

I can but express my gratification that these gathered fragments of hasty editorial writing, in the old AMERICAN CHURCHMAN and CHURCH JOURNAL, should have sufficient elements of vitality to be in demand after so many years.

I yield to my publisher's opinion and commit them again, entirely unaltered, with all their faults upon them, to the good nature of the friends they have made for themselves.

In the entirely other sphere of duty in which the writer is now, by Divine providence, occupied, it is not perhaps strange that he sometimes casts a wistful eye upon the days when the printer called for "Copy," and these and other things were the response.

HUGH MILLER THOMPSON.

OXFORD, MISS., Feb., 1885.

PREFACE.

THE Preface is always written last. It generally contains an excuse or an apology. The author blushes to find himself in print, and takes the last opportunity, before the leaves are stitched, to explain how he came to do violence to his innate modesty.

My publisher tells me he must have a preface. Therefore I write one.

I have no excuse or apology to offer for the *book*. I only mention this as an excuse for the *preface*.

An editor writes under spur. The printer cries "copy," and "copy" must come. He has no time for careful elaboration,—for the graces of rhetoric. His flights must necessarily be short. He is happy if he succeed in alighting on the spot he intended. The airy gracefulness of wing, the soaring stretch of pinion, belong to birds of another feather.

And yet the editor, if he is good for anything, is presumed to have something to say, and in his own way, contrives to say it; and in some respects his way has its advantages. He is under penalty to be at least readable, to be clear, and, best of all, to be *short*. We tolerate every-

thing in him but boredom. We will allow the philosopher, the historian, the romance writer, the theologian, the poet, even the preacher, to bore us,—everybody, indeed, but the editor. We must concede that there is a certain advantage in this. It were well, perhaps, were the editorial necessity carried farther.

"But the editor writes for to-day. His productions wrap parcels on the morrow. They have served their purpose by appearing in the paper. They were 'copy' for the printer; that, and nothing more."

Is this *quite* true? Does hasty writing necessarily imply hasty thinking? Is a thing worth saying once not worth saying twice? Does not the modern periodical press necessarily deal with the very highest questions? And while its speech upon them may not be elaborate and profound, may it not sometimes be clear and sensible, and level with ordinary capacities?

There is possibly engaged in no other line of intellectual activity so much of power as is now employed in periodical literature. There is nowhere else so much variety of power. It is hard to say that what instructed, pleased, or influenced one set of readers, cannot instruct, please, or interest another set; and that because thought found its first effect in the columns of a newspaper, it can find none in the pages of a book.

The writer believes these essays are worth putting in this present shape, or he would not have so put them. He

knows the limitations under which they were written, and their defects. But he knows also that though the *expression* was hasty, the *thought* was not so; that they were read and had their effect, and he believes they may be read and have their effect also in their present dress.

For years it has come to him as a part of his weekly work to prepare a certain amount of "copy." He has collected some of it here,—those portions which were most frequently copied into papers religious and secular. He has arranged the papers in a sort of order which will be apparent to the reader. He has not sought for those which dealt especially with "Churchly," or even "religious" questions. His purpose was rather to collect papers which treated questions of common life and thought from a Christian point of view.

On those questions he confesses to hasty *writing* sometimes, when the call for "copy" was urgent. But he refuses to plead guilty to hasty *thinking*.

H. M. T.

NEW YORK, May, 1872.

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COPY.

RELIGION FOR MEN.

THERE is nothing which so frightens modern religionists as *strength*. The popular notion of a pious man is, that he is amiable, harmless, and submissive. Amiability, harmlessness, weak acquiescence in any wrong or injury, are considered necessary qualities of the modern Christian. That a man should, for instance, blaze out into fierce and sudden wrath, and speak and act with righteous resentment and indignation, would effectually destroy his reputation for piety in the minds of the general run of good people.

Our modern interpretation of Christianity has left no place for the strong and stern qualities of human nature. Religion can only suppress or, if possible, exterminate these. They are bad and evil, it seems, in themselves. The amiable, the mild, and the womanly in human nature are all religion can find any use for.

It does not concern us to ask how this interpretation of Christianity has come to be accepted. As a fact, it is accepted now, almost universally, by religious people. Christianity is valuable to them as a mild, consoling, loving religion. It is good to soothe the heart and calm the feelings, to comfort the mourner and bring peace to the dying, to cast the brightness of hope over the real or fancied sufferings of life, and, especially, over the gloom of death.

And all this is true. But is it all the truth? Has not the acceptance of it as the whole truth a great deal to do with the most pitiful fact of the day, that religion has become the business mainly of the women? We do not say by intention at all, but we do say that, effectually, the ordinary setting forth of the religious character, the ordinarily accepted type of Christianity presented, has been such as is possible only for women, and for certain exceedingly femininely constituted men.

It is strange enough that a religion whose history is written in fire on the face of the world; a religion whose Divine Author denounced, in words that scorch and wither in their white flame, the evil deeds of this world, and their evil doers; a religion which, at its first mission, was declared to be "not peace, but a sword;" a religion whose long story is illustrated by the most heroic doing as well as suffering, by the strong, unbending, masterful will of the strongest men that ever lived, by the fierce, passionate, and consuming warfare of eager, stubborn, and courageous men; it is strange, we say, looking down the long history, beginning with such a man as S. Paul, that the outcome should be, now, after eighteen centuries, that Christianity has no place for fierce, aggressive courage, for stern, unbending will, for righteous indignation, for masterful genius in controlling men, for all those powers of our nature that, in every other cause, are essential to success.

Is it not possible that, in this case, the half-truth has become, as in other cases, a lie? On the whole, is a true religion mainly useful as it makes people comfortable, as it smooths away asperities, and cloaks differences, and allows us all to get on with our various schemes in an easy, pleasant manner? Are our schemes, nowadays, all so good, and our lives so delightfully innocent; is all the world getting on so pleasantly, that the business of Christianity is only to soothe us and keep up peaceful and quiet in this good life, and in these good works?

Men denounce religious discussion, or bewail religious asperities as "unchristian" or "uncharitable," forgetful of the fact that for eighteen centuries God's truth has been fighting for room to live here, and the devil's lies are not all killed yet. They bewail, in the simplicity of their innocence, the heat of good men on religious questions, as if that heat were a sin, and not, as in many cases, what it ought to be in all, a duty.

Human nature is *all* injured. Human nature is to be *all* restored. There is no faculty better or worse than another. Human love is no better, and no worse in itself, than hate. Wrath is no more sinful in itself than good nature.

Calvinism was not a particularly weak system. In truth, it was a decidedly strong one. Nevertheless, the result of it is the feminine view of religion we have mentioned. For practically it became Manicheism. It left the impression that the bad in human nature was confined to a certain part in that nature. A man was split in halves. Half his faculties were good. The other half were hopelessly bad. Its disciples took that revenge on the hideousness of its original doctrine of human nature. They could not accept the teaching that every natural instinct, appetite, and feeling were in their very essence bad. They gradually made a compromise; the strong, unruly, wilful, and aggressive powers, ugly in many of their manifestations,—these were totally depraved and bad; but the amiable and mild gifts were particularly good, and especially Christian.

It was shallow enough, but religion has been very shallowly taught for some years back.

It seems plain enough that God gave man the capacity of hate, as well as the capacity of love. He gave both for good purposes. In the imperfection of man's nature, both are injured. He loves where he ought not, and he hates where he ought not. His amendment lies in loving rightly, but also it lies equally in hating rightly. He can no more destroy the one power than the other. He has just as much

need of the one as of the other for his work and for God's purposes. He is not a man without the capacity of hating, and he is certainly not a Christian man unless he hates many things very bitterly.

So God gave the capacity for wrath and resentment. They are in themselves no more evil or wrong than the most gentle amiability. They are very necessary for the work of this world. We cannot do without them. Just wrath, righteous indignation—burning and fierce—have been and are very blessed and desirable things in a world like this. We cannot spare them out of the Church of God.

Christianity takes the whole of human nature, and seeks not to destroy, but to save and regenerate and perfect every part,—body, soul, and spirit. It finds a place for every faculty and every power. It aims to give each right direction and right measure. There is no power of our nature, no quality of humanity, that can be too large or too strong, if only directed to its right purposes.

The golden year has not yet dawned on the world's horizon. Life figures itself still as a battle.

"The canniest gait, the strife is sair."

God's Church here is a Church militant yet. The fight has only just begun. We know, in any battle, what qualities go to gain success. Christianity has never been a religion of rose-water. The most amiable sentimentalism has never burned any of the world's hideous idols. It needs not that one be a prophet to see that, in the days before us, there will be need of the gifts that count on the hard-fought field. Either we must enter on a war, real soldiers and fighters, ready, not only to suffer, but to do, or we Christians may as well give up the business for which Christianity was organized on earth.

And we want to do our small share toward recalling to the minds of those that think and teach, the fact that cloister virtues may be very good in the cloister, but that the

most of us are in the world, and in a hard, bitter, bad, ugly-looking world too. There are things, palpable and visible, to be opposed and destroyed. The exercise of charity and tenderness, and the amiable domestic virtues, are not all of the Christian life in the rough days we live in.

We must preach a whole Christianity again. Once more the sword sent on earth to slay the earth's sins must be unsheathed; once more the Church of God must be terrible —"an army with banners;" once more we must find a place for the strongest, fiercest powers of human nature when sanctified by God's Spirit to God's purposes; once more the religion of that God who "is a consuming fire" must be not merely a "comfort" to men in their sins.

In the sentimentalism that passes for religion, in the amiable weakness that thinks itself piety, in the gentle cowardice that counts for Christian meekness, in the effeminacy that considers just anger sinful and hatred of evil deeds lack of Christian charity, it is a comfort to one's soul to read—standing for a perpetual record that he was a *man*—every inch a man; that the *saint* lost nothing of his *manhood* in gaining sainthood—that honest, hot burst of St. Paul, "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works!"

At all events, until our Christianity can cease to be shocked by such expression as that, from a Bishop's lips if need be, it must remain, we fear, what so many men consider it,—an affair for their wives and daughters, a thing altogether too ethereal and frail to bear the wear and tear of the rude lives themselves have to live. We must find a place for all types of character. They are all needed; we must have a religion which looks not only to make woman more womanly, but man more manly.

To sum this as we have to sum so many things, the world needs, and especially our own piece of the world, primitive and catholic Christianity again,—a thing big enough and strong enough to take in men and women both.

IS CHRISTIANITY WEAKNESS OR STRENGTH?

IT is a part of the smallness of our human nature that we can generally only take one side of a thing; and which side depends on prejudice or fancy, on times and circumstances. It is so with Christianity. We heard, the other day, a man—a strong, muscular, energetic, downright man, an earnest Christian—fiercely and bitterly denouncing a vile wrong, and in burning words stating his opinion of the doer. He minced nothing. He spoke the thought that was in him straight out. He was indignant; his moral sense outraged; and though one of the tenderest and gentlest of men, with all his strength he blazed out into sudden wrath about this dastardly deed and its dastardly doer. It did us good to hear him. We like strong Saxon in any cause; and our friend used his mother-tongue like a master. The variety, force, and telling distinctness of English speech were well illustrated in a series of sentences that hit the mark like rifle-bullets. The whole moral atmosphere about the speaker seemed clearer and purer when he had done. It was like the air after a sudden thunder-storm and a few lightning flashes in summer,—cool and healthy. But there were other hearers besides ourselves—very good people, very good Christian people; and on our expressing some satisfaction at our friend's energetic outburst, we were met with the objection that "he showed a spirit that was not Christian. He had exhibited altogether too much wrath, and had given way to bitter denunciation. It was not the mild and loving spirit of Christ which he displayed, but the carnal spirit of earthly bitterness," etc.

It set us thinking on a subject which has always been of much anxiety and suspense to us: Was our friend's spirit unchristian, or were his critics entirely and utterly mistaken about "the spirit of Christ?" How has it come to pass that the general estimate of what is Christian finds no place for a temper like our friend's; that the majority of good, amiable Christian folk are startled and shocked by a manly outburst like his?

Certainly, if one tests the question by the New Testament, he will find Christianity a positive and decided matter enough. In the mouth of our Lord and His Apostles there are no weak words. Force and energy, that cleave straight to the roots, appear in every sentence. There is energetic love; but, also, energetic abhorrence and powerful denunciation. The Christian spirit does not figure itself there as mere milk-and-water amiability; as namby-pamby vagueness, or imbecile good nature. "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida!" "Thou, Capernaum, shalt be brought down to hell!" "Better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea!" "It had been good for that man if he had not been born!"

Scores of such sentences—two-edged, flashing, piercing to the very marrow—dart from the lips of the Lord. There is no tampering with wrong, no weakness in dealing with sin. With infinite love, indeed, but with strong love, not with weak; with manlike and Godlike love, He speaks; but also with strong hatred of evil; with fierce and glowing denunciations of it and its doers. And yet, notwithstanding all, the age has taken up with the notion that Christianity is weakly mild, and that he best illustrates the Christian spirit who is most amiable and most unaggressive and most complying.

Vague, mild, and gentle talk is Christian talk. Vague, hesitating, and imbecile feeling is Christian feeling,—so

think the mass of good people, or "goody people," as they should be really called. And good men rise and talk what we fear is mere cant; repeating, parrot-like, phrases of love, and explaining weakly away anything that may seem like force or manliness.

They do it in the pulpit. They cannot denounce a sin without explaining away the denunciation. They cannot announce a strong opinion without apologizing for it, or a clear opinion without explaining away the opinion in the attempt to show that they disagree with nobody else who may hold just the opposite. The bane of many a pulpit is this weakness, which will not allow the plain statement of plain things; which, in its excessive and imbecile amiability, is forever apologizing for holding opinions of its own; for differing from anybody else on any matter whatever.

And this age, in all else, is a hard, matter-of-fact, and energetic age enough. It will tolerate, nowhere else, uncertainty and amiable apologetics. It sneers at sentiment and romance, and every exhibition of feeling that is not honest and strong. It wants downright doing, and strong talking, in all matters,—force, precision, and aggressive assault on all opposition.

It takes revenge by concentrating all its weakness, all its sentimentality, all its vague helplessness and amiable softness into its religion; and the "popular Christianity" of the time is like a piece of poor calico out of which all the color has been boiled and washed. When the eye flames, and the voice swells, and the fist grips hard, as a righteous soul expresses righteous indignation about some sham or cant, or denounces bitterly some sin, or some misleading lie and its defenders, the "popular Christianity" recoils in horror, and cries, "Ah, it may all be true, but this is not the spirit of Christ!" We join issue with it. It *is* the spirit of Christ. And this "popular Christianity" has so far lost the character of Christianity that it does not know what "the spirit of Christ," about which it talks so glibly, is.

We have allowed a caricature of Christian feeling to come and stand for the reality. Instead of the strong tenderness of Christ, we are imposed upon by the imbecile tenderness of a doting, a foolish, parent. Instead of the all-powerful love of God, we are cheated by a weak love, like that of some fond and indulgent mother who spoils her child. Instead of the energetic, two-handed, *working* charity and philanthropy of Christianity, we are deluded by a caricature, the milk-and-water weakness of amiability and sentiment, which knows no discrimination between knaves and honest people.

We have not only lost the strong, denunciatory, and wrathful side of our religion, but we have made a helpless, drivelling caricature of its loving side, and an easy good nature, an effeminate sentimentalism has come to be called "the Christian spirit." And we need go no further for the cause of the fact that the business of religion has come to be left so largely to the women and children. The men are repelled. They have no special taste for tasteless, lack-lustre amiability. On the whole, it is not a sentimental world, nor is it a sentimental business living in it. A religion, to bear the wear and tear of the time, and stand a man in stead at his counter, office, and shop, must be a real, positive, and effective factor in human life; a thing to be touched and handled and used, and that will not fade away into mist.

Is the sum and substance of Christianity this,—that it teaches men to be tolerant and good-natured; that it offers them consoling words in trouble, and speaks softly to them when they are sick, and says hopeful things about them when they are dead? Shall we accept the common estimate of "our common Christianity," and go on repeating mild phrases, parrot-like, in soft voices, apologizing for daring to differ from anybody, as if that were some breach of Christian charity? We have only to say that this is not the Christianity that conquered the world of old. It is not the Christianity

which called to its side, by an impulse irresistible, the greatest brains and strongest hearts in all the world, fourteen centuries ago. Ambrose, the soldier, the statesman, the man of the world; Augustine, the genius, the scholar, the gentleman; Athanasius, the royal-hearted, imperial of will and intellect in the mystery of commanding millions to follow where he led; aye, all the wonderful bead-roll of splendid names that adorn that great century, when all that was strong, wise, bold, and splendid in the great Empire naturally and inevitably stood by the altar and ascended the pulpit.

If we are ever to reach the heroic and conquering days again, it must be by the old Christianity of power. Weak words to conceal weaker feeling must go. Mere apologies and negations must vanish. There is some meaning in the words, though we have been so anxious to forget it,—"I am not come to send peace on earth, but a sword!" We must rise to understand that there is here, in the midst of an evil world, a *Church* militant, and a *Truth* militant,—that Christianity is an armed resistance, sword in hand, against enemies; that the main spirit and temper is the spirit and temper of the loyal soldier in the centre of overwhelming foes; that we need downright, straightforward, manly, and powerful doing, no matter who is hurt; that the gospel call is a trumpet-blast for a charge, as well as a song of consolation; that the Christian knight must bind up wounds and speak gently to the fallen, but that he is an armed knight still, sword in hand, against sleepless foes, and his main business, to the battle's end, must be fighting.

This is the chosen, inspired simile. It is a reality to the end, and figures the fact exactly as the fact stands. It used to be accepted so, when men consecrated power, masterful will, flaming eloquence, fiercest energy, and most defiant courage, to the "Lord of all Power and Might." It must be so again before God's day rises in glory on the strifes of the world.

EUROPEAN DEMOCRACY AND INFIDELITY.

ONE of the things which strike Americans very oddly as they become acquainted with European opinion, is the universal association, in that opinion, of democracy with irreligion. At home, the American does not see that the fact of his living under a democratic form of government at all interferes with his Christianity. Comparing his own country with others, he does not see that infidelity or irreligion are peculiarly prevalent at home. In fact, the infidelity which does exist is not American at all, but European and imported, and grew up, not under a democracy, but under an absolute monarchy. And the same is the case when that infidelity takes the active form of irreligion, and shows itself outwardly in Sunday beer-gardens and theatres, and in a general boozy and beery opposition to Christianity and the feelings of other people. It seems queer to him, with his experience, that the democrat of Europe should be a half atheist, a destructive, and a scoffer at religion, when he, brought up in a democracy, and with all in possession that the other only hopes for, sees that Christianity is the only possible basis for the stability of the republic.

Why should the advocates of republicanism in Europe be infidels? Why should they be "Red Republicans,"—destructives? Why should they hate the Church as bitterly as they hate the State? Why should they class the priest with the privileged aristocrat? And why do all order-loving people, all who have any religion or any property, look with a sort of terror, as if he were a savage wild beast, on an avowed democrat?

That this is the case over continental Europe is well known to all who take the pains to know anything about it. It is not so in England. A man may there avow democratic opinions as boldly as if he were a born American, and nobody would consider him, of necessary consequence, an infidel. He may advocate republican institutions, and be a very regular church-goer, and a very exemplary communicant. But on the continent this is out of the question. Republicanism there hates the Church and its ministers, hates religion and all its belongings, denounces both as some of the means by which tyrants oppress mankind. "Tyranny" and "priestcraft" are two terms always connected by the continental democrat. And the connection is made by the republican of Protestant Prussia, as it is by the republican of Papal Italy.

Revolutionary France overthrows the Church as she overthrows the Throne. Revolutionary Spain turns the Jesuits adrift and suppresses the monastic orders. Garibaldi, a man naturally religious, is forced, at last, from his mere position as a European democrat, to denounce religion as he denounces absolutism. And such a man as Mazzini, who represents better than almost anybody the average sentiment of continental democracy, raves against Christianity, or at least against the Church that represents it, with a virulence of hatred almost ludicrous, if it were not connected with so much that is tragical. Why is this connection,—so strange, apparently, to us?

A late event in Rome offers the text of the explanation. Two Roman democrats were executed in the city of Rome, lately, in public, and accounts of their execution have been read, probably, by most who will read this. In one point of view, there is nothing out of the way in the execution. The two men were members of one of those secret revolutionary associations which exist all over the continent. They wished to overthrow the existing goverment of Rome, and, as a step in that direction, undertook to blow up the barracks

of the Papal Zouaves. They suffered for the attempt, just as the Fenians suffered in London, who undertook to release their fellow-conspirators by the original method of blowing up the Clerkenwell prison, the place of confinement, and who succeeded in the brilliant attempt to the extent of killing and maiming a number of innocent people. Nobody but the Fenians themselves seemed to think it at all strange that these amiable gentlemen should suffer for the murder. The government, unless it abdicated all pretence to govern, could not allow people, Fenians or otherwise, to amuse themselves by exploding barrels of gunpowder under stone walls, in the midst of a great city.

In that view, the government of Rome, in executing the two Italian patriots, was only doing what, like the English government, it was bound to do. The Roman execution, by beheading, and in the most crowded and public place of the city, may be compared unfavorably with the English; but, to the criminals themselves, it was possibly of no consequence whether they were hung in the English style, or guillotined in the Roman.

But there is another point of view in which the Roman execution was unique. The criminals were tried under a government of priests, and it was a bishop who ordered their execution.

Now, considering the sentiment of the universal Church about the matter of blood-guiltiness in the clergy, this is worthy of remark. That the Pope is temporal sovereign of Rome does not, in the least, alter the fact that he is bishop of Rome; and so strict are the ancient canons that they absolutely forbade the ordination of men who had taken human life, even by accident, and suspended from his functions a bishop or priest who had taken the life of a man unintentionally. In the English Church, where the bishops are members of the High Court of Parliament, such deference is paid to the ancient principle that, in all cases of parliamentary trials, where the accused is capitally

charged, the bishops never sit as judges. But here we have the strange sight, in this Roman execution, of a bishop signing the death warrant of two of his spiritual children, after they are sincerely penitent, too, according to the testimony of two of the said bishop's priests. That is to say, by the mixing up of Church and State in Europe, of which the Papal States, where a bishop is also king, are the most striking example, it has come to pass that the Church, whose law is mercy and forgiveness, has been compelled to abdicate her own ground and become a kingdom of this world, and bishops and priests turn executioners.

The Roman execution is only a striking instance of the working out of the Church and State connection in one way. The theory is always that the Church is coextensive with the State, and the State with the Church. They are but different names for the same organic body. The consequence is that the Church becomes responsible, apparently at least, for all the misgovernment and oppression of the State, and lends her spiritual sanction to sustain wrong and tyranny to almost any degree required.

This is the phase which Christianity presents to the European mind. It is just the same in Protestant Sweden that it has been in Papal Spain. The State Church, in return for its legal advantages, justifies, defends, and supports the State in any oppression. Its clergy are placed also among the privileged classes; sometimes, as in most Roman Catholic States, they are the most privileged class. They share the advantages of the privileged class; but, also, they share the odium. The consequence is, a whole harvest of hatred and ill-will against those who, by their office, should be the friends of the poor, the protectors of the oppressed, the ministers of mercy and kindness to the lowly and the suffering.

That this hatred and ill-will are not universal is owing to the fact that no false position in which it may be placed can make Christianity anything save what it is; that no State

officialism makes a bishop less a bishop, or a priest less a priest, or can remove, from the minds of thousands of good men, the solemn sense of the spiritual duty which those offices contain. In the State Church the faithful bishop is still the kindly and meek shepherd of the flock. The "lordship" never makes him forget the solemn vows of his ordination to the office, higher than any peerage in an earthly kingdom. And the faithful pastor is still the friend of the poor, the sympathizing helper in the home of sickness or poverty or suffering. No rights conferred by earthly law blind him to the solemn duties laid on him by the law divine.

So it may well happen, as it is more and more the case, we believe, in England, that in spite of being "privileged," and in spite of all the envy arising from a privileged condition, the clergy of a State Church may make common cause with the people, and gain and retain a hold upon their love and regard which no shocks of the social fabric can weaken. But it is in spite of their position as clergy of a Church "by law established," and when they fail by faithfulness and self-devotion to overcome the disadvantages of their privileged position, the Church becomes confounded, in the minds of reformers, with all the other abuses of the social order.

The confusion of the spiritual and the temporal, the captivity of Christianity by the kings of the earth since the time of Constantine, its conversion into a kingdom of this world, is the secret of the half, if not the whole, of European infidelity. In the minds of European republicans the whole thing is lumped in a mass. To them the Church seems but an appendage of the State, an engine of government, often an engine of oppression. It is used to give the awful sanction of spiritual authority to a power which, in their view, is trampling on the rights of men. It has abdicated its divine character of a protector of the oppressed, a refuge for the helpless, a kingdom which makes king and beggar

brethren, and equal before God, and is only a police institution to help keep things as they are, and frighten the ignorant, by divine terrors, from any complaint against their tyrants. And from the shortcoming of its ministers they transfer their dislike to religion itself. They know no Christianity save this which they see. Distrusting that, they distrust all. Hating that, there is nothing before them but hatred of religion altogether. They are not able to discriminate between the reality and the accident of position.

To an Italian, for instance, who sees the miserable misgovernment of his country, its weakness, poverty, and divisions; who feels that nothing but a new social order, which shall give some hope to the poor, some self-respect and character to the millions of ignorant and down-trodden of his countrymen,—to such an one, what vision does the Church present? Is she not identified with every odious measure? Is it not the Pope, to-day, that prevents Italy from being a strong, united, free, and powerful nation?

And this Pope is a bishop—as far as the Church and her constitution is concerned—a bishop, and nothing more. He may be the "first bishop," the "prince of bishops," the "successor of S. Peter," and all the rest of it; but he is only a bishop still, as far as any spiritual duty or function is concerned. As a bishop, he is pastor of a flock. There are souls committed to his charge. He is responsible, by the vows of his ordination, for the sheep committed to him. And yet, by this unchristian union of the things of Cæsar and the things of God, this poor old bishop is a temporal tyrant, whom his misgoverned and oppressed people would remove; and he is obliged to keep them in subjection, like any other tyrant, with zouaves and cannon, with needle-guns and bayonets.

What shall we say to a European reformer who looks at this? Remembering what a bishop is meant to be, reading in the New Testament the qualifications for that high office, what shall we say to a patriot who looks at the modern

prince and head of all bishops (as he claims) reviewing his hired mercenaries, and "blessing his parks of artillery?" And when we consider that he has been brought up to accept this or nothing, to admit this bishop and his Church as being Christianity, certain and infallible, and the only power on earth that represents the Lord, need we wonder that a European republican has little love for Church or priesthood, and is disposed to question even Christianity itself?

Before Christianity in Europe there is a day of trial. The day awaits all the Protestant forms of it, as it does the Papal. It is prophesied, and all indications appear to favor the prophecy, that half a century will see Europe republicanized. What will be left of religion in republicanized Europe?

A Church that has washed her hands of all temporal defilement, that stands on her own divine ground, a kingdom not of this world, could answer confidently. A Christianity that stood clear of all State entanglement, and claimed supremacy only in its own grand dominion of morals and of conscience, might be sure of its reply. But a Christianity intertwined and woven with offensive and oppressive systems of selfishness and injustice, and made a tool of by such systems,—what shall it reply?

It has been a part of the moral government of God, in this world, that there should be a new world to contrast the old. The problems of ages have found solution in new circumstances. It is not for nothing that a republic should already exist where men of European blood have reconciled the most absolute individual freedom with the Christianity which has all along taught that freedom, and brought about its establishment.

In more ways than one the new world is the hope of the old. And it is especially its hope in this, that it has cut the chains which bound the Church of God to earthly governments, has given Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and has utterly denied him that which is God's.

THE WEST.

THE valley of the Mississippi is the heart of this continent. The future American, the typal man of the new world, will be found in this valley, and here will be the most completely, thoroughly, and truly American portion of this whole land, the guardian of its ethics and its manners. We have written down a few statements which are axioms in the West. The belief in these things, the conviction that they are sure to come, is innate in the western man; he may not always be able to give the reasons for his opinion; he may not know how to get a New York man, or a Boston man, to see as he does; but that does not affect his own conviction that he lives in the heart of the country, and that his childrens' children will be the most truly American of all Americans.

The true western man goes a great deal on instinct. He sees a great many things intuitively. He somehow blunders to the right end. He may not be able to tell how he got there, but he is there at last, and that is enough. He reaches his conclusions by intuition. It is too busy a world, and too big a world, to split hairs in. Nevertheless, there are indications enough to justify the western man's opinion to the colder reason of his eastern brethren. That he is in the land's heart is a geographical fact simply. That he is removed from foreign influences is plainly another. The Boston boy, or the New York boy, with the flags of all nations in his eyes, may grow up, indeed, to love his own, but it cannot occupy that exclusive and lonely regard in his mind which it does in that of the Chicago boy, for whom

the only banner that floats is the stars and stripes. The circulation is warmer at the heart. It is sometimes cold or intermittent at the extremities.

Another thing we see is, that inevitably the metropolis, the great city of the land, will be at last *here*. Our seaboard cities are the largest yet, only because—having been so far rather colonial dependencies of Europe than a self-centred nation—our largest business transfers have been abroad. Because foreign commerce has been so large, therefore the maritime city has been the *great city*. But when we have a population of one hundred millions; when our internal commerce exceeds our foreign ten to one; when our home transfers are to our European as the whole to a tithe, it is very plain that the transfers will not be made, nor bills paid, nor the balance of exchange arranged, in any city on our foreign border. That city will be somewhere near the land's *heart*, some place at the centre of our national business and interest and feeling. The great city of this continent, all thoughtful western men feel instinctively, is yet to be built. It may be Chicago, it may be St. Louis. It may be built on some broad prairie, bare as yet even of a settler's cabin, or some uncleared swamp where the rotting vegetation yet lies rank; but built it will be in the *West*. As Paris is the city of France, and not Boulogne; as London is England's city, and not Liverpool; as Pekin, and not Shanghai, is the city of China, so, somewhere *in* the land, and not on its border, will be the great city of the United States.

Another thing noticeable to us all is, that the West is not provincial. It has no sectionalism. The tendency is to the largest and most complete nationality. We see it in speech, we see it in manner. New England has a *tone*. It has a manner. It is provincial. Even New York and Pennsylvania have their marks. You can distinguish them by a certain accent. There is a local twang in speech, a peculiar style in manner. Even educated men do not lose this altogether. The New England *tone* will exist in the most cultivated

Boston reader or speaker. It marks him, through all his cultivation, a provincial. New York city has the least of provincialism, because New York is yet the gathering place for all the land. It is what the West is. And it is often remarked, on that account, that New York is more like a western city than any other, and the New York man more like the western man.

In the West, men are gathered from all parts of our own country, and from all others. They are thrown together, and their local peculiarities are rubbed off. They cease to be sectional, and become national. They get rid of provincialisms and neighborhood peculiarities. The western man has no *tone*, no *twang*, no odd dialect, no peculiar mannerisms. We are perfectly aware that many good people have a notion that a land settled twenty years, perhaps, and occupied by men from all parts of the globe—by a restless, changing, busy population, who travel more miles in a week than any other number of people anywhere in a year—have yet a "neighborhood" language, and a provincial, peculiar "western dialect." Intelligent men have talked to us about this "western dialect," this "pioneer idiom," this "border provincialism," and have done it in the tone and with the twang of an intense provincialism, of which they were profoundly unconscious.

These small peculiarities cannot stay long in the life men lead in the busy West. The one thing remarkable is that a man brought up in the west may be taken for a southerner or a northerner, a western man or an eastern man, a Scotchman or an Englishman. His language will betray nothing. He speaks English, and not a dialect of English. He is an *American*, the cosmopolitan man; that is, the man in whom all the European races have met and mingled. He is not any of them in special, and yet he is like them all.

The immense and rapid development of the West has been spoken of often enough, and urged as a reason for giving thought and attention to this fast-growing section of the

country. But even this development can only be understood upon the ground Men *see* it there. The words in which they speak of it to others seem absurd or extravagant. They *know* they cannot exaggerate, and yet their most reasonable statements, they are conscious, must appear exaggeration to others.

But we let that go. Its material development, grand as it is, is not what makes the importance of the West. That the "land of corn and wheat" can feed the world is not the real source of its importance to us. That already its commerce more than doubles the maritime commerce of the country is not all. That it owns more than half the railroads, and gives business to half the other half, is only a part. That its population has so increased that the valley of the great river contains more than half the people of this country, and vastly more than half its wealth,—this, too, is only a part. That this valley is still filling, and in a few decades will contain three fourths of the American people, is not all either. The real and solemn importance of the West is the fact which we have dwelt upon, that it is the country's *heart*, that it must give law and opinion to the whole land, that the sentiment of the West will be American sentiment; the manners of the West, American manners; the feeling of the West, American feeling. We see that, year by year, this end is coming nearer. We are sure, in the nature of things, that it is inevitable. Whatever we allow the valley of the Mississippi to become, that the land will become.

We are aware that this will seem to many people only another piece of extravagance. We write it in no extravagant spirit. It is, to us, calm and sober conviction. The facts are staring us in the face. We cannot shun them if we would. Steadily, the end comes nearer. Western cities growing, western states fast filling, western opinion hardening down, and asserting its authority, western men at the head of the nation,—the facts are clear. He is a fool who shuts his eyes to them.

This makes the importance of the West. To the statesman, to the patriot, to the philosopher, this is what renders the West the great problem that it is. This, too, is what makes it of such profound importance to the Christian. The arm of the land, the heart of the land, concentrating fast its physical force, and faster still its moral might, its brain power and its controlling and consuming energy, we ask ourselves, What are we doing for the West? How are we prospering in the West? What are we making of the West? We ask this because we know that it means, What are we doing in the country? How are we prospering in the country? What are we making of the nation for all time to come?

THE AMERICAN ELEPHANT.

ONCE in our life we met a curious book. It was only a school geography, but the most laughable geography ever devised by the wit of man. What added to the amusement was the fact that the writer had not meant to be amusing. He was in dead earnest. No owl could be more solemn than he. We have forgotten his name, but we shall never forget his little book; and if it be our fortune ever to meet him, we shall most gratefully make our personal acknowledgments for an hour's hearty laughter over his pages. He was an Englishman. We remember that. He was an English clergyman, too,—a university man, we think. He wrote his geography for parish schools. It may be taught in them still, for anything we know to the contrary. In fact, from a great deal we read in English periodicals—the "Saturday Review," for instance—we should rather think it a standard English geography to this day.

Well, among a great number of facts about America stated in this little book, which were entirely new to us, we were informed that "all natural productions on the western continent were smaller than the corresponding ones on the eastern." This was shown, if we remember rightly, from the oaks of America, which, it would seem, are seldom over twenty feet high! But we are not so sure of this illustration. We are, however, of this one: "The elephant of America, for instance, is not larger than a hog!"

That illustration, we are quite certain, our memory will always retain. It was so pat to the purpose, so short, clear, and, above all, so laughable, that it will stick to us while we

have any memory at all. We shall never hear of an English "geography for schools" without seeing that wonderful "American elephant" that is to wallow through the dreams of all John's children, sadly shorn of his fair proportions,—no larger, poor fellow, trunk packed and all, than an ordinary Berkshire!

The writer of an article on Mormonism, in the "North British Review," must have studied this famous geography for his knowledge of matters American. While he says nothing new about "the saints," he contrives to exhibit a new phase of that dense ignorance of this hemisphere which, in the other case, converted the peccary into the "American elephant." In trying to account for the growth of this stupid imposture, he says: "That which lends to Mormonism nearly all its strength, is its being emphatically the religion of the poor!"

Is not that a discovery to come from beyond the Tweed? Mormonism has the very mark which our Lord offered to the Baptist, in proof that the dispensation which he had heralded was now come in power,—"The poor have the Gospel preached unto them." But mark the thorough knowledge of the social condition of the United States exhibited in this: "The excited state of the American working classes of that period, and the way in which the moneyed interest had ruthlessly trodden down the poor, rendered the religion of Christ nearly a dead letter to them." Certainly, the "American elephant" is an extraordinary beast! What "period" is this in our history? What class of our community are the "down-trodden poor?" Who are these terrible aristocratic, privileged, governing classes in America, who have so trampled on a wretched peasantry, a down-trodden "working class," that Christianity "has become a dead letter to them," steeped as they are in misery?

We thought the writer might have meant the slaves of the South. But, then, they never furnished any converts to Mormonism. A Mormon preacher would have found short

shrift and long rope had he tried his mission on a southern plantation. Besides, the "North British Review" has held that southern slavery is by no means an institution to put down. It is rather a comfortable affair than otherwise for "working classes." The slaves, then, cannot be meant. Who are? Can any mortal tell us? In what unwritten page of American history are we to find these trampled peasants, these "down-trodden poor?" In what forest shall we hunt for this famous "American elephant?"

We know here, but how shall we get our British friends to see, that this gangrene on the fair face of this continent is not of American, but of European, and largely of English, growth? That sink of filthiness in Utah is filled with streams from Liverpool. The ignorance and stupidity and vice of Europe made and sustain Mormonism. We venture to say that not one in ten of the adult population of Utah is American. Left to Americans, the imposture would have died years ago. But Mormon missionaries found dupes in hundreds among the "down-trodden poor," the wretched "working classes," the depraved and ignorant of England especially,—and so Mormonism has prospered. The knaves in Utah are American; the "prophets," "elders," "bishops," and the rest, are smart Yankees. But the dupes are from the doors of the North British; the poor, deluded slaves are those who have enjoyed all the advantages of a country where, to be sure, the "poor" are never down-trodden, being "free-born Britons,"—where they have all been taught carefully the size of the "American elephant." We have no doubt many of them have seen the animal by this time, and have made up their minds he is considerably bigger than any Berkshire or Suffolk of their acquaintance.

The statistics of immigration will show what we state. We have ourselves seen a cargo of three hundred Mormons, fresh from England, on their way to the City of the Plains, led, like sheep to the slaughter, by a couple of cute Yankees, who believed in the book of Mormon as firmly as in the

Koran. But they did believe in getting an English peasantry to work for Brigham and themselves. Denmark has done pretty well for these scoundrels. But their big harvests have been reaped in England. Nowhere else have they found dupes so many and so gullible.

It is no pleasure for us to write this. It is a thing to be written of in shame and sorrow. But a little impatience is excusable, when we find a man writing of this blasphemous imposture, in the densest ignorance that he and such as he are responsible, before God and man, for its success and spread. Mormonism is to be killed in Europe, not in America. No "British Review," north or south, will ever talk sense on the subject till it sees that. The philosophers on the other side of the water must get just a step above the trick of abusing America for the ignorance and vice that Europe pours upon its shores, before they are competent to understand Mormonism. The clergy of Great Britain must be told that the population of Utah is largely made up of their own baptized parishioners, before they learn that Mormonism is not to be explained by exclamations about the degeneration of Christianity in America.

Meanwhile, from this article, and a hundred such, in British periodicals, we learn two things: First, that a British opinion, on any matter American, is worth, in wisdom, the cackling of an ancient goose. And, secondly, that if intelligent people can write in this way of a great kindred nation, and be serious, we have great call here to exercise forbearance and charity. We trust we shall never, by lack of these, be called upon to show how much larger are our "American elephants" than our cousins have been taught to think them.

AUTHORITY AND PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

TO set private judgment and authority as antagonistic, is a pet sophism of modern Romanists. Private judgment, according to them, is a mere delusive cheat, an invention of the devil. It leads everybody wrong. It is the source of all heresy and all schism. A man's only safety lies in casting it away, and accepting a guide which cannot err, which is always infallible and certain, and which will save him, for all time to come, the trouble of deciding.

And it is really no wonder the sophism so often succeeds. For men like to be saved trouble. The most of us are not very anxious to shoulder responsibility. We are not sorry to shirk duty, particularly painful and dangerous duty. And this exercise of our judgment *is* a heavy responsibility, a dangerous duty. For we are very apt to be led wrong. We are often cheated. A man's private judgment cannot, in all cases, be depended upon. With all his care and watchfulness, it is quite possible he may err seriously. It would be exceedingly pleasant, therefore, to many a temperament, to resign, once for all, this duty, and accept a guide who will agree to be conscience and reason for him, and save him the trouble of thinking henceforward.

Finding the arrangement so successful, we have it put forward in a hundred different shapes. The changes are rung on the dangers of error, the liability of human judgment to commit that error, the convenience and necessity of an infallible judge, and the fact that the Church of Rome is that judge. And we have often been surprised at the entrance some of ourselves give to the arguments of Popery,

by the admission of the sophism on which they are founded. It is no uncommon thing, among ourselves, to find private judgment arrayed as essentially antagonistic to authority. Now and again we hear the exercise of private judgment attacked, as if it were absolutely wrong, and implacably opposed to the truth. We hear the authority of the Church set forth as though it were, of necessity, to crush out and destroy the vile evil of private judgment, which has led the world so far wrong.

It has seemed amazing to us that men can be deluded by a sophism so transparent. When one is pressed, for instance, with reasons in favor of an infallible Church, it is manifest that the appeal is made to his private judgment. When a Romanist undertakes to convert a man, he appeals to the man's reason to effect his purpose. And if he succeed in his purpose, and the man turn Romanist, he becomes so in the exercise of that same judgment and reason. He has found, he believes, an infallible guide; but he has no ground for the belief, after all, except that private judgment which he hereafter renounces. His teacher denounces private judgment, warns him against its exercise, urges him to accept another and an infallible guide, and, at every step, appeals to this same private judgment to satisfy the change. Now, if private judgment is to be trusted to discover this guide—if, after all, a man is forced back upon the correctness of his judgment when he is questioned about the trustworthiness of his authority—we really cannot see that he is any better off than at the first.

"Father" Newman, for instance, in his "Apologia," congratulates himself on the peace and security which he has found in Popery. He has no doubts, no fears, any more. He is perfectly certain now. Truth comes to him through an infallible voice,—the voice of Pio Nono. He is distracted no more by that subtile logic which can prove black white. That private judgment which led him such strange dances, no longer disturbs him. He is in infallible hands, and has certain assurance now.

All very pleasant. The siren song comes sweetly over the sea. How delightful to cease the toil of thinking, and

> "In the hollow lotus land,
> To live and lie reclined."

But let us inquire, "How do you know you have an infallible guide? How do you know there is one? How do you know Pio Nono is he? How were you brought to accept your present position?" The answer, of course, is: "My judgment told me so. I was convinced by such and such weighty reasons. There is this argument and the other, do you not see? Listen a moment. I can prove to you that there must be an infallible guide, that that guide is the Church of Rome; and that the Church of Rome is head, not in a council, as Bossuet wickedly held by his naughty private judgment, but in the Pope, as I, 'Father' Newman, hold by my private judgment."

That is to say, after all, it is Father Newman's private opinion that there is an infallible Church; it is his private opinion that the Church of Rome is that Church; and farther, that Pio Nono is the authorized mouthpiece of the said infallibility. He accepts whatever Pio decides as infallible truth, and congratulates himself on his security and peace. "But how do you know it is infallible?" "Oh! because the Holy Father decides it. He cannot err." "How do you know he cannot err? Let us have the truth. How do you—how does any man—satisfy himself of that?" "By reason," must be the only answer. "By the exercise of private judgment."

When we investigate, we find the whole imposing fabric a mere delusion. A man has an infallible authority, he says. All very well. An infallible authority would be very convenient; but when we ask, we find he has only his private judgment for the facts. He is convinced, he is satisfied, his judgment and reason tell him he has discovered an unerring guide. Ah! but suppose his judgment and reason are no

better there than they have been in a dozen questions where he confesses they failed?

"Father" Newman informs the world that his private judgment was one of the most blundering, wrong-headed, stupid private judgments ever made. It bothered him terribly. He looks back now and sees what a dance it led him. He is well rid of it now. Aye! but his private judgment led him to Popery. The exercise of that naughty reason which he renounces led him to Rome. What assurance has he that, in that step, his private judgment did not blunder worse than it ever did in his life before? It was always going wrong, and, at last (we think this the most rational sequence), it went wrong worse than ever, and knocked its poor brains out!

The truth is, a man's judgment is a man's guide. He is responsible for his reason, as he is for his conscience or his eyes. He has no more right to abdicate judgment than he has to abdicate conscience or eyesight. And to argue that judgment is to be renounced because it is liable to err, is just as wise as to argue that conscience is to be renounced because conscience often errs. Judgment is here on probation, as the entire nature is. It is here to be trained. As the will and the conscience and the affections are to be disciplined, so also is the judgment. It may commit mistakes. The conscience may, the will may. It is liable to err; so is every power. It is beset by dangers; so is all of the soul and all of the body. It is a part of life's responsibilities to face dangers. It is a burden God laid upon us, when He put us in a world of probation. There is no training without the possibility of error. There is no discipline possible without danger. When S. Peter preached on the Day of Pentecost, he appealed to private judgment. When S. Paul preached at Athens he appealed to common human reason. They neither appealed in vain. Whenever the Gospel is preached since, the appeal is always the same. The judgment and the reason are addressed in every pulpit. When

the most ultramontane stickler for infallibility undertakes to reason, he appeals to the private judgment he condemns. He expects a man to accept infallibility on grounds of reason.

We conclude, therefore, that private judgment is not an invention of Satan. It is not in itself evil. It is not to be cast aside as the infected spot in nature. It is given for good purposes. After all, a man must decide for himself in this world. His own sense and judgment must be his own guides. They may lead him wrong. They may lead him to utter ruin. They may cheat him into accepting lies, and stupid impositions, and blind absurdities; into committing moral suicide by the abdication of reason, conscience, and self-guidance, for the sake of accepting a pretended infallibility. So much the worse for the man. He should have used his judgment better. It was here on probation, and he allowed it to be cheated and abused, until now it cannot tell truth from falsehood. He suffers the penalty of his own sin. He plays with sophistries. He argues with dishonest arguments. He defends what he does not believe. He ingeniously finds reasons for what he is sure is false. He accepts things that his conscience condemns. He juggles with his judgment. He allows it to be swayed by passion, by interest, by whims even. He debauches it at last, and having spoiled his eyes, it is his own fault that he is now purblind.

And there is the moral responsibility a man carries for his faith. Men tell us a man is not responsible for his belief, because belief is not voluntary. He is not responsible for his infidelity, because his reason or judgment will not allow him to accept the Gospel. We insist that a man is responsible for his belief or unbelief, on this ground,—that he is responsible for his reason and his judgment; and if they lead him wrong—lead him into infidelity or heresy—it is on account of their misuse. He has abused them. He has put cheats upon them. He has debauched his judgment in respect to religion, by ignorance, prejudice, whim, or passion. And he is responsible for his own wrong-doing.

That is, in conclusion, authority and private judgment are not antagonistic. They are both in perfect harmony. A man must exercise his own judgment, and fall or stand by that. If he accept another's judgment, he makes it his own before he can act upon it. He uses his own sense, after all, in adopting it. But this private judgment a man must exercise under the law of the case. He must exercise it in a clear, docile, teachable spirit. He must submit it to law and to authority. It must be judgment, not self-will; enlightened sense, and not conceit or mulishness. And it is not ours to denounce private judgment as an enemy, for that is folly; but to enlighten it, that it may accept truth, and not error.

"THE BIBLE, AND THE BIBLE ALONE."

I.

IT startles one to find in print, every now and again, as fresh as a daisy, certain simple old phrases which have been long since given up by all men, who are in the habit of doing any thinking, as hopelessly meaningless. It rather discourages one's hopes of his race to find innocent gentlemen bringing out these venerable phrases, and calling the world's attention to them, precisely as if their potency had never been called in question.

The Bible—that is, the English translation of it—is in the hands of all Christians. And these Christians, nevertheless, find ground, in the Bible, for all their various sectarianisms. They have the same words, but they cannot agree on their meaning. The Baptist finds the Bible bitterly opposed, so he says, to infant baptism, and to any other method of baptizing grown folk, except that of dipping them backward. The Presbyterian, on the other hand, finds the Bible teaches infant baptism, and almost prescribes pouring or sprinkling as the common method of administration. The same Presbyterian finds Presbyterian Church government in the Bible, while the Congregationalist finds the Congregational government, and the Churchman finds Episcopacy. The "Seventh-Day Baptist" finds the Jewish Sabbath commanded, and not the Lord's Day, in the Bible all the rest of us read as well as he. And the Quaker appeals to the same Bible for refusing to be baptized or to receive the Lord's Supper, and for "theeing" his neighbors instead of addressing them in decent grammatical English.

Every sect appeals to the Bible for its opinions. The most opposite senses are taken from the very same words. The most contradictory notions base themselves on the same authority, and "the Bible alone" is quoted for and against every known article of Christian faith or opinion. Now, all this has been, for a long time, visible to all sects and conditions of men. They have come to their conclusions thereupon. They know that when the Bible is appealed to the controversy is by no means settled,—it has, indeed, only begun. The contest is about the meaning of the Bible. In law courts the debates are about the meaning of the law. It is only happy innocents who know nothing about law, that labor under the, in that case, harmless delusion of supposing that any child can read the statute and decide its meaning on sight. The controversy is about this very meaning which they innocently suppose anybody can understand, and it takes elaborate discussion and long judicial consultation very often to determine it, and then the decision may be, by a higher tribunal, reversed.

As a matter of fact, "the Bible, and the Bible alone," exists for no man. The great mass of people never can read "the Bible alone" in any case. They read a translation of it, and for the accuracy of that translation they have to depend on the good faith, the good sense, the learning, piety, and honesty of other people. A translation is always also a comment. It gives the translator's view of the meaning, his judgment about it, which may be right, but may also be wrong. "The Bible," therefore, to the great mass of men, is the Bible, plus somebody's interpretation of the Bible. They cannot have the Bible at all unless they take it with this interpretation. It is a necessary condition of their having any Bible at all, that they have it plus an interpretation and an explanation by men. Even when a man can read Greek or Hebrew with some comfort and ease, he is not much better off. He cannot have "the Bible alone," do what he will. He takes the meaning of Greek and Hebrew words on the

credit of other people. He accepts the accuracy of his copy on the good faith of scores of different copyists and editors. He takes explanations of this matter and the other on the assurance of scores of different men. The whole thing has been handed down, from hand to hand, through generations, and his faith that the Bible is the Bible (a very important conviction indeed) is not derived from "the Bible alone," but entirely from outside testimony.

These are reflections that have occurred to all men who are in the habit of doing any thinking, and it is therefore startling to such men to find the old phrase put forth with the innocent freshness and unconsciousness of a brain that never thinks—"the Bible, and the Bible alone"—as if all a man had to do to see the truth without any possibility of question was to turn to the English translation of the Old and New Testaments and read. One wonders where such people live, and how they continue to go through the world with their eyes shut to facts that are certainly prominent enough.

There is surely a meaning in the Bible, a truth there, and one plain truth and meaning, and no more. Infant baptism, for instance, is according to the Word of God, or it is not. That Word cannot allow it and forbid it at the same time. How shall we decide whether it is there or not? Who shall decide? Evidently, "the Bible alone" phrase has not decided it, and never can. Both sides claim it, though it is plain that one or the other must be most terribly in the wrong, must be given over to a strong delusion, and must believe a lie.

And here are all the other contradictions which split up American Christianity into a half hundred sects. Will "the Bible alone" settle them? Do they not each appeal to the Bible confidently and honestly? Does not each sect condemn its opposite on the ground that it goes, in some one thing or other, against the Bible?

Churchmen see all this, as anybody can see it who will look, and they are not surprised. They are surprised that

men will learn no lessons from it, but will persist in going on repeating old phrases which never had any sense in their best estate, and have long since had what little they were supposed to possess beaten out of them.

We find, for instance, in a religious paper, in a review of a somewhat notorious little book: "Our motto is, 'The Bible, and the Bible only,' and we will stand by it till the end. Upon this the whole matter hinges, and anything in our Church systems contrary to the Bible we would have expunged without compromise."

Now, who is to decide whether anything is "contrary to the Bible?" Will the gentleman who writes this undertake the business? And, if he is willing, will other people accept his decision? We perfectly agree with him; we have no doubt all Christians, all honest men of all names, would accept his words: "Anything contrary to the Bible we would have expunged without compromise." But, we ask, who shall decide? He picks out something "contrary to the Bible," and wants it "expunged." We insist that it perfectly agrees with the Bible, and shall not be "expunged." Who shall decide between us? "The Bible only?" Why, it is the very Bible that is in question! The thing to be decided is, whether this thing he wants "expunged" is, or is not, Bible.

It will hardly do to say that any Christian man desires to retain any belief contrary to the Word of God. It certainly will not do to say that any respectable body of Christians, organized as a Church, have deliberately made up their minds to hold a faith point blank against the Bible. We are altogether too charitable to believe that of any decent Christian man or Christian Church. They are just as anxious as the writer of the above phrase to "expunge" everything "contrary to the Bible." But who will tell them just what is "contrary," that they may "expunge" it? Our friend, like scores of other people, is undoubtedly ready to tell them. But the trouble is, they have as good a right to their opinion as he has, and we, who are indifferent to his notions and

theirs equally, have to confess that they are just as likely to be right as he. Still, he, like other men who are certain they are right in their notions, and who have no doubt their interpretation of the Bibe is infallible, has a way of explaining all these differences of opinion, and it is only fair to allow him to state it.

When these men speak of things "contrary to the Bible," they are not talking vaguely. They know what they mean. When they say "the Bible only," they express something definite to themselves. They mean by "the Bible," the Bible as they understand it,—the Bible, plus the sense they give the Bible. Meanwhile, it is very apparent, even to them, that other people do not find in the Bible the same sense they do. Now, this might make some men doubt a little whether their interpretation is as certain as they have fancied. But it never gives any doubt to the men who talk of "the Bible, and the Bible only," and who stand ready to set us all right with infallible promptitude, and "expunge" everything "contrary to the Bible" on sight. That nine-tenths of the people, with the same English translation they possess, and with at least hearts as honest and brains as clear, differ totally from them on the question, never disturbs their comfortable complacency. They go on urging "the Bible, and the Bible only," with a heavy pertinacity which is almost sublime in its determination to learn nothing. They have a method of explaining things which allows them still to insist that if you take "the Bible, and the Bible only," you *must* inevitably think as they do. Here it is: "We hold that the reason why so many who have the open Bible hold unscriptural views, is because they either never read it at all, or read it without seeking explanation from above; we also hold that the smallest school-girl can know more about God, if she reads His word prayerfully and humbly, than the most learned divine studying it in his own wisdom and intellectual power."

Surely, this is modesty in excess! We differ from a

gentleman on some question of religious doctrine. The gentleman appeals to "the Bible, and the Bible only." We accept the appeal, and prove, according to our conscience and intellect, that his notions are not in the Bible at all, and that our view has plain Scripture in its favor, and, instead of our shaking, in the slightest degree, his self-complacency, he turns about and tells us we do not say our prayers! If we were illuminated by wisdom from above, we would perfectly agree with him. We do not agree with him, and therefore we are not so illuminated. For he is! In other words, the claim is that he is divinely inspired to interpret the English Bible correctly. That, we suppose, expressed or unexpressed, is the way in which the mass who have taken "the Bible, and the Bible only," that is, the Bible and their private reason upon it, explain the fact that people differ from them. It is a very curious culmination of private interpretation, and the charity it begets.

The Baptist thinks that if the Presbyterian would only "seek explanation from above" he would stop baptizing infants. The Presbyterian, in his secret soul, believes the Baptist would baptize his children if only he would pray heartily for help to understand the Bible. There is a vague feeling that if men would only ask for heavenly illumination, they would see the true meaning of the Bible, and, therefore, since they differ from us, who have the true meaning, it is certain they do not say their prayers heartily, and therefore do not get that illumination.

It is very curious, however, as the end of the thing, that we should all conclude that those who differ from us, or, as our friend says, "who hold unscriptural views (for, differing from us and "holding unscriptural views" is the same thing, of course), either do not read the Bible, or do not pray!

John Wesley knelt down, Bible before him, and prayed for an explanation about "election." He got up an Arminian, and staid so till he died. George Whitfield knelt down, at the same time, Bible before him, and prayed for an

"explanation from above," and got up a high Calvinist, and staid so till *he* died. They are both, we trust, in Paradise now, and have learned that Calvinism and Arminianism are about equally valuable in this universe, and that the world can get on very satisfactorily without the poor rags and tags of either dead *ism*. Their earthly experience, however, is not very encouraging to either the theory, the charity, or the humility contained in the extract above.

3

"THE BIBLE, AND THE BIBLE ALONE."

II.

HOW shall we know that the Bibles we have are genuine? We mean, suppose there is no question but that a Revelation was once made, and that it was committed to writing by inspired men, how are we to become certain that the writings we now have are true copies of the originals? Granting that S. John wrote a Gospel, that S. Paul wrote various Epistles, to the Romans and others, how do we know that the writings we now have under the names of S. John and S. Paul are the actual productions of those Apostles?

This, it will be perceived, is a very different question from that of inspiration or authority. It is a question about a material fact, a question of the identity of a visible matter. Are our Bibles genuine Bibles? Do they contain the writings which were first published under the names of Apostles and Prophets? This question is one of *fact*, we say. Clearly, it is not a question which "the Bible alone" will settle. There is in the Bible itself no table of contents, no inspired summary of the books and chapters. And if there were, we would have to go outside the Book itself to decide whether the books and chapters in our modern Bibles are those which were contained in the Bibles of the second, third, and fourth centuries.

This question of fact—are our Bibles genuine copies of the original?—must be settled by outside testimony. We must appeal to the ancient writers, to the ancient Christian writers in fact, that is, in other words, to the early fathers. We

find these men, speaking and writing about a Book,—the Bible, the inspired Word of God, the Old and New Testaments. We find them quoting it, mentioning its authors, citing short passages and long passages from S. John or S. Paul or S. Luke, by name. We find them doing this in Rome and in Carthage, in Alexandria and in Jerusalem, in Constantinople and in Gaul. All over the world, men writing in Greek, in Latin, in Syriac, men divided from each other by vast spaces of territory, separated in language and in nationality,—we find quoting the Bible. In sermons, in formal treatises on theology, in familiar letters to friends—in all sorts of productions and in all connections—we find them referring to, talking about, and citing the words of a certain Book.

We have a Book which professes to be the same. Is it? We appeal to those early writers to find out. Manifestly, there is no other way. We cannot expect any miraculous interference to assure us of this question of fact. No mental or moral illumination can be expected to tell us whether *our* Bible is the real primitive Bible. We therefore appeal to the fathers. And that appeal assures us of the truth and genuineness of our present copies of the Word of God. It is clear they had copies identical with our own. What we read, they read. They had the same Gospels, the same Epistles, the same Acts of the Apostles, the same Revelation of S. John. They quote as we might. They cite the words as they are before us, and in the same connection. We decide that they had the same Bible identically. The extent to which this identification may be carried is beyond what most people think. It has been said that if the Bible were lost—that is, if every copy now in existence were destroyed—the entire volume might be restored from the writings of the first four centuries. It was so quoted, so preached, so commented on, that it actually passed *bodily* into the Christian writings of those ages, and remains there.

Such identification is possible in the case of no other

ancient writing. We are quite certain that our copies of the Æneid are genuine, that our "Commentaries on the Gallic War" are the very "Commentaries" written by Cæsar, but that certainty is founded on comparatively slight proof. These books are indeed mentioned, quoted, and described and attributed to Virgil and Cæsar, respectively, by writers from their own day down; but for one writer who testifies to them, a score testify to the Bible, and for one line quoted from them, chapters are quoted from the Old and New Testaments, and for one author who comments on them, fifty comment upon, explain, and cite whole books of the Revelation.

To decide this matter of fact, then, we appeal to the testimony of the fathers. That testimony is overwhelming. It is such testimony as exists for no other ancient writings. It is contemporaneous, continuous, unbroken, straight from the first century until to-day. It is so because the Bible, unlike any other book, was committed to the jealous watch and guard of an organized body whose business was to make it known to the ends of the earth. In this sense, the Church is "the pillar and ground of the truth," in that it is the testimony to the genuineness of the Word of God for all time.

It makes no difference, then, we see, how much a man may mistake "the fathers" and their uses, how firmly he may have the notion of "the Bible, and the Bible alone," he must go to these fathers to decide the very vital question whether he has a Bible at all. Without them, he is utterly adrift. He has a Bible, but he cannot tell whether it is a real Bible or a sham, the genuine word or a forgery of the ninth century. It is on the testimony of the fathers, of primitive antiquity, of the early Church, that he rests his belief that his Bible answers to the genuine Bible as it was given. The Bible, therefore, comes to no man as a book by itself. It comes surrounded by authority from without. It comes with testimonials and evidences of an organic body. The *existence* of the Church is the evidence of the truth it contains, as the *testimony* of the Church is the evidence of

the genuineness and sameness of the copies. Since this question is to be decided in this way, since we find we can so decide it, is it wise to drop the testimony of the fathers at this point, and having used them to settle the genuineness of our copies of the Bible, shall we dismiss them as of no further use?

Here is just the broad difference between the Churchman and the man who thinks the Bible is to be interpreted by his own private judgment alone. The Churchman believes Christianity, like the Bible, to be *one*. As the Bible never could be added to or taken from when once given, so the Churchman believes that Christianity cannot be increased or diminished by men. He holds that a complete and perfect system was given once for all, that the terms of salvation, the substance of the faith, were announced at the first. The primitive Church, with the Bible in its hand, went forth preaching a definite faith and a fixed system,—its interpretation of the meaning and purpose of the Bible in life. Whatever faith was essential in the first century is essential in the nineteenth. Whatever divine order and discipline was established then, was established for all time. Whatever were the terms and means of salvation then, are the terms and means while the world stands.

There was a Gospel preached then, a body of doctrine, a method of salvation, and a rule of Christian belief and practice which the Bible contained for men from the first. The Churchman believes that these are essential to the end. He reflects that the men who first received the Bible were men who knew the authors of the New Testament face to face, that they heard Apostles preach and Evangelists explain the Gospel, that they actually heard "the whole counsel of God" from the lips of Apostles, before they ever saw a line of the New Testament! that, therefore, they knew, as no men can know now, exactly what the meaning and purpose of the writings are. They had the *viva voce* explanations of the Book from the men who wrote it. They heard

the substance of it before it was written at all. They believed the Gospel, they lived in it and died in it, were fully instructed in "the whole counsel of God," were "wise unto salvation" before they had ever read a line of the written New Testament!

And so, believing the Bible to be one, the Churchman appeals to primitive antiquity to discover whether *his* Bible is the genuine Bible of the primitive Church. He finds it is. The appeal settles that question beyond dispute.

But as the Bible is one, so its meaning is one. It must contain one story, and tell one faith, and reveal one Gospel. There are disputes about its meaning and scope. This man insists on one Gospel, this other man on another. Both appeal to the Bible. Both talk about "the Bible alone." The Churchman sees their difference can never be decided. They might as well undertake to settle the question of the genuineness of a modern copy, by refusing to look farther than the copy itself. Therefore, he appeals to the primitive Church for this matter also. He says "let the men who testify to the genuineness of the book, testify also to its meaning. What sense did they get from it in the very days when men lived who heard S. Peter and S. John teach and preach? What doctrine did they find in it in the very Churches where these Apostles were pastors? Let us call in the ancient witnesses for this thing also."

This is really,—this, and no more—the meaning of a Churchman's appeal to antiquity. He does not consider "the fathers" of any century infallible. He cites them as witnesses for the doctrine, precisely as he cites them as witnesses for the book. He considers that the Bible contained, for the men of the earliest day, a definite system of Christian faith and order. He sees that the written New Testament grew into existence, was written, collected, and published under that definite system, and therefore agreeable to it. And he infers that that system is the true sense and meaning of the written book, that the Christianity in the life

and action of the primitive Church is the true interpreter of the same Christianity lying in the pages of the written Word. He therefore turns to the contemporary witnesses to find what that living Christianity was.

Take the things that divide Christians, that one sect claims are in the Bible, and another sect claims are not there—any of these things—it is manifest "the Bible alone" will not settle the difference. The Unitarian asserts that the Bible does *not* teach our Lord's divinity. The orthodox believer asserts it does. Both, strangely enough, claim the Bible. Suppose they appeal to the early time. Suppose they wisely conclude that Christians from the first, the converts of the Apostles themselves, knew what the Apostles meant to convey as their sense in this matter. The evidence is overwhelming that from the very first Christians worshipped Christ as God. The fact was so notorious that it was a heathen reproach, "the worship of a crucified God."

Take the question of Episcopacy and Congregationalism or Presbyterianism. Unquestionably, there is some form of government, some apostolic organization in the New Testament. The Churchman claims the written record. The Congregationalist claims it. The Presbyterian claims it. The Romanist claims it. "The Bible alone" will not decide it, for the question is about the *meaning*.

Suppose, again, they conclude that in the earliest Church, when the Apostles were living, or men whom Apostles had taught, it is reasonably certain that any uniform and universal organization, existing all over the world, would not be contrary, but agreeable to the intention of the Apostles, and consequently of Christ. And suppose they ask what this organization was,—an organization which universally existed before the New Testament was collected, and the canon closed. The evidence, again, is overwhelming that all Christians, from world's end to world's end, were members of one Church, with one uniform government of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, and no Pope, and that this

unity and this government were matters of such notoriety that heathens knew them just as well as Christians.

And so with any matter which may be in dispute. The fathers may be cited to testify to a matter of fact,—What was the faith and practice of Christians in their day? We do not cite them to ask their private opinions. We do not care, for the purposes of this inquiry, what their private opinions are. We ask their testimony about Church, Faith, and Practice.

Tertullian, for instance, advises against the immediate baptism of infants. He argues in favor of postponing it till the child has come to years of discretion, if there be no danger of death. And Baptists sometimes cite Tertullian as a "father," on their side. The Churchman cites him for the direct opposite, because he wants his testimony to the practice of the Church, and not Tertullian's private notions. His testimony is the strongest that infant baptism was the established custom of the Church, else he, Tertullian, would not have been called upon to persuade anybody to delay it! His negative testimony is stronger than any positive.

"The Bible, and the Bible alone," an impossible formula as we see, must be changed to one more in accordance with the Bible itself. That never teaches "the Bible, and Bible alone." It authorizes no man to suppose his private judgment infallible. It does not establish one Pope, still less a million. It bids us, among other things, to "stand in the old paths," to "hold fast the form of sound words," and by implied command, to "continue in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship."

It is beginning to be seen and confessed by the best, the wisest, and the calmest-thoughted men of all names—Greek, Roman, and Protestant—that "the historic method," in other words, the appeal to the Primitive Church—to "the old paths"—is the only method in which lies a hope of unity and peace.

OPINIONS AND "THE FATHERS."

ONE would suppose that by this time members of the Church, at least, must understand what is the position of those ancient teachers and doctors who are commonly called "the Fathers," in deciding disputed matters of religious opinion or practice.

And yet, one must never take too much for granted, and it comes to us not infrequently that we are apt to take too much for granted in this matter, and that there is far less intelligence on the subject of "the fathers," even among Churchmen, than we commonly suppose.

We find, for instance, that there is a vague sort of idea that Churchmen consider a sort of ancient writers, called "the fathers," as it were *quasi-* or *semi-*inspired, as men whose opinions and notions are a sort of secondary revelation, and that they cite these writers against the members of other bodies who cling to the "Bible alone," under an impression that a large amount of "the fathers" can overbalance a small amount of the Bible, or else that "the fathers" are the authorized interpreters of the Bible, by official right. Therefore, we are asked what we think about this opinion of this father, or that queer notion of the other father; asked whether they do not contradict each other's notions as commonly as any other class of writers, and whether their writings are not garbled, etc.

We will state, as shortly and clearly as we can, the real place which the fathers have held in the minds of the most learned divines of the Church of England.

In the first place, they are ancient and venerable Chris-

tian doctors, revered for their age and character, and their words have, to a thoughtful reader, all the weight which the words of such characters bear. Several of them—the Apostolic Fathers, so-called—lived in personal intercourse with the Apostles of our Lord, and were their disciples; learned their doctrine from their lips. Such were Clement and Polycarp and Ignatius.

The mere time and circumstances give these men's words the greatest weight and value. But more, the men themselves were men of the holiest character and the purest lives, and were martyred for their faith. What few fragments remain to us of them are reckoned, from these considerations, as standing next—only as uninspired stands after inspired—to the epistles of the Apostles themselves. They are the links which connect the New Testament Church with the Church of the next ages.

The mere opinions of such men would be reverently regarded. Their simplicity, their primitive plainness and lack of art or human wit or learning, increase rather than lessen our profound regard for these sons of the dawn, these first fruits of the Gospel, who lived and taught and suffered, while the footsteps of the Lord were fresh yet on the hills of Palestine, and the clouds had scarcely lost the purple and gold with which they flamed as He ascended to the Father.

Coming down from them, we find another and a different class of men, who are still called fathers,—men of learning, men of the greatest genius and the noblest gifts sometimes, sometimes merely honest men, earnest bishops or presbyters, who did their day's work well. These being farther removed from the beginning, deserve less regard, from the mere circumstance of their period, and yet, compared with us, they, in the third and fourth centuries, were at the fountain-head. These men have each their peculiar worth, and some, considered as doctors, are more important and valuable, and some are less so. We have Clement of Alexandria, and Origen, representing the vast learning and daring speculation

of the school of Alexandria. We have Justin Martyr, philosopher as well as Christian doctor; Tertullian, the learned presbyter of Africa; Cyprian, the great bishop of Carthage; and, as we pass into the next age, a constellation of splendid names in Greek and Latin, who wrote and taught when all of intellectual force and creative energy in the whole empire instinctively sought the Church and the service of religion.

To this time belongs Augustine, the ever young, alive today in every idea, as he was fourteen hundred years ago; Jerome, his friend and compeer; Athanasius, Basil, the Gregories, Chrysostom, and those other great bishops who

"Spake grandly the last Greek,"

and an array of others, east and west, whom we do not name. Now, first of all, it is evident enough that these writers have the common value that belongs to all writers of learning and genius, and each has his own, and stands alone. Considered as doctors and teachers, they, like all such, have their value, entirely irrespective of their age or place. And no man, whose judgment or learning is of any value, will venture to give these, as a class, among the doctors and teachers of all time, any place lower than the highest. With some of them—Athanasius or Augustine, for instance—he will scarcely venture to compare any man in any age of the Church. He will place them on their pedestals in lonely grandeur, crowned, palmed, and unapproachable,—the teachers of the ages, the deathless masters of the world. Their opinions are as important as other men's convictions. Their views, when he differs from them, he will name with profound regard. Their very errors are the errors of men of sublime genius and deep spiritual insight,—errors which are guesses flashed at unknown truths.

The fathers, as we see them, are, in one point of view, doctors of the Church,—the oldest and greatest doctors. They are to be valued and used as one would value and use other learned doctors and teachers. They are not infallible;

they are not inspired. Moreover, they are of different degrees of importance, and of different weight. But when we speak of "the fathers" we do not consider them merely as learned teachers, and think of them as we do of learned men now. Instinctively, we all feel that they are more than this, that these men have a peculiar place not conferred by their learning and genius, but by their character and the circumstances of their times, which makes them differ widely from any learned doctors of the present. And it is this peculiar place which makes them "fathers." They are, that is, witnesses, and in that character one of them is quite as good as another of the same age; in that Cyprian, the plain, unlearned, and practical man, is of as much value as Tertullian, the genius; and Irenaeus stands on the same level as Clement of Alexandria, who walked the whole circle of human knowledge like a master. It is in their character as witnesses that the fathers are usually spoken of as standing alone. It is in that character that they are misunderstood, and that what is said of them is so generally misapprehended.

Suppose the fact be admitted that there was a revelation; that it existed in the form of a number of books in the third century; how do we know that the present Old and New Testaments are that revelation? How do we know that the gospels we now possess are the genuine gospels, the epistles the genuine epistles, and that they are not corrupted or forgeries? The answer is very simple: From the days of the Apostles down, we find a number of writers, in different countries and in different languages, of different intellectual calibre, and of various degrees of learning, all quoting, naming, and referring to the various books of the New Testament and the Old, just as writers would do now, and we find, from these quotations and references, that the books are the identical books we now possess. Writers in Africa, in Europe and Asia, writers in Greek and Latin and Syriac, writers in Alexandria and in Lyons, in Jerusalem and in

Rome, in Carthage and Antioch, men utter strangers to each other in all things else, quote a set of writings, and quote them all alike, take from them precisely the same words and phrases, and refer to them by the same titles, and attribute them to the same authors; and these writings are the very same we quote, and the words, phrases, and authors are the words, phrases, titles, and authors of our own Bible.

We find this beginning in the first century, at the very time the books of the New Testament were first published. They are found quoted by writers then. We find the same thing going on in the second century, in the third and fourth, and so on straight down; hundreds of independent writers in all parts of the world, engaged in quoting, writing about, and commenting upon the very books which are to-day found inside our familiar Bibles. And by this we prove that the Bible is no invention, but the genuine book which has been in the hands of Christians always. The Christian writers are our witnesses. The fathers are our testimony to this truth.

It is plain, any one of them is as good as another for this. The plainest and most illiterate writer in the third century, quoting the Gospel of S. John, is just as good a witness that that Gospel was then in existence, and was conceded to be S. John's, as if he were the most learned man, or the greatest genius who ever put pen in ink.

Still more: Any heathen or any heretic, of the same century, who might have cited the same Gospel to ridicule or confute it, would be just as good a witness to its existence and to its being the same we now have, as if he were the most learned and orthodox father.

This value of the fathers of any century as witnesses is, it will be observed, entirely irrespective of their learning or their wisdom. It depends entirely on their age. They were there,—that is the consideration which gives them their unique position in Christian literature.

The wisest and most profoundly learned man that ever

lived may be alive to-day, and his learning and wisdom may give him great weight, but on this matter he is perfectly without value. He is no witness to any Bible but that of the nineteenth century, and one line from the humblest writer of the second will be more valuable in settling the question of the authenticity of any book or chapter, than all the folios that could be written by all the doctors of all the universities.

It is the fathers, therefore, who assure us we have a Bible, and not a forgery, or a corrupted and garbled copy. We owe it to them that we are sure of the purity of the Word of God which we possess. They have so studied it, so written upon it, so quoted it, in every age, that it is identified beyond dispute. But this, too, is recognized by all scholars, and Churchmen are not singular in attributing this place to the fathers. And yet, one would suppose that they who understood this use of the fathers might easily understand our farther place for them as witnesses, not only to the purity of the text, but to the purity of the doctrine.

Suppose the fact be admitted, as we suppose it must be, that all saving truth was known to the Churches of the Apostles, that the sense put upon revelation, the meaning attached to the Gospel and to the sacraments in the days of the Apostles was the true meaning, that men are to be saved to-day on the same faith and the same principles on which they were saved always. And suppose, farther, that we are in doubt as to what those principles and what that faith, in some respects, was. The evident answer is, "Consult the New Testament."

The New Testament is thereupon consulted, and lo! it is found that ten different men find that it means ten different things! so variously have they been brought up, so differently have they been trained, influenced, and prejudiced. We then say there is no need of doubt on this matter. There was a body created to be the witness and keeper of Holy Writ. It has kept it, as we have seen, purely and

faithfully. It has not only kept it,—it has also had a meaning for it. It has had, in every age, a practical result in living principles which it has taught as the faith of Christ.

These witnesses for the genuineness of the Scriptures in any age will be found witnesses also for the practical faith of the Church in any age, in just the same way.

Suppose, for instance, the question is whether the Scriptures teach the Divinity of our Lord. The orthodox say they do; the Unitarian, with the same Scriptures, denies that they convey that meaning. Suppose it be admitted, as it is certainly the part of common-sense to admit it, that whatever was taught in the Church immediately after the Apostles, by men who themselves remembered the Apostles and their companions, whatever was taught at that day as essential to salvation, as a necessary and vital part of the Christian covenant, would be pretty sure to be the real sense of Scripture on this matter.

To get at this we should consult the writers of that time, —the fathers of that century. We would not consult them, it is clear, for their private opinion on the matter. They would be witnesses, and the value of their testimony would not depend on their own wisdom or piety. The most illiterate father could tell us as well as the most learned what the Church in his time, in his own city, recognized as her own doctrine on this subject.

Still more: A heretic who might be writing to confute the doctrine would be just as good a witness that it was the doctrine as he. And more yet: A heathen ridiculing the doctrine would be as good a witness for its existence as either of them. Pliny, in writing to Trajan about the Christians whom he was persecuting in Bythinia, under the imperial edict, in the beginning of the second century, tells us "they sung a hymn to Christ as God," and is just the very best witness we can have that Christians at that time, almost before S. John was cold in his grave, were worshipping our Saviour as "very God of very God."

The theory is that the Gospel was given perfectly at the first; that, as it was preached and held in the first century, it must be preached and held to the last; that every addition to the faith of the covenant is a corruption; that whatever is later than the Gospels, as an article of the covenant, is false. Therefore, when a point is disputed, we appeal to antiquity. We say, "Point out its beginning; tell us when this that you deny started. It cannot be done. We can show you a chain of witnesses for it from this day to the days of the Apostles."

Not a chain of witnesses, it will be observed, who held it as a private opinion, but of witnesses who taught it and held it as the public and confessed faith of the Church in each age.

To test the principle by the matter of the Episcopacy, we simply challenge any man to find in any age of the Church, back to the days of the Apostles, a Church that is not Episcopal. We challenge him to tell us who started the Episcopacy, when and where we first hear of it as a new thing. Back to the days of the Apostles, in every age, writers in all parts of the world, in every language, and of every race, testify to its existence as the uniform, settled, unquestioned order and government of the Church of God.

Here there is the peculiar and special consideration which makes the fathers what they are. They are witnesses to the Catholic faith of the Catholic Church. In this office their opinions are of no concern. They may be wise or foolish, but their private opinions are not what we seek. We ask them what the great universal Church believed in their day; and when their private opinions are against her practice or her teaching, they are just as good witnesses as when they agree with them. When Tertullian turned Montanist, and wrote against the practices and opinions of the Church, he was just as good a witness as to what those practices and opinions were as when he wrote in their favor. When he advises a mother not to have her child baptized until it can

be taught, unless it be in danger of dying, he is as good a witness that infant baptism was the practice of the Church as if he had written a book to defend it We want to know what the Church believed, not what Tertullian thought.

When we consult the fathers as witnesses, therefore, be it understood that their private opinions, good or bad, are not in question. They are consulted to find the acknowledged faith and practice of the Church, as they are to find the acknowledged and received canon and version of the Old and New Testaments. They are cited into court as witnesses in either case to a matter of fact which depends on no man's opinion. The only consideration is their credibility and competency as witnesses.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

SOME while since, Professor Morley, of England, published an article in the London "Times," announcing the fact that he had discovered a short poem by John Milton. He sent the poem with the communication. It had been found on a blank leaf of an early copy of Milton's works in the British Museum, and was signed, apparently, J. M. The discovery at once brought the critics down on the poem. One able critic was sure it was Milton's. He only could have woven "the subtle melody" of its lines. Another, Lord Winchelsea, considered the poem mere rubbish, and that if Milton wrote it at all, it must have been "in his dotage."

So the fight goes on, and opinions are divided. Authorities, critics, experts, fight on both sides. The case probably will never be decided. It is suggestive, as illustrating the value of a great deal of knowing and conceited learning, so called, which has imposed on many unsuspecting people.

There are learned gentlemen in Germany—philologists, critics, Biblical scholars, etc.—who claim to be able to tell the world, by internal evidence, and comparison of style, every chapter and verse which S. Paul or S. Peter wrote. They have decided what is the "Pauline style," what the "Petrine method," what the "Johannian arrangement." Such is their jargon; and they will reject this verse because it is clearly not "Petrine," and this chapter because it is evidently not "Pauline," and this whole epistle because "it is not the method of John;" and some wise Englishman or American will take these German doctors at their word, and will inform us that "it is decided that this chapter was not written by

Peter," or "that the ablest critics have proved that this epistle is not by John."

And this sort of stuff has imposed on a great many well-meaning and harmless converts, when put forth in a learned jargon by a great many very shallow socialists.

It is worth considering that Greek and Hebrew are not the native tongues of any regularly born German. He speaks, naturally, guttural "Hoch-Deutch." He learns Greek and Hebrew painfully out of grammars and dictionaries. He has the birch applied in the process, and digs away patiently under that stimulus to attain the requisite modicum of each tongue, to enable him to talk and write about "Petrine," and "Pauline," "Jehovistic," "Elohistic," etc. And this man, wearily picking up the dried bits of a dead tongue, out of grammar and vocabulary, utterly ignorant of its living sound, utterly unable to pronounce a word of it as the men who spoke it did, will take it on him to tell us that a production universally attributed to S. Paul, from the earliest day to his own, for some fancied peculiarity in construction or phrase, is not his, and cannot be his, because "criticism has decided the question."

And now, here, as if to make inextinguishable laughter over the whole learned nonsense, comes a poem, in English —the plain English we all speak, English a child can read— written certainly in London itself, by some one contemporary with Milton, and Englishmen, fellow-countrymen of Milton, fellow townsmen of his, familiar with every line he ever wrote,—critics, experts, poets even themselves, like Lord Winchelsea, cannot tell us whether this short poem in the language they learned in their cradles is John Milton's or not.

It gives us a good notion of the value of the German "Petrine" and "Pauline" dialect, and its high authority. But what does it suggest as to the value of the poor echo of that talk that one hears in the United States?

POPES—SMALL AND GREAT.

POPERY is rooted in the inherent sinfulness of human nature. There have been popes always; there always will be popes. Moreover, there are popes who are very enthusiastic Protestants. Indeed, Protestantism, of the active and restlessly protesting kind, always creates popes; and the Greek Church is perfectly right in calling the great Roman pope "the first Protestant.

A Pope is a gentleman who considers himself infallible in religious matters, and who requires everybody else to accept his opinions. He has no doubt at all of himself. He firmly believes he has been let into the secrets of divine wisdom, that he is especially illuminated and guided by divine truth. He makes his views and opinions the measure and touchstone of orthodoxy. He accepts or condemns according to the rule of his own infallibility. That he does not call it his own infallibility is a matter of no consequence. No true pope, Roman or otherwise, ever does talk about his own infallibility. He has a better way of getting on than that. He has the fixed conviction that his opinions are also his Maker's, and therefore he is quite satisfied to talk of the divine infallibility, because, as divinity always thinks as he does, that settles the matter satisfactorily enough.

It makes no difference in the question of popery, whether there be a large or small following of the particular pope. The pope himself is quite unmoved by any consideration of numbers. A true pope will hold his own notions in the face of a world that rejects them, and will consign the entire

human family to perdition in the calmest manner possible, as hopelessly deluded by the enemy.

The Roman pope differs from the great herd of popes in all ages, in the fact that his popery is organized into a coherent system, and acts by fixed laws. But it is no more certain and infallible, in its own opinion, than the less definitely organized popery of the hosts of small anti-Roman popes.

It would be amusing, were it not so tragical, to read Luther's letter, for instance, about the Moravians, or "Picards," as he calls them. Luther, as we all know, was a very large sort of pope indeed, but how surely convinced that his opinions were infallible, perhaps most readers do not fully appreciate. Luther was engaged in his fight with the other great pope at Rome, and, while in the thick of it, having convinced himself the other one was Antichrist (all anti-popes are Antichrists), was visited by some of the Moravians, who wished to effect an understanding between his new Protestant movement and their old one. Luther heard them, and writes to Melancthon: "Ambassadors from the Picards have been with me, and have explained their faith. Unless they deceive me, they are sound in many things, but in many things are in error, I fear; so, nowhere in the world is the truth held. All the world—Romanists and Protestants, Calvinists and Moravians—all were wrong, because they did not agree with Martin Luther. He was the infallible standard of divine truth.

The ground is always, practically, the same. The Roman pope split the Christian Church, excommunicating half of it at a stroke, because it would not accept his notions as divine truth. On the same issue he keeps it divided to-day, protesting against Greek and Anglican, against Lutheran and Calvinist. Martin Luther did the same in the battle with Zwingli. And his followers kept the continental reformation split, and, by the suicidal strife between Lutheran and Calvinistic Confession, managed to betray half Germany to

Rome again. It has been popery that has caused all the schisms and heresies in Christendom, all the wearisome heart-sickening discords and divisions which have been the bane of religion. Some pope always, small pope or big pope, has been so sure that he was infallible, that his notions were the law of God, that he has been ready to divide the Church, and set Christian men against each other in fiercest bitterness, to sustain his claim. Popery has been the one perpetual heresy, the ruinous and anti-Christian destructive heresy, which has blocked the way of Christ's kingdom over all the world. It began early, and, we suppose, will last more or less to the end. Infallible popes, small and great, full of conceit and self-will and spiritual pride, will stand up in their insane mulishness, and, in the name of God, do the devil's work to the end.

No amount of Protestantism is any protection against popery. In fact, as we have said, the most ultra-Protestant may exist in the most denunciatory and anathematizing pope. Some years ago a gentleman left the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and joined the Presbyterians. He took the step because the Protestant Episcopal Church, according to his notions, taught dangerous errors,—"baptismal regeneration," and so on. Measured by the standard of his opinions, the Church was a delusion and a snare. So he left her.

Two years after he wrote a letter to the authorities of the Presbyterian body, in whose ministry he had been laboring, and withdrew from *that*. The Presbyterians also are in a bad way. Measured by his infallible measure—his own notions—the Presbyterian denomination is altogether false to the truth of God. He takes occasion, in the same letter, to state that there is none good among all existing sects. "Protestant Churches, no less than Rome itself, cannot endure the sound preaching of God's Word." That is our modest friend's notion. What will become of him? Rome is out of the question. So large and enthusiastic a pope as

he can never submit to another pope. And, indeed, his main complaint against Protestantism seems to be that it has not protested enough. What can be done for him?

We see nothing for it, except that he make a Church of his own, which shall be a true Church, with a true faith, because it has been manufactured according to his infallible directions, and holds his infallible decisions. There is clearly no other solution possible when a gentleman takes the ground that all the world is wrong, and that he, and he only, is the secret counsellor of Divine wisdom. There is but one drawback. It may not be possible to find any large number of people anxious to accept membership on these conditions. But this may be got along with in a way familiar in the history of very small popes. The pope may just make a Church of himself, and have done with it.

Men have a right to hold their opinions, be they "evangelical" or "ritualistic." They have a right to consider them important, to press them upon other people, to advocate them and defend them by all proper means. They can do this without falling into Popery. But whenever they claim that those opinions are *essential*—are of the faith—are to be held by all men on risk of their salvation; whenever they claim for their private interpretations and notions, good or bad, the infallibility of Divine truth, they have fallen into *popery*, which is but another name for schism and self-conceit and spiritual pride.

INDIVIDUALISM.

IT is the tendency of our modern civilization to disintegrate. "Every man for himself" is the motto. Strange enough that the extreme of high civilization should touch the other extreme of barbarism. The savage stands by himself against the world, or, at most, stands among his own small tribe or clan, the enemy of all mankind. And we, civilized men, in Europe and America, in the nineteenth century, are proposing the same position for ourselves as the culmination of all our endeavors.

The individual is everything with us, the State nothing. The State exists, we say, for the sake of the individual, not the individual for the sake of the State. To let a man alone, to interfere as little as may be with his devices, to give him a fair field and let him make or mar himself, is the duty of the State. It has lost all its old patriarchal character. There is no king any more who is the father of his people, and no king ever can be such, we say, among civilized men again. The State casts off all care for the people's religion, all concern for their culture or their well-being. It is each man's business to think for himself and care for himself, and succeed as he may, or fail. If he transgress the police regulations of the land, and interfere with another's purse and person unwarrantably, the State will interpose and punish. It has become a police arrangement for the preservation of good order—that, and nothing more—and does not succeed in that any too well.

The "philosophers," as, with bitter irony, we call them, accept the situation, and find it one of the laws of what

they call "nature," that there must be, and will be, just so many unfortunates, so many suicides, so many robberies, so many murders, so many cases of starvation, of despair and ruin, every year. "Natural selection," they tell us, works implacably. The strong live because they are strong. The weakest goes to the wall because he is the weakest. "Nature" must take her course, and the modern "philosopher" adds up his terrible "averages" as coolly as one might any other row of figures in the book.

The grim old rule is back upon us, and life is a fight. It was never more fiercely fought, man against man, than it is now in the centres of our wealth and wisdom. It is accepted as the normal condition, this wild mob struggle. Humanity is no longer ranked and ordered as a host of brethren armed against a common enemy, but each fights, as pirates or cut-throats fight, for his own hand. God help the weaker races, or the weaker men, for there is no pity for them in any influence of our civilization. The weak, the incapable, the helpless, the tender, who cannot struggle and endure, who cannot meet force with force, and skill with skill, and cunning with cunning, there is no place for them but in the trampled mass of the defeated, and the cry on this field is *Vae victis!*

We have come to worship force with a sincerity that ought to delight the heart of Mr. Carlyle. The winning man is the wise man and the good. The successful man is the virtuous man. The conquering rich is the right side. We are intolerant of weakness, and detest failure. We consider them both bores, and complaints a nuisance. We throw up our caps to the conqueror, though his triumph be over the wrecked fortunes and lives of better men.

Our idea of government is, that it is to stand by and see fair play,—that is all. Life is a "free fight," and the State is an arrangement to facilitate its freedom. Each man is to hold his own, owing duties only to himself; and the fierce greed and wrath and bitterness of the struggle we accept as

the best arena for training a man in the qualities we have agreed to admire. The whole tone of our political and business axioms, the whole tone of our philosophy, a good deal of the teaching that calls itself Christian, are toward disintegration and individualism. The army is nothing, the individual is everything. The community is an abstraction, the one member is what the community exists for.

And there is a truth in all this. In its wildest and most fiercely raven selfishness there is a root of truth in the individualism of modern civilization. We have recovered a forgotten side of human nature, and a forgotten fact of human life. We may learn to deal wisely with our new-found discovery hereafter, but at present it works in hard and bitter ways. When the only relations between man and man are relations that can be settled by a check upon the bank, when we are trying to accept such relations and live upon them, as the final outcome of all time, it cannot fail to go hard with vast masses of men. When there is nothing in business, in the bare ideas of government, in the tone of social life, to teach a man that he owes anything to any mortal except himself, and perhaps his own immediate family, which cannot be paid in legal tender, and that having paid it so, his life, fortune, and tastes are his own to do what he will with, it is not hard to see that it must go roughly with any but the strong.

Yet is it not true that the development of the individual is the end of all wise order? Is not the single soul and life the living unit to which we come at last, and its freedom and well-being the purpose alone worthy? But why does this purpose require savagery and the curse of Ishmael for its realization? Shall it be left to the hard and cold theories of the modern sophists and wordmongers, who would persuade us that there is no mercy and pity possible in this world, and that we are to accept the law that the healthy, the strong, the successful are so at a fixed proportion of ruin to the weak and the failing?

The problem before Christianity in this century, as it never has been brought before it perhaps in any other, is to reconcile the freedom of the individual with the organic unity and prosperity of the whole. Religion remains as the one only organizing power among civilized men. Whatever tempers or restrains or renders tolerable our savage individualism, whatever sends an influence of brotherliness or pity or consideration into the thick of the mêlée, comes from the latent influences of Christianity working against all opposing influences in the hearts of men. We may as well understand it; there is nothing in the time to help this. The time and its tendencies are all against it. The time and its tendencies and its bodies, apart from Christianity, drive straight on to isolated Bedouinism. The politician who tells us the business of the Modern State is to let men alone, and govern them as little as possible, seconds and repeats what the "savans" are eagerly preaching,—that men sprung from "germinals" and "monads" first, and coming gradually up through sponges, oysters, and monkeys, in the lapse of millions of years into rational men, owe each other nothing, and can owe each other nothing, inasmuch as they have reached the point of present attainment only on the law of each fighting tooth and nail for his own existence, and this law of improvement to such heights, must be the law of improvement to the end.

The "philosophers," as they are called, have swept away the ground of human brotherhood relentlessly, and have given a philosophic basis to savagery, and made the brute fight of life a law of nature. There is no help or hope in them. They have made heaven brass, and the earth iron, and a bloody battle-field for mere existence, out of the whole universe. The statesmen and the "philosophers" both are asking mankind to accept the hyena rule as the law of humanity. They are both held in check, and their principles kept from their logical end, only by the latent force of the Gospel among civilized people. We have all been

taught, in spite of them, that "God hath made of one blood" all mankind, and that old teaching is rooted into men's hearts, and asserts its living power against all that would contradict it. It is strong enough yet to soften the fierceness and the selfish greed of modern life,—vital enough yet to give human pity and sympathy to the fallen. They are coming at it; they are measuring skulls and leg-bones to find a reason for denying it, "on the principles of comparative anatomy;" they are busy over "stone ages," and "iron ages," and "cave dwellings," to find pompously-sounding arguments against it, and yet it is the one sole principle and conviction which binds men together into a life which is endurable.

All things, we say, are against it. Christianity has to fight the battle over again for a personal Father in heaven and a personal brotherhood among men on earth. And, alas! it comes to the battle itself divided. The Church of God, which was to be the bond of humanity when other bonds burst like threads in the fire, is no longer herself a bond unbroken. But just because she is not, and because the days are what they are, it comes home to every Christian man who knows his time and sees its questions, to work with redoubled energy and earnestness for the recovery of the one brotherhood that alone can stand. For it is the very need and hunger of the times that is driving men to ask after the lost bond as they have not asked for centuries before. In strange, unreasonable, and fruitless ways, often, they search for something lost out of life, and threatening to be lost forever. They are seeking it sincerely if mistakenly. Instinctively the case, as it is, is coming home to us all. We see the threatening tendency, and none more clearly than we here in our own land, the foremost, for good or ill, to accept the mob fight for a finality. We see no way to meet it except the Lord's way,—the kingdom of heaven on earth, the old good news of human brotherhood. We see how, in its weakness, it does meet it now, and we can guess how it would meet it in its power.

The Church of God is the one hope for the poor, the weak, and the failing. The Lord sent her for that, eighteen hundred years ago, and it comes to her to be that in this century, with a purpose and meaning as intense as in the first.

Will she turn to that purpose? In a civilization that loathes failure, that has no place for poverty, that turns strong eyes upon the conquered, whose chosen prophets cry, "Away with weakness, let the strong only live," will the Church of God be true to her own high purposes, and take her stand beside the vanquished on the old broad ground that humanity is one, that when one member suffers all the members suffer with it, that life is not a hyena fight for offal, but a grand battle of brothers, knights, and gentlemen, where the strong help the weak, where the brave support the feeble, where each is banded to help each, in the world-old wrestle with the devil.

To solve the problem of individual freedom and corporate responsibility; to teach men that no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself, on earth; to fling back the atheistic lie, as false to humanity as it is to God, that men are not brethren and each his brother's keeper; to face the Cainite spirit of the time, and its evil prophets, in the power of divine mercy and pity, is the work before the Church.

She is called to preach. But never in her long history was she so called to act, to show forth, in works of mercy and love to all the poor and weak and suffering and sorrowing, that she is the household of God, the kingdom whose law is unity and love.

VICARIOUS SUFFERING IN LIFE.

WE are not going to attempt here to define the doctrine of the atonement, nor are we trying to defend it theologically. But we have heard and read the ordinary stock objections to the doctrine, or to some misunderstanding of the doctrine, and desire to call attention to some common analogies of life to which the same objections may just as well apply.

The doctrine of the atonement is the doctrine of vicarious suffering; that one who is innocent may suffer, and so deliver one who is guilty. The objection to it is, that this is unfair and unjust; that if a judge should punish the innocent instead of the guilty, he would be a wicked judge; that even if the innocent were willing, it would be a cruel and wicked act, and that it cannot be a righteous act in God to inflict on Christ the penalty due to men.

Let us look at the objection, admitting fully its weight at first sight. It proceeds upon a misstatement to begin with, —on the separation of the Father and Son. If the Father were indeed one being, and the Son another, then we confess there is ground for the objection that it would have been cruel and unjust for the one Being to demand of the other Being that He should bear an arbitrary punishment to release a third party who was guilty. So it comes to pass that any denial of the essential Godhead of Christ involves a necessary denial of His atonement. But the Father and Son are one, and not two. Christ is God himself. It is not another Being on whom God inflicts punishment for the sins of men. He is God himself, bearing of His own will the

sins of His children. There is no force about it; no arbitrary law is bearing down upon Him. He is man's Master and Lord, and He suffers for His creatures. The ordinary flippant statement of the doctrine on which the objection is founded is entire misrepresentation.

But what man, who looks at life with any clearness of vision, or any depth of thought, will dare to say he is startled at the doctrine which teaches that the innocent suffer for the guilty? The whole world is full of illustrations. Life, in one aspect, is a vicarious suffering for others all through. When the father punishes the child, the child's deepest, sorest pain, if he have any right feeling, is that the father suffers more than himself. His keenest sense of the guilt of his transgression comes from this,—that father and mother suffer more intensely than does he; that his wrong-doing has brought bitter shame and sore sorrow on them, guiltless though they are in word or thought.

There is not a well-ordered Christian household in all the land where the doctrine of vicarious suffering does not receive habitual illustration; not one where it is not brought home to a child, if he is trained as he should be, that in the divine ordering of life it comes to pass that the innocent suffer for the guilty, and that atonement for wrong is made, again and again, by those who did no wrong.

When the son goes to ruin, when breaking through old home teaching and example, and all the guards and fences that were built to hedge him in from wrong, he insists on going his own mad road to the pit, who suffers? Does it begin and end with himself? If we seek the real sufferers in such cases, shall we not find them sitting broken-hearted, far away, it may be, shamed and desolate, the gray-headed father, the bowed form of the tender mother, sitting by a hearth from which the home-light is gone forever; two gray heads going down into the grave together under waves of sorrow?

When the light of the home goes wrong—the gently-nurtured daughter of the house, around whose golden head

its glory and its love were gathered in a halo; she whose footsteps made music in all the rooms, beating marches of joy in every heart in the happy home which was but a casket to enshrine the jewels of her beauty, innocence, and grace —when she goes wrong, is she the only sufferer? Alas! for the home where her step shall echo nevermore. Alas! for the dishonored father, whose face is shamed, whose honored name is stained, whose gray head bends in a sorrow no man can measure. Alas! for the mother who loved her, and whose heart she has broken; for the fair sisters, innocent as the morning, whom she has disgraced; for the proud brothers who can never hold their heads up among their equals any more.

In such tragedies as these, who suffers? Surely, not the guilty only, and perhaps in no evident degree at all. Nay, the sufferers are the guiltless. The suffering is vicarious suffering mostly.

When the father goes to destruction by some wretched appetite that he yielded to till it enslaved him; when he becomes a drunkard, a gambler, or a debauchee; when he yields to the lust of lucre, and commits some crime to gratify it which compels him to flight or shuts him in a felon's cell, who is the sufferer? He? Alas! Is it not the faithful wife who would have died for him? Is it not the woman whose trust and love he has abused, the one true heart out of all the world that clung to him and believed in him and fought the devil for him daily? Is it not the children who will walk for years under the shadow of their father's disgrace, the name he gave them itself a badge of guilt, and the carrying it a punishment?

Here, again, is the common fact, vicarious suffering,—the innocent punished, and often tenfold more bitterly than the guilty.

They are over all the earth, these sufferers,—the broken-hearted, the shamed, the tortured, outraged sufferers who endure the penalties of others' wrongs. The guilty half the

time escape. The guilty never know, often, the depth of their guilt. They were and are blind, ignorant, besotted in conscience, perhaps. But those others stand beneath the storm. On their heads breaks the tempest of the agony. The lightning of heaven's outraged law scathes and burns them, the guiltless, who are punished for others' guilt.

In the bitterness of the pain, let such rejoice in this, that they are counted worthy to walk with the dear Christ in His loneliness; that they are brought near Him and made like unto Him in this awful mystery of life,—innocence suffering for guilt.

It is not in such tragedies as these alone that the principle holds. A thousand times a man voluntarily steps forward and bears the penalty of another's wrong or folly, feeling it all tenfold more bitterly than the doer, and makes atonement, and sets the guilty free. How often does the weak and helpless and guilty run to the strong, the self-reliant, and the true, begging for help and deliverance, and how often they are given. The most beautiful and heavenly, as they are the most manly sights on earth, are those where wisdom stands out to take the blow that folly, cowering behind, has brought to the stroke; where strength raises its dauntless face to shield weakness, and invites on its own grand front the assault that would annihilate what it protects; where bold, self-reliant innocence throws its shield before broken-down, penitent guilt, and with divine pity and divine strength receives or wards off utter ruin.

Vicarious suffering is a law of life. He has lived very narrowly, and thought very shallowly, who has not yet found that out. Being what we are, and God's children as we are, and bound together by the strong links of that eternal brotherhood, it is the law under which we live. Some of us go staggering on all our lives, bearing the penalties of others' wrongs, whether we will or no. Some few of us voluntarily take such wrongs upon ourselves, and make it the burden of our lives to shield from poverty wrong-doers

whom we love. Some, fewer still, fast approaching the image of the pitiful and almighty Christ—great, strong, tender souls—take it on them to bear the world's pains so far as they may, make their souls a sacrifice for others, and bend, as Christ bent on the ascent to Calvary, under the sins and follies and madnesses of men whom they would save. They are all along the track of time, these last, from S. Paul and his like down; the men who carried the world's sins all their days before God. We see them, and name them, and thank Him who sent them. We see the great, mournful, pitiful eyes, under the stern brows, the vast, tender hearts, the strong, victorious souls, the dauntless faces of the men who planted themselves between wrong and its punishment, in the breach between the guilty and the outraged law, and asked God to spare and save, and gave their lives that the prayer might be answered. And reverently we may say it, under Christ, their prayer was answered, and they did save it. To them we owe it, under God, to-day, that it is a habitable world, in which decent creatures can live. Just in proportion as they exist does it become more so. Without these heroic souls, who make the burdens of their kind their own—who have so outgrown, by God's high grace, the narrowness of selfish care and selfish fear, that they welcome under the shadow of their strong hands every sufferer, every weakling, every sinner, and try to bear for him what is crushing him to the nether depths—without these the world would be a world forgotten of its Maker. They are fellow-laborers with Christ, and have read the divine secret of His coming, and in that the riddle of the universe.

God's laws are universal. Vicarious suffering is not merely the rule for time: it is the rule for eternity. The Lamb was "slain from the foundation of the world," as really as on that Friday on Calvary. Sorrow, pain, bitterest agony borne for others, borne that others might not bear them, is the awful law of earth, because, mystery though it be, it is the awful law of heaven, where the Lamb slain

from the world's foundation, is offered up for evermore, where the Spirit pleads with "unutterable groanings" in the long day that has no night. It is because we are made in the likeness of God, because, being so, our earthly relations are shadows of those that are eternal in the nature of God, that vicarious suffering is the law of our earthly existence.

As we have said, we are not stating or defending the doctrine. We are only suggesting some plain facts, patent to the eyes of all thinking men, which, as analogies, may help us to understand it, which certainly should prevent us from being startled at the idea that one may suffer for another, that even the innocent may suffer for the guilty, and suffer voluntarily; which may also suggest there is a vastly deeper philosophy underlying the doctrine and the fact, than they imagine who think it settles the matter to say, "What would you think of the judge who should sentence an innocent man to be hung instead of the murderer?" And would it alter the case if the innocent were willing?

Our God is not a judge elected to administer the laws of Illinois or New York. He is a father; He is a deliverer; He is a saviour. He is the source of life and love and pity. He is himself the law. His own nature is the law of the universe, the law for Himself, and the law for us.

There are depths in Him, depths in it, and depths in us, which the maxims of the circuit court do not measure. We have some glimpse of them in the mysteries of our own earthly life, a glimpse, at least enough to make us stand awe-stricken under the awful shadow of this great law which lies across our own lives in its beauty and its terror, and through which God speaks to us of the mystery of eternity; this law that thunders or that sleeps by every hearth and in every home,—the law of vicarious suffering; the law that the guilty sin, and the guiltless bear the penalty.

SPONSORSHIP.

THE other day we noticed an article in a religious journal attacking the Church for her use of sponsors in holy baptism. The writer claimed that it was unscriptural, a corruption, and triumphantly laid down the proposition,—"Sponsors are nowhere mentioned in Scripture."

We were not at all surprised to see the attack. The breadth of view on which sponsorship is founded—the deep Scriptural basis on which it rests—can hardly be appreciated by one who argues instead of trying to comprehend. The spirit which condemns and annihilates, at one sitting, a practice universal and primitive in the whole Christian Church, because the word "sponsor" is not in the Scriptures, is a spirit that is quite unable to appreciate the thoroughly Christian and Scriptural and beautiful nature of sponsorship. "Bear ye one another's burdens; and so fulfil the law of Christ," is the sufficient Scripture on which sponsorship stands. The relation is based on the very central principle of Christianity,—love and help for others.

Parents bring their children to baptism. They make pledges and promises for them there. The Church, in Christ's name, demands and receives those pledges. But the parents can add nothing to their natural responsibilities. Their natural relation binds them already to all they promise. The promise is no voluntary assumption of duty on their part. The duty is there, pledge or no pledge. To bring up their children Christians is the obligation of the parental relation, in God's divine organization of the family.

Therefore the Church, though admitting parents as

sponsors, prefers rather to have others, who can be sponsors in deed. She recognizes the fact that the father and mother are bound already, and seeks an additional security and help for the child which she takes into her arms, by laying others under an obligation toward it, voluntarily assumed.

These others, assuming a quasi-parental relation toward the child—godfathers and godmothers—are an added security, and a double guard about the young Christian. They recognize the organic law of Christianity, and "bear one another's burdens," that they may fulfil it. For neighbors and friends and Christian brethren they pledge themselves to care for the highest interests of their children. A brother's child shall be their child also, to watch over, to instruct, to pray for. If father and mother live, and are blessed, the sponsors' duty may, indeed, be light. The natural parents do all that needs be done. In such case there is only a deeper interest in a child or youth, because "he is my godson," or "she is my goddaughter." But if natural parents fail, if natural parents die, or if they forget their duty, then the godfather and godmother are to stand—and have the right to stand—in a Christian parent's place; to instruct, help, warn, and console.

When we look at this most beautiful and most Scriptural relation, how admirable is it to secure the very end and aim of making a Christian community one family. Suppose it carried out generally. Each young person in the community is bound, in the most sacred covenant, to some neighbors or friends, by a relation strictly and solely Christian. A's children are bound to B and C, and B's children to A and C, and C's to A and B again. The whole community is tied together by these bonds of mutual love and help. A sacredly pledges himself to help B bring up his children "soberly, righteously, and godly." He acquires a near and delicate and loving interest in his neighbor's children. He watches them grow up as children, as youth, as young men and women. They are, in some sort, his. They are his

godchildren. B pledges himself in the same way for A's children. The two families are so bound together at the font in loving help and counsel, in their most sacred interests. "They bear one another's burdens,"—the most solemn and most awful burdens of life. Surely they "fulfil the law of Christ." Surely they might well wonder that any one, calling himself Christian, but forgetting the spirit in slavery to the letter, should cavil with the tie that binds them, or the relationship in which they stand, and call their loving, mutual help "unscriptural," because he cannot find the word "sponsor" in his Testament.

Sponsorship is the very crystallizing of that spirit of Christianity which makes men "all one in Christ Jesus." It seeks to bind the smaller families into the one great family. It would make all grown-up people responsible for the salvation of all young people. It would lay the solemn duty of watching over the young on every grown man and woman in the neighborhood or community. Even childless men and women it would embrace in its relation, and give to the desolate the love of little children. The wisdom of the Church Catholic, grasping the very essence of Scripture, and glowing with its spirit, established sponsorship as a Christian protest against selfishness and narrowness,—as a relation which Christianity alone could have devised, so wise, so far-seeing, so loving.

This is, indeed, the ideal of the relation. But, alas! the unfaithfulness of Christians leaves it too often a mere ideal. Sponsors assume responsibilities carelessly. They forget them when assumed. They leave their children in the Lord uncared for. So they shame the wisdom of the Christian past, and disgrace the Church of Christ. But, worse still, they profane a sacrament, and lie unto God.

The pledges of a sponsor are voluntary. One may take them or leave them. They are solemn pledges. They should be taken solemnly and with a clear conscience. And "Pay thy vows" should be written on the heart and memory

of every man and woman who has carried a child to the font, and is pledged before God and His Church to see Christ's little one brought up for Christ.

We have not written to defend sponsorship. We have rather written to explain its use. But, after all, its living use is its quite sufficient defence. Grasping the very essence of the Master's teaching, the Church Catholic has, from the first, made this loving provision for the little ones. Let us carry it out in His Spirit, and make it real, as "our mother" means it.

A HEATHEN VISITOR.

NO man would dispute the statement that men, considered singly, owe duties to other men. Neither would there be serious denial of the further statement that these duties cannot be left undone without penalty. God has so bound humanity in bundles, that, as a matter of fact, if one member suffer, that suffering, in some shape, will extend itself to all.

The most striking illustration of the universal law occurs in the matter of sanitary police in our cities. The working man lives in some close, narrow street, ill-drained, filthy, and neglected. His water supply is bad, his means of personal and domestic cleanliness small. The exigencies of trade and business forbid him the breathing ground of a square, or a bit of grass, near his dwelling. Every foot is built densely, and densely occupied. The rich citizen, living on the "broad avenue," or with his roomy and airy mansion fronting the thick-foliaged "square," with the means, too, of sending his family "in the heated term" to enjoy the cool breezes of lake, mountain, sea-shore, or forest, gives small heed to his laboring fellow townsman's dirty ward or over-crowded tenement-house. When business calls him, as it may at times, to pass through the crowded quarter where the poor man lives, he wonders how these people can exist at all where gutters are so filthy, water so impure, and air so foul. And when the heated summer months increase the city's sickness, and his morning paper records an increasing death list, he comforts himself with the appended statement that "the increase is in the lower wards entirely," "the

better portion of the city is healthy as usual," and sips his coffee thus assured. And ordinarily the matter stands so. The neglected, ill-drained, ill-watered, crowded ward, where the green gutters are slimy in the July sun; where the air is foul in the hot evenings in the crowded streets where the little children play, and fouler still in the crowded rooms where they sleep; the neglected ward ordinarily keeps its story to itself, buries its hecatombs of infants dead with *cholera infantum*, and, in its dumb sorrow, makes no sign.

Year in and out it goes on so. July, August, and steaming September shine and burn on foul alleys and slimy puddles, and the "Slaughter of the Innocents" is repeated, over and over again, in Christian cities; and the rich man—in his spacious and airy breakfast-room, with his own bright little people full of health and life around his ordered table—reads the long sum of these innocent victims of neglect, stupidity, and selfishness, with scarce a thought; for does not the medical officer of the board of health assure him, at the foot of his report, that "the increase of mortality is due to the usual causes prevalent at this season, and is among the children of people living in the lower and more neglected portions of the city?"

One year, however, there comes a change. The family physician cannot enlighten him much on the reason. But "the increase of mortality" is *not* "in the lower wards' alone. It penetrates the upper. In the houses on each side of him—"fronting the square," large and elegant, with all the modern improvements—there have been very sudden and startling deaths. One day Charley, or little Bell, is not "just right." The father comes home to find the darling worse. There is, in a few hours, another grave in the elegant lot in the rural cemetery,—a small one this time; perhaps more than one before many weeks are over. For the law has at last asserted itself. One member suffers. The others will be sure to suffer with it, soon or late. There is no escape. The lower wards are beginning to avenge them-

selves on the upper. Tenement-house is proving its kinship to palatial residence. The alley has shaken hands in brotherhood with the squares, and the rich man's child dies with the disease engendered in the tenant-house, where, perhaps, he gives disease a home free, in his anxiety to get the last dollar of profit out of his brother. Cholera, typhus, or scarlatina has come to prove the brotherhood of man, whether in tenement-house or in elegant residence, and the world-old fact, that the child of the "merchant prince" and the child of the day-laborer in his warehouse are the same flesh and blood, is proved, to those who had forgotten it, by their both dying from the same disease, engendered by the same poison.

On the whole, people in "elegant residences" are getting it through their heads, these days, that it does not do to let the people in tenement-houses or alleys quite alone. They have had some rough lessons of late; and finding that cholera, typhus, and such sort of God's messengers do not respect palatial residences, have generally made up their minds that, in mere self-defence, and from no higher motive than pure selfishness, it is wise to leave no neglected wards, no foul alleys, no reeking puddles, to invite the first calls of those ghastly visitants. But while we have arisen to the recognition of the responsibility of individuals in this regard, or even of small communities, we are far behind the broad Christian standard of the common brotherhood of humanity, and the responsibility of nations and races toward other races and other nations.

The cant of progress is a very loud cant. But we shall be obliged to progress very far and very fast, notwithstanding all our "science," before we reach the simple old ground laid down by the Saviour of the world eighteen hundred years ago. The savans and philosophers are slowly getting dim glimpses of certain old truths that lie on the very surface of their New Testaments. One of those old truths is that all men are brethren, of one blood and one family, and are

living here under a family law. And as a consequence from that truth, that no race and no people can live to itself, or die to itself; that the common bond runs through all, and that forgetfulness or denial of that bond is a treason to God and man, for which, one day, a penalty will be required.

Into the hands of the foremost nation, in many respects, in Christendom, falls the broad plains of India. The teeming population are sunk in an idolatry so stupid, immoral, and debasing, that Christian men can hardly credit the undoubted truths of its vile story. With this most debasing idolatry goes, as must be the case, misgovernment, wretchedness, cruelty, and poverty. Clearly, if Christ's teaching be accepted as the law of life, England, as a nation, owes to Hindoostan, civilization, Christianity, and good government. What *we* owed, and owe, to the Sioux and Ojibbeways and Diggers, what France owes to Algiers, what Russia owes to Finland and the Tartars, England owes to the Hindoo. But England, like the rest of us, does not pay her debts. She goes to Hindustan in Mammon's, and not Jehovah's, service. She governs those many millions for purely selfish purposes, denying the brotherhood of nations and the truth of God in getting the ultimate farthing out of the Hindoos. And India avenges herself on a Christianity which oppresses and debases her. She remains pagan. She remains so by the fault of Christians,—by their fault, or their stupid criminality.

And now, around the heathen temples of Kali and Durga, which English Mammon-service has protected, and in the thronging crowds at those great festivals, which so-called Christian men only know to make their profit from, arises the Avenger. First, among the poor, frantic, half-starved pilgrims it finds its victims. Then, as they scatter, in wild dismay, along the roads and through the jungles, he follows the beaten track through the mountains into Persia, across to join the Mohammedan caravans to Mecca, then with their returning bands to Alexandria, Smyrna, Constantinople, so to Paris and London; and, at last, when a year or two has

passed, the shadow of the death that was born around the temple of a foul Hindoo god, amid licentious orgies and the madness of devil-worship, broods over New York and Chicago.

We have given here the history of the origin and march of every visitation of cholera that has come to Europe, as it has been ascertained by the latest and most thorough scientific evidence furnished by the British Medical Staff in India, and this is the sum,—Cholera is born, as an epidemic, in the great festivals of Hindoo paganism. Thousands of pilgrims are collected at some specially "sacred" temple. They engage in the beastly orgies of an unspeakably licentious worship. Body and mind are alike excited to frenzy. A hundred thousand often are encamped on the open ground around the temple Water and food are alike scarce and bad. The pestilence appears. Thousands die. The frantic survivors flee, and carry the pestilence far and wide. Two years after that Durga festival men are dying by the thousand in English and French cities and Belgian villages. Three years after, the death-rate in New York is trebled, and terrified people are escaping from stricken cities along Lakes Erie or Michigan.

The twelfth year is especially sacred in India. On that year all Hindoos turn out to worship Durga, with rites unnamable. This twelfth year sends London and New York the cholera. So a broken law avenges itself, and Hindustan proves itself kin to England and New York by killing men in each by its own peculiar death; slaying people under the shadow of Christian churches, with the collapse that was born under the walls of Hurdwar and Conjeiveram, in a frenzied dance of demons. Because this year the darkness is, thank God, far away; because, so far, health has been the abundant blessing of all Christendom, we can speak and think more rationally of that awful pestilence that walketh in darkness, which heathenism always holds to avenge itself for Christian falsehood and unfaithfulness.

The evidence we have mentioned is exceedingly suggestive. To us it brings out the old-world truth that no man can neglect his brother and be safe, and that the remedy for many a terrible ill of this world will be found in the old original heaven-sent cure,—the preaching the Gospel to every creature. Cholera is a pagan disease. No Christian man has any business to die of a death-blast from the shrines of Kali, the Hindoo devil-god. Christian men do die of it, because Christian men have not done their Christian duty, and sent Kali to her own place. The doctors are proving that the Bible and the Catechism, not calomel or laudanum, are the prescriptions that India requires, as a sanitary defence for the rest of the world.

ABOUT MISSIONS.

THAT scoffing, but very smart paper, "The Saturday Review," had an article, lately, reviewing the annual report of the London Society for Propagating Christianity among the Jews. It took the pains to go over the report carefully, summed up all the expenditures, and then counted the conversions, and dividing the number of pounds sterling by the number of Jews converted, discovered, by a ciphering equal to Colenso's, that it costs say four thousand pounds to get a genuine Jerusalem Jew converted; and that the ordinary Hounsditch Jew may be converted for about five hundred pounds less. We are not just sure of the exact figures, but, if our memory serves us rightly (for a friend has carried off our "Reviews"), that is about the proportion.

This, to be sure, is a very rough way of putting the case; perhaps a very scoffing way. But it expresses what is certainly, in one shape or another, extensively felt by the practical men of the day. That is to say, tested by any test by which men would measure effort and success in any other line of human activity, missions are largely failures. The results do not seem to justify the expenditure of means. There are great and faithful efforts, and here and there only a partial convert.

Of course, the Christian goes farther, and sees farther, than the mere so-called practical man. He has another rule, and walks, in this matter, under other guidance. When efforts seem fruitless, and toil all wasted, he stands on the Master's command, and leaves results with Him. He is content to give means, and life itself, if only to save one soul alive.

He indignantly repudiates the pounds, shillings, and pence wisdom in this matter. He will not accept the counting-house law of gain and loss, when the enterprise is the conversion of a world.

Nevertheless, although we may comfort ourselves with hope and faith for the future, and labor on, content not to see the harvest, it is none the less the saddening fact that the world does not see it either. It is some ages now since any kindred or people has been added to the Christian family. The small people of the Sandwich Islands may be considered an exception indeed, but it is a solitary one, and, alas! theirs is only a death-bed conversion. A few generations, at the present rate of decrease, will end the native race of those beautiful islands. Civilization is withering what Christianity would save.

It was not always so. A fierce, strong, conquering paganism was once mastered by Christianity. As the early Church brought to her feet a civilized and intellectual heathenism in the Roman empire, so the later Church, far fallen from primitive simplicity it is true, mastered the savage and terrible heathenism of the Celt and the Goth. Nations were converted as one man. Races turned Christians in the mass. Tens of thousands were baptized in one river. And when Christianity took them, it gave them, not decrepitude, but youth, power, and a future. Pagan Ireland was swept clear, from end to end, in one man's lifetime. Saxon England was made Christian in a couple of generations. Boniface saw southern Germany submit to the Cross under his own eyes. And, if we turn to the East, less than a century sufficed to evangelize ancient Russia.

And those were days when there were no missionary societies, no boards, no agencies; when men waited not for "outfits." They were days when Christianity was weak and poor; when, amid overwhelming barbarism and paganism, it was wrestling breathlessly for its very existence. Christian nations did not then hold the world's wealth and power in

the hollow of their hands. Christian men were not then the confessed lords and leaders of the human race. It was a poor, weak, blundering, struggling Christianity that made a Christian Britain and a Christian Germany. It was a Church, bowed to the very dust, that built a Christian Russia. There is no comparison between the means now and then possessed. It is a rough piece of work indeed which a Livingstone undertakes in Central Africa, in our day; but compare his means with those of Boniface, traversing the Thuringian forests, barefoot and clad in sheepskins, eleven centuries ago. In the one case there is wealth, prestige, science, the moral power of a conquering, triumphant civilization; in the other, there was poverty, weakness, and ignorance of all things, save the eternal good tidings.

And it cannot be said that the work is, in itself, more difficult. Christianity has to meet now no heathenism, wise, subtile, refined, cultured, like that of Greece; none hard, masterful, lordly, law-creating, civilizing, like that of Rome. She meets only coarse, savage, or semi-savage, heathenism now. And of that type does she find any less tractable than the paganism of Saxon or Dane, of Wendt or Sclavon? The grim heathenism of our forefathers was something of an antagonist, compared with the poor, stupid heathenism of Asia, Africa, or America. Odin and Thor were champions something different from the poor negro's Mumbo Jumbo. The first were driven forever from their blue Valhalla by a weak, struggling Christendom. Why does a conquering Christendom, that owns the world, confess itself baffled by the other?

Before eight hundred millions of heathen, Christianity has stood dumb for centuries. She holds her own barely. That is all. She won her victories ages ago. She only keeps what the great champions gained. She has ceased converting nations, and scoffers take missionary reports, and calculate how many thousands it costs to save, here and there, a heathen or an unbeliever. What makes this marked

difference between the present and the past? Wherein lies the weakness of the living Church?

Successful or not, the Master's command must be obeyed. The Gospel must be preached to "all nations," whether they will hear, or will forbear. That is understood by every living Church and by every living Christian. The preaching must go on, cost what it will, be as apparently fruitless as it may. But may we not ask, why this great contrast? Wherein to-day is the Gospel weaker than it was when it converted those savage, stern, and masterful forefathers of ours, who built a new world on an old world's ruins? What is the secret of our failure against the infinitely contemptible paganism of to-day?

We shall indicate two things which show how far we are from the right ground in this matter of missions; and, consequently, how far from the ground of success.

There are possibly in the whole boundaries of the United States twenty-five missionaries among the Indians. This represents the Christian effort of the United States on *home* heathenism. How many hundred American missionaries are at work in India, in China, in Africa, in Turkey, and the far East. We do more for China in a year than we have done for our own heathen altogether. Our Church is doing more for African paganism than all American Christianity together is doing for American paganism. Now, we do not begrudge the trifle we do for paganism anywhere. We are ready to say we ought to do tenfold more. But does not this which we have seen appear strange enough to warrant inquiry? Is there not a spirit at the bottom of this strange thing which may account for our lack of success?

There is such a thing as serving God in wilfulness. A man, that is, refuses the work which God, by His providence, lays upon him, and insists, in pure self-will, on finding a piece of work for himself. A Church may serve God in wilfulness as well as a man. A Church may refuse the work, the duty, laid at its feet, and insist, in sinful self-pleasing, on

going to the world's end to find a duty for itself. That is "will worship," and it is never blessed. Now, it is a startling thing to think that American Christians have had their work cut out to their hand, have had American heathen at their doors, as their responsibility, and have turned round and, in pure savage greed and wolfishness, have trampled out the lives of these souls committed to them; have robbed, ruined, murdered them, and then have piously sent a hundred "ardent missionaries," and expended thousands of money, in converting England's heathen in Hindustan! American heathen died by Christian brutality, and perished uncared for; but Hindoo heathen, or African heathen, Jews, Turks, or Nestorians—any but our own—could call out our sympathies and command our aid. We say again, we shall insist on not being misunderstood, would to God we could have a thousand missionaries everywhere where now we have but one. Africa, China, the isles of the sea,—they all need them. But we only mention this strange spectacle, which American Christianity presents, and which, indeed, nearly all modern Christianity presents, of a Church turning its back on a duty which is its own, and only its own, which lies at its very feet, to take up another duty which is at the ends of the earth. We think a great deal of the fruitlessness of modern missionary effort might be explained by the fact that it is so often, perhaps from mere thoughtlessness, a will service, a service not of God's ordering, but of mere self-pleasing and self-will; that both the Church and the individual missionary, instead of taking up God's work which lies at the very hand always, out of mere whim, caprice, or wantonness, select a field into which God's Providence never called them, and where, in consequence, the end will be largely failure. There is not the fragment of an Indian tribe on this continent that is not an evidence against American Christians that they have left God's work undone, and have insisted on choosing their own.

Another peculiarity about missionary effort now is, that

we read of "Baptist" missions, and "Roman Catholic" missions, of "Lutheran" missions and "Wesleyan" missions. In the days when all Christian nations now existing were converted, there were no such missions. It was not Baptist missionaries or Roman Catholic missionaries, Lutheran or Wesleyan missionaries, that converted Europe. The men that did that were Christian missionaries. It was Christian missionaries alone who did the work which, under God's blessing, has been done so far in the world's conversion.

What we desire to remark is, that, by the very existence of a half dozen "missions," we have consigned ourselves to failure. A divided Christendom has never evangelized one heathen people. Since the first great schism no new people has been added to the Christian commonwealth. The division of the East and West ended the new conquests of Christianity. It is a very startling historical fact, and well worth pondering, but it is founded on a very sure basis. The Master himself declares what shall be forever the convincing proof of His Gospel. We have forgotten it in modern times. It is not miracles. It is not Christianity's excellence or moral beauty. It is not even its proclamation of pardon. It is the unity of Christians,—"That they all may be one . . . that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." Does the missionary, puzzled and bewildered by the shrewd Brahman or the cunning Chinese, ever miss the Divine proof which is beyond all argument Christ's chosen witness to the world?

We must struggle on indeed, and bear our burdens and do our work. The Church must stand by her missions for her own sake. They are the very claims she puts forth to be a Church at all. But we must be prepared for many failures and many discouragements, for the times herein are sadly out of joint; and, above all, we must work and pray for unity, as that which alone contains that promise of the world's conversion,—as that omnipotent argument which alone will bend man, over all the earth, to the feet of Christ.

ARE THE CLERGY NARROW?

IN speaking of colleges, and their affairs and discipline, one of our prominent newspapers takes the ground that clergymen are not the men to manage them or govern them, for the reason that a clergyman is a "professional moralist," "a man part of whose professional duty it is to keep himself apart from the world, to live within narrower bounds than most of other people, and devote most of his attention to one class of considerations, forming only half of those which men are called upon to weigh every day in solving the problems of ordinary life."

We think any man who considers the matter will come to the very opposite conclusion,—that a clergyman is a man who lives within the largest bounds of life, who touches the most varied interests, and who gives attention to the largest class of considerations.

We are speaking now, be it understood, of the class of clergy which furnishes, of necessity, our college officers,—the educated and cultured class. They have been trained in the same schools and colleges with other educated men about them. They have shared in their studies and sports until manhood came. They have held their own, and generally more than their own in both, in all those growing years. And when professional and busy life has come, the young merchant has gone to his desk, the young lawyer to his office, the young physician to his patients. They have become narrowed, dwarfed, and warped, as a rule, by the pressing demands of business or profession. That is the price paid in America for success in any walk A man must

submit to be dwarfed and distorted. The successful physician tends more and more to become a mere physician, to narrow himself to what he works in; the successful lawyer to become a mere lawyer, and the successful merchant a mere merchant. They are bound, as the price of success, to live in narrow circles, and keep thought and interest in professional grooves.

It is simply not so with the class of clergy of whom we speak. Their duty calls them to live among the old thoughts that trained them still. They extend their studies into wider and more varied ranges. History, philosophy, law, language, literature, all the activities of human thought and their results, belong to theology, and are embraced in it as they are in no other science. To the clergyman nothing human is foreign, because man is the dimmed image of God. To him all human things come directly as professional concerns. They touch his pursuits, his life, his professional interests, in a thousand ways. He is, of all his compeers, the man under least temptation to sink into a mere professional, to dwarf his manhood, or distort it, under the pressure of an artificial civilization.

Take the college class that graduates this summer, in twenty years' time, and we dare put it to the test that, other things being equal, the clergymen of the class will be the largest-thoughted men in all the number; the men who touch life and its interests at most points, the men who have most completely kept themselves in contact with the substantial thought and movement of the world. And what we have the right to look for *prima facie* we find in practice.

We must, of course, compare likes with likes. It will not do to take some ordinary, dull, good, pious clergyman, who has starved in some obscure nook on a pittance, and compare him with a brilliant and successful lawyer of the metropolitan bar. But make a fair comparison, take leading clergymen and leading professionals, or business men of the same city and of the same rank, if we may so speak, and

we venture to say the common verdict is, that the clergyman is the man who lives least in his professional groove, whose attention is least "devoted to one class of considerations," and who has least sunk the man in the profession. We believe it the common experience everywhere that the clergy are the men of largest sympathies and most varied culture and knowledge among those with whom they live. And we are certain that facts in the literary and intellectual movements of the country show that this is the case.

As to the question of colleges, with very rare exceptions, the colleges of the country owe their existence to the clergy of the country. They have done for them tenfold what has been done by any other class in the community. They have been, until lately, the only class of men who have had the wideness of thought and the breadth of interest sufficient to see that such institutions are of prime necessity in a civilized land. They have given their interest and time and labor freely to the educational institutions of the country, which they have created and fostered to their present importance; and it is a queer conclusion to come to at this day, that they are unfit to manage the institutions which, but for them, would not have existed. They have made them all they are; but now, the men who alone were large-minded enough to see the need of colleges are too narrow, it seems, to govern young America when he comes to them.

No better evidence to confute this narrow opinion can be cited than the fact that, while other classes of men—now that colleges have grown enough to attract their attention—are anxious to make them mere specialty shops—institutions for the manufacture of a certain number of doctors, lawyers, botanists, chemists, or engineers yearly—the clergy are the class large-minded enough to protest against this dwarfing, distorting, and narrowing process, and to claim that high education shall be, as it always has been, liberal, and not servile; the education of a man, and not of a mere money-maker; the training of a soul, and not the creation of an-

other chemist or another lawyer. The very class of men who are condemned as too "narrow," are the class that alone protest against this caricature of a liberal training, which is advocated by those other large-minded people, and which desires, as its perfection, the training of mere specialists, instead of the training of men.

It is time that this poor old cant about the clergy as "living in narrower bounds than other people" were done with. They certainly live in no narrower bounds of thought or interest or knowledge. They do live in the intellect. If they have no experience of fashionable parties, and their bounds are so "narrow" that they do not allow them to visit the "Black Crook," or the "White Fawn," or what other disgraceful exhibition may outrage the nation's decency, we fancy they do not lose any very important lesson.

Clergymen live within no "narrower bounds" than all decent, educated, and cultured men ought to live within,—certainly all men fit to be entrusted with the training of the young. And if the day should ever come (which certainly never will come) that the educational institutions of the country cease to be largely guided by, and to get their tone from, the clergy of the country, we are very certain that tone will be narrower, vastly, wherein it ought to be broad, and broad only where every good man would desire to see it narrow.

RELIGION FOR COOL WEATHER.

WE have been reading a newspaper article which is very suggestive as presenting one phase of our popular "common Christianity." The article is entitled, "The Boston Pulpit—Reopening of the Churches Yesterday." It goes on to state that the churches which, it seems, "were closed during the heated term, were reopened yesterday." They "presented an animated and interesting appearance." The Boston "Jenkins" says that "a well-dressed congregation presents to the eye a very pleasing spectacle;" and he gives us the important information that "a Boston clergyman often gazes upon as gorgeous dresses as are gathered in the balconies of the Boston Theatre, when the Italian opera is at its zenith,"—which must be a very delightful thing for the Boston clergyman, and which, no doubt, accounts for the eloquence of the Boston pulpit.

Our Jenkins then goes on with a quantity of that peculiar philosophy and sentiment for which his race is so famous, and tells us of "the return to the familiar altar," although we were not aware that many churches in Boston contain such a thing; and of "the revival of the old inspiring faith," which is really quite a new idea, the general opinion being that the pet faith of Boston is anything but old. He has also something to say of "the pastor fresh from the scenes of nature, the sea-side, mountain-top, and woodland." After entertaining us with Jenkinsian eloquence of this sort, he gives us several outlines of sermons from these pastors "fresh from the scenes of nature," to their "well-dressed and animated congregations."

The sermons, we must say, as Jenkins reports them, are rather disappointing. Pastors "fresh from the sea-side and the mountain-top," gazing on as "gorgeous dresses," also, as delights the soul of the fiddler and inspires the trombone "at the Italian opera in its zenith," ought to do better considerably than they appear to have done in this instance. They are not up to the dignity of the great occasion. They do not do justice to "the animated and interesting appearance" of the congregation, and the sublime "gorgeousness" of their dresses. One wonders how such "gorgeous dresses" could possibly endure such flat insipidity in the performers.

One of the pastors is represented as getting off the following climax in a glorification of "the Hub,"—"North America is the representative of freedom, and that which represents it best is New England, and of New England the special representative is Massachusetts, and of this Massachusetts, Boston is the metropolis."

It will not do to scan too closely this specimen of Boston English, but the meaning may be found with care. It reminds one of the famous climax of another "Hubbite:" "America is the greatest country in the world; Massachusetts is the smartest State in the Union; Boston is the smartest town in Massachusetts; my father is the smartest man in Boston, and I am my father's smartest son." The "pastor fresh from the woodlands," inspired with "gazing on gorgeous dresses," ought certainly to have wound up his climax with,—"and of this Boston, this congregation is the most animated and gorgeously-dressed congregation." But we leave Jenkins and his "fresh pastors," whom, for the sake of the reputation of the good town of Boston, we trust he caricatures, and especially the reverend gentleman who preached at the "Melodeon," and whom he represents as actually revelling in nonsense, and trampling on the mangled grammar of his mother tongue.

There is a more important side to this matter. The eye of Jenkins is, of course, blind to that. It seems that there

are cool-weather Christians in Boston. Their piety goes down as the mercury goes up. It can stand eighty degrees Fahrenheit, but above that it must have a vacation. When the heated term comes, it fairly surrenders. The world is too hot for it. It leaves "the familiar altar." It deserts "the old inspiring faith." "Gorgeous dresses" can no longer inspire it. It shuts the church in despair, and flies to Saratoga, Newport, or Niagara, till the weather cools. The pastor follows the sheep. Set apart, as he claims, to preach the Gospel to a perishing world, he succumbs to the "heated term," and lets the world perish, if it please, while he bathes at Newport, or tickles trout in the mountains. Was the Gospel only meant for cool weather? we ask in our simplicity; or do they stop sinning when the mercury is over eighty?

A great city, full of want and vice, of sorrow, suffering, death, and sin, is deserted by its pastor; its churches are closed; its Christianity is silent. Its population remains the same. Its wants are the same. Its vice is the same. It is usually the period of greatest sickness in the city. The churches are shut, and the pastors are off to "fresh fields and pastures new," enjoying themselves like young bullocks released from the yoke. And, then, when the fashionables return from Saratoga, or the Falls, and the "gorgeous dresses" are fresh from Paris, what eloquent sermons they preach on the power of the pulpit, and how the soul of Jenkins is rejoiced at the animated performance.

We suppose that the people of Boston or New York, who leave those cities during the hot weather for the watering-places, are hardly appreciable in lessening the population. They may call themselves "the world," but they are so small a world, that no stranger would miss them from Broadway or Washington street. The rush and roar of the great city is the same. The tide does not miss the scattered drops. And yet these great cities, with not one half the church accommodation requisite, close their church doors for a month in the year, as if these thousands of souls were of no

account. It is really a marvellous phase of Christianity. In no other country under the sun is it exhibited.

We have it here because our "common Christianity" goes on the purely sect idea. That idea is that the congregation, the particular voluntary association or society, is all for whom "the pastor" is responsible. He is their pastor. They hire him, pay him, and give him work and vacation. With the huge mass of ignorance and vice and misery outside, not in the society or congregation, he has nothing to do. The society is a voluntary society. The pastor's office is a voluntary office. The society builds a "church." They call it so,—Christ's house, the word means. But it is their house. The name is an absurdity. They build it to have their pews in, to show their dresses in, to gaze at gorgeous bonnets in, to hear their hired pastor preach in. The poor are shut out. The ignorant and vicious have no place there. The pew-holders own the church. So the congregation cuts itself off from all connection with those outside, being a voluntary society; and the pastor, being the pastor of these people that hire him and pay him, is cut off also from all outside. He is not sent to the world. He is "called" and hired for these good people here in the pews. His responsibility begins and ends with this assembly. If outsiders want churches, let them build them. If they want pastors, let them call them. It is their own affair. This is a free country.

There is the theory which closes churches in the heart of a great crowded city, when the rich leave it for their summer resorts. There is the theory which sends men, calling themselves "ambassadors of Christ," rambling in the summer woods, while the poor have not the Gospel preached to them, while the sick are unvisited, the vicious unreclaimed, and the mourners uncomforted. There is the theory which is daily increasing the heathenism of our great cities.

So the Baptist shuts his church because the congregation that own the church and pay the preacher are mostly out of town. It makes no difference that there are thousands in the

city who are practically heathen. And the Unitarian closes his, and has a vacation, and the "eloquent pastor" rolls ten-pins at Saratoga, because the society is at the Springs, although there are thousands behind too poor to be there, as they are too poor to pay for pews in his handsome church. And the Congregationalist, whose special discovery this theory of the voluntary society is, turns the key in his door and lets the sinful world get on without the Gospel, because the house is his, and he does not want it for awhile; the pastor is his,—he called him, and made him, and he does not care for his eloquent sermons just now, and so turns him loose on the White Mountains.

This theory of church or pastor, we need hardly say, is not ours. The Church is, with us, not a voluntary society, but a divine body. Its churches are really the Lord's houses, and not ours. Pastors are not of earthly appointment, but of divine commission. They are sent to the whole world. They are responsible for the souls to which they are sent. Poor or rich, outside or inside, whether men will hear or will forbear, they are, in due degree, responsible for all.

We cannot close our churches. We cannot suspend our services. We cannot desert the wicked world because the mercury rises. We cannot take vacations from religion, or close the doors on piety for the heated term. If these things are done among us, they are like some other strange things done by yielding to an evil example from without. They are utterly heathenish from our principles. We find Jenkins delighting his enraptured heart with gorgeous dresses in no church of ours in Boston. We trust the opportunity was afforded him by very few, at all events; that such utter blindness to religion and its purposes as this "vacation" business of churches and clergymen, was the very marked exception among our Boston parishes. It may be said, "Hard-working clergymen need, now and then, a rest, and especially in summer. It is really a mercy to close the church for a few weeks, and let the pastor rest and refresh himself."

Perhaps, sometimes, he does need rest. We have not a word to say against *his* having a vacation occasionally, although, we think, if he were more a pastor and less a mere preacher; if he were not forced, as his sole object in life, to grind out two heavy sermons a week from a capital of brain and learning which are not equal to one in a month usually; if he were not compelled to make bricks without straw, and talk when he has nothing to say, and wash the color out of his life, and the strength out of his constitution, in ceaseless streams of "sermonizing;" if his duties were reasonable and Christian, we have no doubt he would do admirably without the sea-side every summer, as the vast majority of his brethren do. But even if his brain has become weak by the endless dribble of "fashionable sermons," and his eye dim with gazing on "gorgeous dresses," and his whole constitution shattered by the effort to say something "smart" every Sunday, and he must have rest, why shut the church? Cannot a congregation, that shines so brilliantly at the Springs, or glitters so gorgeously at home, cannot they afford to procure an assistant for their "talented pastor" when his powerful brain grows weak under the frying dog-star, and "he babbles o' green fields?" Certainly, some solution should be found for the difficulty, short of closing the churches.

A Christianity that shuts its churches, closes up business, and turns its back on the world when the weather becomes uncomfortable, is not a Christianity which will effect much in Boston, or anywhere. "Churches" which are so utterly blind to the purposes for which a church exists, that they forsake a crowded city and carry their religion and their "pastor" out of it in their carpet-sacks when the streets become unpleasantly warm, are not "churches" which are very important in the world to any but our unhappy Jenkins.

We trust that Boston may get, in time, another style of church, and another sort of Christianity. It evidently needs both.

MISMANAGING THE LORD'S BUSINESS.

THE Church is always in want. Half the worry of bishops, conventions, convocations, missionary boards, etc., is to raise money. And altogether, and for all purposes, a good deal is raised. Steadily, too, year by year, the amount increases. And yet, with every year, the demand increases, and, like Oliver Twist, the Church, in all departments of her activity, is asking for more. She will keep right on doing so, we have no doubt, indefinitely. She will yearly get more, and, with every increase, her demands will increase. We do not complain of this. No one ought to. It is a good sign. The more we do, the more we see to do. We trust the day will come, and come soon, when the gifts of Churchmen will bear some due proportion to their blessings. And when that day does come, the cry for more will be, in good degree, satisfied.

It would seem, however, that since there is so much difficulty at present in the getting, there should be double wisdom in the using. The misuse or non-use of capital in hand already affords no great encouragement to those who are asked to make that capital more. The wise business man knows that unused accumulations are no better than heaps of pebbles. He is not content to let any part of his capital lie idle. He seeks to keep it turning over and accumulating all the time.

It seems to us, that here is a wisdom which the Church has not learned The children of this world are, in their generation, in this respect, too, wiser than the children of light. The amount of unused, or misused, capital in the

Church is enormous. The sums lying comparatively idle, locked up out of sight and use, are amazing when one considers how continuously the cry goes out for money for Church purposes.

The other day we passed a church. It is a rather grand building, as our American parish churches go. It cost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and is not yet finished. This church, unfinished, represents, then, a capital which would produce twelve thousand five hundred dollars a year. The total number of services in this building was one hundred and twelve during the past year, averaging, it would be fair to say, at most, two hours each. That is, the building was used, for the purposes of its erection, two hundred and twenty-four hours in three hundred and sixty-five days. Those hours, reduced to days of twenty-four hours each, give nine days and one third. The cost of house room for a moderate congregation of seven or eight hundred people to worship their nine days and the fraction was, as we calculated, twelve thousand five hundred dollars, or twelve hundred and fifty dollars a day, and something to spare. Who will deny that we are so managing matters that religion is becoming a luxury?

Near this church stands a neat chapel, which cost about twelve thousand dollars, representing an income, therefore, of twelve hundred. The chapel was used, during the year, two hours every Sunday, as a Sunday-school room,—one hundred and four hours. It was also used twenty times for services, averaging, let us say, one hour and a half each,—one hundred and five hours. The chapel, therefore, was in use two hundred and nine hours,—about nine days. These nine days' use of the chapel cost the parish, as we see, twelve hundred dollars, or over one hundred and twenty dollars a day.

It is very curious, when one thinks of it, how that sort of thing goes on, and how it is accepted as the correct thing, without question. We have brought up a very favorable

case indeed. There are those, more marked still, where several hundred thousand dollars are invested in building and grounds, for the sole return of an occupancy of four hours a week. And this will be managed and brought about and borne by gentlemen who would consider the same course in their private affairs as a *prima facie* qualification for the lunatic asylum.

Ask any member of a vestry which will build a church to cost a quarter of a million, on a lot that is worth a hundred thousand more, for occupancy one hundred and four hours in a year, what he would think of one who would invest three hundred thousand in a residence which he proposed to occupy nine days in the three hundred and sixty-five, and he would tell you the man must be a madman or a fabulous millionaire. And yet this same vestryman, a member of a Church, which, as we have said, is always in the highway begging, which never has enough, which pleads and implores for more,—this vestryman, we say, will coolly be one of a half dozen to do, in Church financiering and investing, just this amazing performance. Over all the country the Church has enormous and unproductive investments of this sort,—hundreds of thousands of dollars locked up in stone and mortar, to be used four hours a week, and to be utterly useless all the rest.

We are not blaming people for investing largely in church building. We have no fault to find with costly and grand churches. Buildings of that sort are always a legitimate method of investment for Church funds.

What we want to call attention to, is the fact that we do not use them. We build them and lock them up. We keep them, as in some neighborhoods, we have heard, they used to keep a "best room"—the largest, airiest, most attractive, and best furnished room in the house—shut up and closely curtained, into which nobody enters, except on occasion of a wedding or a funeral, or when "the minister" comes to tea. Our churches are our best rooms. We have no

rooms in our houses now, shut up like hermetically-sealed cans, and too good for family use; but we erect costly churches as "best rooms" for the community, and let nobody peep in except on state occasions,—and, unfortunately, these state occasions are very rare and far apart.

We have done nothing extraordinary yet in church building in America, and it is very evident, from what we have here discoursed upon, that we are not likely to do much at present. There is a self-imposed limit on absurdity, and that limit is reached when people build a church, costing three hundred thousand dollars, for use four hours in a week. They really will not go on and build one costing five hundred thousand for that purpose. We think the other is the limit that can be depended on. Of course, to build one costing a million or two,—a cathedral,—for that extent of use, is too glaring an absurdity for even building committees, in this great country, to perpetrate in cool blood.

Matters are bad enough as they are, and we never hear of the proposed erection of "an elegant and costly church" without a sigh,—so much more capital buried.

For, as we see, we have not learned what to do with our elegant and costly churches. We will not be guilty of so poor a jest as to suppose that any sane man can dream that "an elegant and costly church" is really to stand like an empty jail, on the street, all the year round, except those four poor hours on a Sunday. A religion that wants a church only four hours on Sunday, is a very absurd and recklessly extravagant religion, if it wants an elegant and costly one. That sort of religion never built elegant or costly churches in the past. It never put two stones together in a cathedral. It is a religion that built wooden meeting-houses in America, and "little bethels" of red brick, for "protracted meetings" and tea drinkings in England. When it takes to building churches, unless that act is

a prophecy of better things to come, it is only dilettante affectation. Perhaps there is something of the first extant among us, but thus far there has been a fearful deal of the latter in our attempts at Church architecture.

We are every day making religion more and more costly, more and more a luxury, and not a necessity of life. It will soon be as far away from ordinary people, for common use, as turtle-soup and ortolans from their dinners. When it costs religion an investment of from one to five hundred thousand dollars capital to house itself for two hundred and eight hours in a year, it does not need much skill in figures to see that to provide it house room—not for nine days, but for the whole three hundred and sixty-five—will require an amount of outlay which is entirely hopeless of attainment.

We need scarcely make the evident suggestion, that our elegant and costly churches might be used to much better purpose. It would not hurt them to air them, occasionally, on other days than Sundays. Also to make the most use of our invested capital, it requires no wonderful wisdom to discern that there are twelve hours in a day on Sunday, as on all other days—twelve, and not four—and, having digested that fact, it might occur to us that a much larger number of people—indeed, two or three quite different congregations, one or two free—might occupy the same house without interfering. Moreover, a neat building which will accommodate our Sunday school for two hours a week might, quite as easily, accommodate our parish school six hours a day, and be free, then, for a night school besides.

We are doing a good deal in the way of those permanent investments of the Lord's money in stone, or brick and mortar; but thus far, as we have hinted, we have not done much to make these investments yield adequate returns. It would seem that the time has come to study up this matter a little and discover what churches are built for, and for what

purpose money is put into their walls and roofs. It strikes us, at times, that some of our parishes, which have become possessed of elegant and costly churches, are very much in the position of the man who drew the elephant in the lottery. They have one advantage over him, however. The parish can "close the church for the season," and be rid of the elephant during the hot weather.

MASSIVE TOWERS.

WE read, some time since, an account of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Hartford, Connecticut, erected by the widow of Colonel Colt as a memorial to her husband and children. The church is a marvel of beauty. For lavish expenditure and costly magnificence it is unapproachable, so far, by any church in this country. It has cost a fortune, and no small fortune either. In the sermon at the consecration of the church the preacher felt it necessary to justify the costly offering of the noble woman whose large heart and large wealth have given that beautiful temple as a free church forever.

There is, undoubtedly, in the minds of many good people, a feeling that money spent in costly churches, and in erecting massive towers, buried in stone and mortar walls, or hidden in deep foundations, is not well spent. To the struggling missionary on the border, or to his struggling people, these thoughts are natural enough, when the account of large expenditures on costly churches is read. A tithe of the sum would put them upon a sure basis. Their modest wants would be well supplied in the way of a neat, correct, and even beautiful church, by what they read of as spent in a set of chancel windows, or on the last twenty feet of a massive tower. It looks to them like ostentation, and they are disposed to ask, "Why this waste?" The matter needs considering.

It is justified, one would suppose, amply enough by appeal to the Scriptures. Solomon's temple was an instance of the most lavish two-handed expenditure on stone walls.

The building was a small one after all,—not larger than many a parish church. It was never entered by any but the priests. The people only saw it from without. Its *use*, to a practical man, might seem very little. The tabernacle, in its day, had answered quite as well. And yet the vast expenditure of a kingdom's revenues on that marvel of beauty and splendor—that pile of glittering marble and burning gold—was accepted as a true and wise service at the hands of the nation and its kings, and God blessed the givers—blessed them, though they knew that He needed no house at their hands—though the heavens, and the Heaven of heavens, was His dwelling-place, and the "Most High dwells not in temples made with hands."

The principle in the expenditure on the temple is clear,—"All things come of Thee, and of *Thine own*, O God, have we given Thee." When a man gives to God he is to give according to the glory of Him to whom he offers. The costliness of the gift is to be measured only by the ability of the giver.

The same principle appears in the New Testament, and is confirmed by the Lord as the abiding law of His kingdom. The poor widow cast in more than they all,—because they gave of their abundance, while she cast into the treasury all that she had.

The woman, again, who broke the "alabaster box of ointment, very precious," and poured it on His head, was commended,—"She hath done what she could." Yet there were those who thought it waste, who were very indignant at the extravagance, who argued that it might have been put to a far better use. It "might have been sold for much, and given to the poor." They were ready to blame the woman for her lavish and apparently wasteful extravagance. It is suggestive that the blame came from Judas Iscariot. The transaction certainly justifies lavish expenditure in the Lord's honor. In any worldly view it was mere waste, reckless waste. Done in the Lord's service, from love toward Him,

and regard for His honor, it is justified and commended, and made an example for all time. But the expenditure of large sums in churches is not only fully justified by the Word of God and the commendation of our Saviour, it is also justified on the very low ground on which such expenditure is blamed. We hold it capable of the clearest proof that grand churches, costly churches, magnificent churches, massive towers, tall spires, and all the rest, are thoroughly wise, practical, and telling investments for the money of Christian men.

It is not necessary to defend the massive towers on such a ground as this. The Christian, moved by true Christian feeling, wants only the justification of God's Word and his own conscience. He will not give to the Lord that which has cost him nothing. He does not measure his offering by its money value in income. A house for the worship of God build as lavishly as he may, is very unworthy of its uses. He knows that. But he will make it as little unworthy as his means will allow. He looks to the glory of Him to whom he offers, and he will offer the best.

If a hard, cold, or practical age fails to appreciate such reasons and such motives, there are others to justify him even on its own low ground. For men are made up of body and soul. They are reached through their senses. Many people, unfortunately, cannot be reached easily in any other way. They have faith in what they see, at all events. They believe stone walls are strong. They can appreciate the solid arguments of massive towers. Unclothed ideas have no power over thousands of our fellows. Faith is no faith till they see it embodied. Law is no law till they see it manifested in force.

These are the thousands. They need a clothed Christianity. They need a religion which takes a visible shape, and faces them with symbols of its influence and power among men. They look about the great city. They see that wealth is powerful. Its palaces meet them on every hand. They see that law is powerful. The court-house, the rocky walls

of the prison, the arsenal's gates and towers tell them that. Commerce is strong. They see that in the long lines of huge warehouses, in the bridges, the docks, the railroads, the marble palaces of trade.

All things that work among men take outward covering and show themselves in the architecture of the great city. All build their costly temples and lay deep the foundations of their massive towers. There are palaces for trade, palaces for art, palaces for amusement, palaces for learning, sometimes, massive towers for railroad companies, costly structures for insurance offices, marble fronts for banks and hotels, lavish ornamentation on buildings where they sell silks to the ladies, and equally lavish expenditures on those where they serve oysters to their husbands and brothers.

Compared with other buildings in our cities, our churches are all cheap and modest. Many times they are a disgrace and shame among the splendid buildings devoted to a great city's business or pleasure. And this has its effect on men being what they are. It is true, a man can worship as sincerely in a barn as in a cathedral. But the men who worship sincerely anywhere are not the majority of our population. We want to influence those who do not worship in the one place or the other; and a religion which takes a barn for its temple, by free choice, while its professors build palaces for the sale of dry goods, and marble fronts for their dwelling-houses, is not a religion which will strike the non-worshippers as possessing much power for good.

A grand church is a visible manifestation of the power of Christianity. It testifies to the strength of an invisible reality. It is faith, clothed and speaking to all men's eyes. Built as a free gift, by free givers, it proclaims the eternal endurance of that Gospel preached in Palestine eighteen hundred years ago. It tells men, as nothing else can tell them, that that Gospel is alive, a power on earth still in men's hearts and hands; a power to mould and influence and control the world's forces in every Christian city. There has not been

a church erected in any city in the land that has not preached a perpetual sermon more eloquent, more convincing, than any preached in its pulpit. And the grander the church, the more lavish and costly its adornments, the more eloquently does the church building preach. Its towers cannot be too massive. Its buttresses cannot be too deeply founded, too rocky and solid. Its windows cannot be too glorious in crimson and purple. Its spire cannot rise too high above the city's smoke. Its broad portals cannot open on the passer-by with too elaborate beauty, grace, and solidity. It is the house of God among all the houses of men. It enshrines the unseen realities that save the souls of men. It embodies the truths that hold the earth secure. It is a missionary in the great city. In the crowded, hurrying noontide its calm stillness preaches. In the silvery moonlight its shining spire and lofty cross send down sermons. It is a power felt by all. Consciously or not, it is all the same; it is a power for Christianity, a visible witness that it rules yet in the earth, in the hearts and hands and purses of men.

The more massive, then, the better. The more thousands put into solid stone for God's honor, the better in all our cities We have not built yet a church to cost a million. When shall we build one to cost five? It will come some day. The wealth of the land is so fast accumulating, it is gathering in some hands so enormously, that the time will come when it will be invested in church towers worthy of the cities of our country.

A parish that expends thousands in a tower does well, does wisely. It could spend the money in no more practical way for the progress of the Gospel and the Church in this country. Here it is all a free gift. Here it is a people's own testimony to the reality of the religion professed. And we are very sure that the parish which spends freely in this way will give freely in other ways. Liberality in one is liberality in all. Which are the parishes that give most largely,—those which are content that the houses of God should be shabby

and mean while people live in costly houses of their own, or those which have opened their hearts and their purses and have given to God largely of the best they had?

Costly churches take nothing from the missionary fund; nothing from the help needed by the struggling pioneer congregation. Parishes that have risen to the work of a costly church and massive towers, are the parishes where the missionary fund will find its largest gifts, and the struggling parish its most helpful sympathy. Hearts well opened to one good work are easiest entered by the messengers for another.

Let the massive towers go up everywhere, then, we say. Let the silent preachers, the strong, self-poised, firm-founded preachers, tell their story day and night to all that pass by. They in the great city will help in a thousand unobserved ways to proclaim the same story in the village and on the prairie.

There are "sermons in stones," and most effective sermons in the stones of a noble church, into which men have, through faith in the unseen realities, transmuted the profits of their earthly labor and the increase of their gains.

ABOUT GOTHIC CHURCHES.

"GOTHIC architecture is emphatically Christian architecture, whether we look at it from a historical or symbolical point of view, and it is accordingly becoming a rule, having almost the force of an axiom, that churches should be built only in that style."

The above is the opening sentence of an article in a late number of a well-known Review. We have met the same thing in other places very often. We should like to know what a man really means when he says "Gothic architecture is emphatically Christian architecture." Is a pointed window in any sense more Christian than a square or round-headed window? Is there any more sanctity in a column when it is clustered, than there would be in the same stick hewn square? Nobody asserts this sort of thing, of course. Stone and timber are just as "Christian" piled up in one shape as in another. Neither, we suppose, would any one assert that to build a Gothic building is a more Christian act than to build a Greek, a Romanesque, or an ordinary American "shingle style" erection. Neither, we suppose, is any one prepared to claim that the contemplation of Gothic buildings is greatly more Christianizing than the sight of any other style of architecture. A man is no better Christian for living in a Gothic house, or even for worshipping in a Gothic church. His Christianity would not be made super-eminent by living in a whole street of lancet windows, and seeing nothing but pointed arches all his lifetime.

We must, it seems, then, come down to a comparatively low sense when we call Gothic architecture "emphatically"

Christian architecture. The high-sounding phrase has more sound than anything else,—the emphasis may not be very strong, after all.

It is Christian in a "historical point of view," we are told. That is to say, we suppose it has originated in the Christian era. Christian men invented it. In that sense it is Christian. This seems but a lame conclusion to the high-sounding phrases usually put forth by enthusiasts about Gothic architecture, but positively that is all there is to be said. Gothic architecture is Christian because Christian men invented it, as heathen men began Egyptian, Greek, or heathen architecture. So the mail-coach and the rail-car, the steamboat and the telegraph, Wall street and "greenbacks," are "emphatically" Christian "in a historical point of view," because they have all been invented during the Christian era!

"In a symbolical point of view" we are not so sure. Symbolism is a mysterious affair. One needs to be careful. We suppose Gothic architecture succeeds in being very symbolical; still, we have always understood that the Greek and the Russian manage to get a good deal of symbolism into their churches without making them particularly Gothic. "In a symbolical point of view," their churches are quite as Christian as our western ones.

We suppose, however, that the phrase in reality only means that Gothic architecture is "emphatically" the architecture for churches and ecclesiastical buildings. We have no objection in the world to any man thinking so. It is a matter of taste. But when it is announced as an axiom that "churches should be built only in Gothic style," we object to the axiom. We affirm it is no axiom at all. We say that the attempt to impose the axiom has done harm, and can only do more. The great mass of Christians do not worship in Gothic churches now. The great mass of Christians never have. There are other styles of building, by the witnessof all history, and for that matter of all symbolism, just as exclusively and emphatically Christian as the Gothic.

In some countries and some centuries people have built Gothic churches, and have done well. In other countries and other ages they have built other kinds of churches, and have done well too. There is certainly nothing primitive or apostolic about Gothic architecture, and we decidedly object to being come down upon in this magisterial way by our modern Goths when they inform us that their pointed arches and their clustered columns and their timbered roofs are so "emphatically" Christian.

We have a high respect, personally, for Gothic architecture. We would not say a word to wound the feelings of the grimmest Goth, alive or dead. In the day of it, Gothic architecture, like all real architecture, was a living thing. It had a purpose and it served that purpose. It did just what it was meant to do. But it has seemed to us, among others, that Gothic architecture, so-called now, was copyism, dilettanteism, and sham, to a very considerable extent.

Historically, Gothic architecture grew up in the Western Church, when the Western Church had largely lost its primitive simplicity. It was not Christian architecture for a thousand years, at any rate. The type of church in the purest ages is not to be sought in a Gothic cathedral. Gothic architecture is not the architecture of a *preaching* Church. It is not the architecture of a vernacular-speaking Church, and it *is* the architecture of a monastic Church. The Gothic church was built to accommodate the middle age type of Christianity. It did that perfectly. It was an honest and sincere building for its day. Its day was not the primitive day, and its Christianity is not precisely ours. But people, when not original and sincerely honest in their work, will imitate. The power of imitation is tremendous. They say it is the ambition of every Cape Cod sea-captain to make a competency, and build, like his neighbors, a Greek temple of shingles, on the sands near Provincetown, as his ideal of a dwelling-place. So now it is the ambition of every parish, and even every "society," to erect a Gothic church. As for-

merly each strove to have its windows square, and its nondescript spire higher, and its gilded pumpkin brighter than those of its neighbors, so now, by force of imitation, Episcopalians and Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Unitarians, and Nothingarians, all run to steep roofs and lancet windows.

We are free to confess the sham Gothic to which the architects treat us is better than the gilt pumpkin style. If there is not reality enough among us to create an architecture for our needs, perhaps the Gothic will do as well as any *to copy*. But it leads to strange results; for instance: there are Gothic churches by the dozen, where no man can make himself heard by five hundred people. We can name, at the moment, that number, where the preacher gesticulates, in dumb show, to a third of his congregation. They are not large churches either. Again, we have such churches in scores, where not only is hearing impossible, but if a cloud obscures the afternoon sun, seeing is impossible also. The congregation cannot see their Prayer Books. Others again there are, grandly built, costly piles, which no amount of fuel will warm in our northern winters, and whose "open timbered" roofs swelter a dissolving congregation under our hot American August suns.

One would naturally suppose that a sensible people, in constructing a building, would have an eye to its purposes. It would really seem as though, since there is a vocal service, in which all are to join, and since there is preaching usually, that a church should be built with some regard to acoustics and optics. Since crowds are to assemble in it, it would be natural to look a little to ventilation. Since our climate is tropical in August and arctic in January, the building should be erected with reference to a possibility of comfort at both seasons. But, as a matter of fact, all these considerations are ignored. The architects who have introduced Gothic architecture in America have been generally merely copyists. They have simply reproduced something from another age,

another climate, and other conditions, slavishly. They have built a "Gothic church," pure, true, genuine Gothic, as they agreed. "If you can hear in it, well. If not, why, do the best you can. If you freeze in winter, if you swelter in summer, if it is dark, musty, depressing, no matter; just comfort yourself with the knowledge that you have a genuine Gothic church!"

So, for an ordinary parish in America, we have a monastic church of the fourteenth century. Chancel large enough to accommodate the entire monastery; "stalls" arranged along the walls for the brethren, with a book board whereat to read prayers each in his turn; a screen, perhaps, to shut out the *profanum vulgus*, and an altar at the wall, admirable to be seen at, in the elevation of the Host, but impossible to be heard from in an English Communion Service. And the unfortunate solitary rector wanders round in his huge monastic chancel, among stalls and screenery, lost to human view, and his voice piping and stridulent across a wilderness of empty spaces.

There is, to be sure, a feeling that somehow the new church doesn't answer; that all this is cold and dark and lonesome; but then it is "a genuine Gothic church," the great architect tells them; and the ecclesiological society will learnedly prove it, by showing from what century each detail was derived.

Now, just as long as this sort of mere copying continues, we hold we shall never have a style in which churches now ought to be built.

Gothic churches were built to see in, not to hear in. They were built to see the High Altar in, and the elevation of the Host in. They were built, the finest of them, to accommodate a monastery of friars in the chancel. They were built for congregations that took no part in the service. The friars sung the service for them They were built to represent and symbolize views that we repudiate, to accommodate wants which we know nothing about. That is simply a mat-

ter of historic fact about "early pointed" and "late pointed," and all the rest of it. It explains why our unreasoning copyists of architects have so sadly failed, from the first day on until now, in creating satisfactory churches for our congregations.

As far as hearing goes, old Trinity, the first erection of its kind, is a failure. The last, we venture to say, is no better. Choral service, that is, a monastic service, is essential to the hearing in Trinity, because Trinity is a simple copy of the monastic church.

We have long been of the opinion that our Church architecture was to be sought in another direction, not in that of the degenerate mediæval Church. There is an architecture extant, much more nearly fitted to our wants. It is the architecture of a preaching Church, of a Church with grand preachers,—Basil, the Gregories, Chrysostom, for example. It is the architecture of a Church with a vernacular service, with a common prayer for all the people. It is the architecture of the Church in its purest, most victorious days. It is an architecture to see in, to hear in, to have pure air in, to have warmth in, and coolness in. It is the architecture of the Greek Church, and of the primitive Church. There are examples enough extant, from the simple parish church to the grand cathedral of Justinian.

Some day, when a real architect is born, we may go above our friends the Goths, and find that even if we can only copy, we may at least copy what we want, and get churches in which the congregation can see to read, and the clergyman can preach so as to be heard by more than half.

A PROPRIETARY CHRISTIANITY

THAT Christianity is losing its hold upon a mass of the population in our cities is evident to everybody who takes the trouble to look. Christianity, of any form whatever, is so losing. The matter is serious enough to engage the attention not only of the Christian, but of the patriot. How can we look forward to the time when, in our cities, and, indeed, largely over the whole country, there will be a substratum of the population, counted by millions, for whom there will be neither Sunday nor church attendance, nor any public recognition of Christian obligation? That it is coming is indisputable. It is no cry of the alarmist, but a serious fact, that masses of the very bone and sinew of the country, working people and their families, are entire strangers to public worship and to the shadow of church doors. What is the cause? We are not speaking of the foreign-born population, of the German infidels, or of immigrant Romanists, who, having thrown off their Romanism, have not yet found Christianity. We are speaking of American and Protestant people, brought up to "attend meeting" of some sort, in some degree intelligent and respectable. We are not speaking, either, of abject poor, of paupers or criminals, or "the dangerous classes;" we are speaking of respectable, independent mechanics and laborers and their families. And we say that, as things at present go, this class of people, in our cities at least, are rapidly renouncing all connection with any form of Christianity, and all habit of attending on its ministrations under any name. Why is it?

We answer, unhesitatingly, that one main reason, *the* main

reason, is that Christianity, as it exists among us, has rejected them. They are absolutely turned out of our churches. They are absolutely denied the Gospel in any shape. There is no message for them, and no ministrations provided for their families. It may seem, at first sight, extravagant to say so. But we have weighed what we say, and it is the simple truth, as any one can find who takes the pains to inquire.

The voluntary system has produced that result for us, not because the voluntary system is bad in itself, but because, being under it, we have refused to work it, have had no faith in it, and have allowed the world to override the Church. See how it works. In every city there are a number of so-called "churches" of various names. They are really private and proprietary chapels, owned and managed by a number of people associated for the purpose. It costs a good deal to build them. It costs a good deal to pay the expenses of keeping them open. The music costs sometimes two thousand, sometimes ten thousand dollars a year. The preaching costs with the same difference. Other expenses swell the amount. From ten to twenty thousand or thirty thousand dollars a year is necessary to keep the "church" in operation for a couple of short sermons a Sunday, and a "lecture" now and then in the evening. This amount is raised, from the two or three hundred families or so that attend, by pew rents or assessments. They pay for the music and the preaching, and it is their own. They want to enjoy what they pay for. They object to having their pew cushions begrimed and their hymn books soiled by the thumbs of "greasy mechanics" and "common people's" women and children. Occupancy of a pew in their church indicates a certain standing, and entails a certain expenditure. But worse is behind. These various private chapels, misnamed "churches," are rivals. Each wants the best singing, the biggest organ, the loudest and most "drawing preaching." And each is straining itself to eclipse its rivals. The rich man is wanted by each, courted by each. Each prides itself

on its wealth and influence. More and more the doors of each are closed to the man of moderate means, to the laborer or the mechanic.

We unhesitatingly assert that every "fashionable church" built in one of our cities is a blow against Christianity. Called by what name we please, it is a caricature of the Church of God, a pretence and a sham, which is driving people into irreligion by the hundred. Its prosperity, its costly church, its magnificent organ, its splendid fittings, its music and its preaching are evil, and doing evil all the time. It is closing the kingdom of God against men. It is shutting out the souls Christ came to save. It is choking the Gospel of salvation. We never read about "the annual auction of pews" in "Plymouth Church" that the story does not make us shudder. Yearly the Gospel, or what calls itself the Gospel, sets itself up to be knocked down to the highest bidder. The road to heaven is opened first to the longest purse. The merchants, the bankers, the well-to-do professional men come together and buy the Word of God, as expounded by Mr. Beecher, at so many dollars apiece, and run the price so high that there is no chance among them for one of their clerks or porters. This is surely buying the pearl in a way not contemplated by the Lord. "Fashionable churches," pew auctions, and premiums for choice seats; subscriptions taken in stock, "fine singing," "great preaching," exclusive and highly respectable congregations, the whole system, and all its details, are Satan's last device to destroy Christianity from among this people.

Our own skirts are not clear. We can take no special credit to ourselves, we Churchmen. Against all our principles, convictions, and feelings we have allowed ourselves to become, in this matter, guilty before God with the rest. We also have succumbed to the world, have put faith in dollars and not in God, and have gone into the proprietary chapel and stock arrangement like the rest. We will be as "fashionable" as other people. We will be behind none in

elegant private churches and luxurious pews. We, too, will court the rich, because the pew-rents are necessary, and will turn coldly on the poor, because he is supposed not to have the wherewithal to pay his ticket. Against all our principles, we say. We never could forget that we are a Church, and not a sect. We have been shame-faced; have felt our inconsistency and disgrace in this matter. The clergy especially have felt shamed at being made the private chaplains of a select number of respectable families. They have felt how miserably that position caricatures their real office and disgraces their divine commission. But the blight has been upon us also. We are tied hand and foot to pew doors, and smothered in churches which we call God's houses, but which, in plain truth, are only the private property of the people who are well enough off to buy or rent the pews they contain. And so we are all drifting together to the same doom. Religion is becoming the business of respectable and well-to-do people. A great gulf is digging between the man that can help build a costly church and the man who cannot. American Christianity sells its ministrations to the highest bidder, and the empty purse need not apply.

Can the patriot look on this drift complacently? Can the Christian face the fact and be content? Is the outlook one that brings comfort to either? If not, how is the evil to be met?

Not by giving Christianity as a dole. Not by offering it as one does cold victuals to a beggar. Mission chapels for the poor are only an aggravation of the evil. The well-meaning people engaged in them, clergy and laity, notwithstanding any apparent good they do (and they are doing good), are merely insulting the people they would serve, and caricaturing Christianity and the Church still more. They will not only offer cold food, but they will insist it shall be eaten in the wood-shed. The poor shall have the Gospel by their kindness, but they shall have it in another place, and

shall not come between the wind and the doors of their cushioned pews. Nay, it is just as well to face the evil honestly. It will do no good to palliate it by sham medicaments. If we are not prepared to cure it on God's principles, let us not attempt it on the devil's. Our people must have faith enough to take the Gospel as God sent it,—*for all.* They must be content to throw their pew doors into the fire; must be content to welcome anybody and everybody into the house of God. When they offer a church for consecration, they must mean what they say. They must give it to God, and renounce all "stock," and all pew-premiums, and such mammon-service inside it. It must be a free gift to the Lord, for the use of His children. But the old question comes again, "How shall the church be supported?" Has it not come to a queer pass that the Gospel cannot be preached till we have built a church and rented the pews? If this really be the case, is it not worth while inquiring whether we are preaching the Gospel at all? How *did* they convert the world before there were any "fashionable churches?"

Is Christianity *dead?* Is it the fact that there is no motive to induce a man to give for the support of the Gospel, except he purchase a right to shut other people out? In all the Word of God is there a single warning "not to neglect the payment of your pew-rents?" Is there anywhere in Holy Scripture, or in Ancient Councils, or Fathers, the command, "Bring your *pew-rents* into the store-house?" We have vacated the Scripture ground altogether. That is the plain fact. We have distrusted God, and have put our faith in the auctioneer; and we prosper accordingly. We have deliberately foregone the inspired ground, have renounced and refused it, and are occupying a ground of our own, to which no blessing is promised.

The result is evident in more ways than one. We have educated people on the pew-rent idea, and we see the effect when, for missionary or any other purpose, we appeal to them, not on the pew-rent idea, but on the Divine motive.

Their response is accordingly. Tithes! What idea of tithes have any of our people who pay for their seat in church as they pay for their other, nearly as exclusive seat, at the opera? Talk to these good people about "stewardship," and "responsibility," and "giving as God has prospered them," and the consecration of tenths. We have taken all the meaning out of those old-world phrases. Responsibility to God, in money, we have made to mean the renting of an eligible pew.

The Church needs awakening on this matter. She is false to her duties and responsibilities, asleep in the arms of the world, and enslaved. The clergy ought to speak. They owe it to their Master and themselves to break the chains of this debasing slavery which padlocks them to a class. Better the street for a church, and a barrel for an altar, than a Christianity which, for the sake of cushioned pews and velvet fringes, has forgotten its message to the whole world.

There is no strength like the strength of God; no trust like trust in the Lord of hosts. If the Church will but plant herself on her birthright, and claim God's promises by standing on God's ground, she will change the drift which is sweeping millions in this land to heathenism, and will amaze herself with the discovery of her own power and resources. If, with all her claims to Catholicity and primitive truth and faith, she is content to take her ease in cushioned pews, and peep and mutter in fashionable private chapels which the respectable John Smith and his friends have built for their own delectation, she must blame nobody if people take her for what her clothes represent her,—*a highly respectable sect*, much patronized by the respectable Mr. Smith and his compeers. How many of her clergy, to say nothing of her thousands of intelligent and earnest laity, are content to have her stand in that guise before the community?

A LOST ACT OF WORSHIP.

THERE is one thing which, in all forms of public worship, true or false, has filled a large space. About this thing the Old Testament is full. A large portion of the ceremonial law is taken up with the proper methods and limits of the performance of this act of worship. This thing is the giving of offerings. We do not mean the offering of sacrifices, properly so called, but the consecrating, by offering it to God, a portion of the wealth with which God has blessed us. The males of all Israel were to appear three times in each year, at solemn times, before the Lord, and the law is definite,—"They shall not appear empty."

The change from Jewish worship to Christian was not a change of the substance of worship, or of the Being to whom worship was to be offered. The object of worship, we say, was not changed. The God of the Old Testament is the God also of the New. All Christians believe and accept and worship the God of Moses, David, and Isaiah.

The substance of worship was not changed. It still continued to consist of confession, prayer, and praise. The type of a past sacrifice was substituted for that of a future sacrifice. As the sacrifices of the law prophesied of the death of the great Sacrifice, so the Supper of the Lord doth "show forth the Lord's death till He come again" The Christian worship, like the Jewish, gathers all its significance from the great central fact of all true worship,—the sacrifice of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

Since the two worships are so identical—addressed to the same Being, and consisting, in all respects, of the same

essence—are we to suppose that the making of offerings, so important a part in one, should be wholly wanting in the other? The idea of an offering, as distinguished from a propitiatory sacrifice, is that of consecrating a man's gains, the fruit of his life and work, by presenting a portion to Him who gives all life and strength. The first-fruit is made holy, that the whole lump may be holy. The acknowledgment is made of God the giver, that on Him depends all good, that from him comes all blessing, and that a man so recognizes Him and His law, and so lives under that law, that he can humbly hope his life is acceptable, and that God will accept some part of the labor of his brain and hands. Is this idea wholly lost in Christianity? Is it not an idea at the very base of any religious life whatever? Is it not as essential to a Christian as to a Jew? Or, if we look at it from the other side, that an offering is an acknowledgment made to God of blessings received, has not the Christian as much to make acknowledgment for as the Jew?

The early Church clearly answered all these questions in the affirmative. She incorporated into her services the idea of the offering. She was not content only with prayer and praise and confession. She also required a material gift—something more than words, an actual offering to be laid upon the altar—as an essential part of her worship.

The idea of the offering as a central act of worship—as a condition of appearing before the Lord in His house—passed over from the Jewish Church to the Christian as naturally as prayer, as naturally as the Psalms, and the reading of the prophets. The Communion Service, in all ancient forms, takes for granted an offering. It was from the very bread and wine offered that sufficient was taken for the Holy Communion, and, while it lasted, for the Agape, or Feast of Charity.

In this respect our own Communion Service goes on ancient models. That, too, provides for offerings, supposes offerings, takes offerings for granted as an essential part of

the most solemn service. The Offertory in the Communion Office is the witness for the ancient, the universal idea of worship, that an essential part thereof is the placing of gifts on the altar.

It is another of the cases where our theories shame our practice, where our professions put our actions to the blush, that the offertory has become, in our worship, almost an impertinence. Our people do not understand its meaning. Our clergy too often do not dare, if they know it themselves, to make the people know it.

We have actually heard "good Churchmen" complain that "jingling of money on the plates" disturbed their devotions! So hopelessly far away from any glimpse of the truth were they, that a solemn act of worship, as old as any worship of Jehovah on earth, since the fall, seemed to them an unmeaning interference with devotion, and suggested to them only the shop and the counter. They came to worship, undisturbed by any reminiscence of their week-day lives, and here come those plates, and the jingling money carries them out of their religious "frames" to the market again.

For, alas! is not the modern type of religion one that cuts a man's life in two? Is it not for Sundays only? Has it any connection with the business of yesterday and to-morrow? Is not the complaint a terrible satire on the almost hopeless darkness and heathenism which envelops men who have never yet seen that Christianity, to be good for any thing, must consecrate all life to the Lord,—shop life and counter life as well as pew life, dealings with men as well as dealings with God? Is it not startling to find Christian men confessing that their week-day lives are a service of Mammon, their money connected only with thoughts of the world and the devil.

Now it was just this terrible blunder that the offertory was designed, for one thing, to prevent. To keep men from falling into this snare of the devil it was provided that

offerings should be a part of their Divine service; that they should connect their money with religious ideas, their gain of it with religious associations; that their week-day lives should not be a sordid slavery to the world, but a service done to God, the fruits of which could be offered acceptably in His own temple.

It is the neglect of the offertory, and the teachings which belong to it, which has fostered this mistake at the very roots of Christian life and duty. And the remedy for the mistake, and for a great many others as well, is to set forth the doctrine of the offertory, and to put the thing itself into habitual, reverent use.

Men are to be taught that giving to the Lord is an essential part of public worship,—quite as essential as singing or praying. They are to be instructed in the plain truth that words must go out in deeds. They must recognize the alms-basin as an essential part of church furniture, the putting of money into it as a devotional act. Their special attention must be called to the name by which their contributions, given in church, are called in the plain English of the Prayer Book,—"the devotions of the people."

The whole duty of giving has grown dim, the sense of responsibility for wealth dead, in the minds of men. The Lord's treasury is like a beggar's dish. The clergy have grown cowardly about this part of Christian duty. When they urge it, it is with half arguments and cowardly compromises. They have a feeling that it almost degrades them to "dun for paltry money," for even a good cause. So highly "spiritual" have we all become, that our religion must not even name filthy lucre.

Meanwhile, there stands that solemn service of the offertory—clear, bold, uncompromising—making giving a solemn act of religion; calling the offered thing by its old name, a "devotion;" bringing forward this act of piety in the forefront of the most solemn religious service of the Church of God; asking its performance as repentance and

faith are asked,—as a preparation for the worthy reception of Christ's Body and Blood.

In these days we know no doctrine of primitive Christianity which needs reviving more than this doctrine of the offertory; no teaching which is more needed by the men of the time than the emphatic teaching of that most ancient and primitive institution.

Men need to be taught that they bring their whole lives to church with them, that they do not drop at the door the stains of the market and the 'Change. They require to have it pressed home that the gains which cannot be consecrated to the Lord, are gains which are "the price of blood,"—the blood of their own souls. They want the truth that God holds them responsible for every bargain and speculation, and that all the singing and praying in the world will not make an unjust profit other than a curse. They are to know that every day is a God's service or a devil's service, and that two hours a Sunday given to God will not pay for a Monday devoted to the devil Mammon more than to the devil Belial.

Therefore their lives are to be brought into the church. That is just what the church is for, that men should bring their lives into it, and measure them by the cubit of the sanctuary. They are there to be reminded of the market and the shop and the ledger; and if the reminding stings them and pains them, so much the more do they need it. They are there to have their doings over the counter, on 'Change, in the street, in the forum, brought to the test of God's eternal law, that they may be saved from ruin. And the offertory is there to do this. That is the special use and need of that religious service in all times.

This money is the result of a man's work. He has put the moral worth of his life into it. He has gained it well or ill. It represents faithful work in his place for God and man, or it represents wolfish greed or foxy fraud. He is asked to offer to the Lord, as a religious service; to give

to his Saviour, and to lay on His holy altar this money which so represents the moral value of his life. Can he do it? Can his gains be blessed? Are they so clear from wrong—so free from all rust of injustice, fraud, or deceit—that he can lay them without shame on that altar whence he is to receive the heavenly gift of his Saviour's spiritual body and blood? It was meant, this service, to bring a man so face to face with his own life. It does so bring him, if it be taught in its full meaning, and given its true importance.

Again, a man is asked to say whether, Christian though he call himself, he is not practically an atheist when it comes to business. Does God give him wealth, more or less, or does he get it by his own strength, skill, shrewdness, —by luck or chance? Is he responsible to anybody for what he has? Is there any law at all about it? Are the silver and the gold the Lord's, or was the devil not lying when he claimed the kingdoms of the world and their glory for his own, and not cheating when he said, "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me?" Root questions these, old questions, gray as time; but questions that need asking every day, and that every man needs to ask himself until he get an answer that will stand. The offertory puts them emphatically, and answers them just as emphatically,—"All things come of Thee, and of Thine, O Lord, have we given Thee." It is a religious act of loyalty to the Master of the universe, a solemn acknowledgment of the Sovereign Lord of all the world, whose tenants we are. We have said nothing of the results to the treasury of the Master, of a revival among us of the spirit and power of this almost lost act of worship. We have tried to call attention to it solely from its religious side. We have asked for it its place as a high religious service. We have asked that it be so set forth, preached, explained, and enforced. We have demanded it for the consciences of the men of this day. Never in the world's story was it so needed.

The result, of course, if ever Christian men shall even begin to do their duty of giving on Christian principles, will be the world's conversion in about an ordinary lifetime. Meanwhile, let us begin to put this business of giving on its true ground. Let us deliver it from meanness and beggary, and teach it as what it is,—a profound and solemn act of reverent worship and awe, before God's altar; an act of worship wherein all mysteries meet in this, the deepest mystery of devotion, that mortal man can give to the Eternal Lord and have the gift accepted.

CULTIVATING THE SOCIAL ELEMENT.

SOME time since, at a Church gathering, we heard an able and interesting discussion on the question of promoting the social element in our churches. It was assumed as desirable that all classes of Christians, rich and poor, high and low, should be brought nearer together, should be made acquainted and taught to feel that they are brethren of a common family, that they live a common life, and are bound by a common law of love and help. It is encouraging to know that the old principle that all Christian men are brethren is really recognized yet, at least by the clergy and, at all events, in theory, and that nobody has the audacity to deny the word of the Saviour.

But it does seem a trifle odd that at this day it should be proposed as a subject of debate how this principle, which is the very basis of Christian life and conduct, shall be acted upon.

It is a pity, perhaps, that the form in which we cast such questions should blind our eyes to their extraordinary character. There is nothing said in the Scriptures about cultivating the social element. There is a good deal said, and said in a very decisive and rough way, about the fact that all Christian men are *brothers*,—brothers of one family. There is a good deal said and hinted about the style and character of Christians who forget that fact. There are rather broad hints that Christians who forget it, or deny it, are a sort of Christians that will meet with very decisive treatment at the hands of Him whom they lyingly call Lord. There is little account taken in the Word of God of the "social distinc-

tions," which are such a stumbling-block and barrier in the way of cultivating the social element.

It is an alarming thing to see on what low grounds we are content to put principles. We talk about Christians becoming more "social." The Word of God talks about Christians being one household, a family of brothers, so closely bound that the meanest cannot suffer but that all suffer with him.

The fact that a discussion about cultivating the social element in the Church is a possible thing; that we can seriously enter into arguments for bringing Christians nearer together, and for interesting each somewhat in the other, suggests another discussion more important and serious and personal by far. It suggests the question, whether we are really Christians at all; whether, on the whole, judged by the New Testament, there is any corporate Christian life among us; whether we have ever learned the alphabet of Christ's Gospel?

If we should find a number of brothers and sisters of the same family, children of the same father and mother, discussing the propriety of becoming acquainted with each other to the extent of exchanging greetings on the streets, of cultivating the "social element" so far that they at least should learn each other's names, it would strike us as a very odd sort of family, and they as very queer brothers. And if we found this sort of discussion recognized as a perfectly legitimate and natural one in all the families of a land, we would be pretty sure to make up our minds that that land was hardly worth saving, and that the families in it should disappear as promptly as convenient. By terms the very strongest does the New Testament express the intimate relations which exist between the members of the Church of God. That Church, according to the declarations there, was instituted for the very purpose of creating and maintaining such relations, and exhibiting them before the world. The New Testament pours the most sovereign contempt

upon all the distinctions which exist among men. In Christ there is neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, slave nor free. The new relationship overwhelms and sweeps away all that men think most marks or separates them.

It is rather late in the day, it sets strange fancies afloat in one's brain, it suggests strange questions, to find it a legitimate and necessary subject of inquiry in a Church, in the nineteenth century, how so-called Christians are to become acquainted with each other, and be "sociable," when members of the same congregation.

In the discussion mentioned it was taken for granted that this is a desirable consummation. It must be conceded that the supposition is a very modest one. Nevertheless, the consummation is by no means easy of attainment. It was shown that the members of the same congregation often worship in the same church, in pews side by side, for years, and know nothing of each other but the names. It was shown that there is no close bond of sympathy, no feeling of unity of aim, no common interest in the same good works among large numbers of Church members. As far as the Church is concerned, or Christianity, they are living isolated lives, lives of utter indifference and strangeness to other Christians. A congregation cannot be brought together as a unit even in social life for any one Christian purpose. But there is worse behind. Our congregations, in the general, consist of people of the same condition in the social order; and among them, even being such, there is the acknowledged want of unity and common sympathy. But besides these people, comfortable and well to do, there is an increasing class of people in the country in narrow circumstances,—people who have dropped out of the circles of wealth, abundance, or even comfort. And these brethren, whether they belong to our congregations as worshippers or as communicants, are left pretty much "out in the cold." They have not even the bond of the ordinary social and society life. The one tie which connects them with their brethren who live in plenty,

luxury, or easy comfort, is the tie of the common faith and common salvation, and this tie, as we find ourselves bewailing so often, is a tie very slight and weak at present.

It is for this class that the clergy are the most concerned. When they discuss the way to cultivate best the social element in the Church, this class is the most prominent in their minds. Well-to-do people, wealthy and comfortable people, can take care of themselves about such matters. They can, more or less, decide for themselves the extent and limit of the social connections they will be pleased to form. But the others can make no such decision. They are overborne by the narrow circumstances of their lives. They must be content to live with no intercourse between themselves and their more fortunate brethren, if those more fortunate brethren choose to have it so. And, more and more, in this country they do choose to have it so. Distinctions of class is the penalty paid for a high civilization. As we advance, in America, we find our road the common road of all peoples hitherto. Wealth is accumulated in some hands enormously, and there are more and more reduced to poverty or even want. Broader and broader the lines are drawn between those who have and those who have not. A different education, a different style of living, different tastes, and different surroundings, mark more and more these classes. The old time of the fathers, when the people of an American city or village were pretty near a common level in education, wealth, and taste, has passed away forever, and our country is entering, or rather has fully entered, on the phase of a more advanced national life, where classes exist, distinctly formed, and more distinctly formed socially, because our Republican constitution prevents their existence politically. This forming of classes, this cutting up a nation into parties which have no common bond of sympathy, which are even, in some conditions, put in a position of antagonism and hostility each to the other, is a condition of things thoroughly bad and dangerous, as it is, of course, thoroughly unchristian.

It was one of the purposes of the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth that it should throw over this universal tendency to separation a bond of unity stronger than any power of repulsion. Men were to be "one in Christ Jesus," separated in other things, as the case might be. The brother of low degree was to be own brother in the household of God to the brother of highest degree. There was to be no respect of persons in this family; and the Christian faith, and the common salvation, were to be the universal bonds and sympathies which were to conquer all the evils of earthly differences, and make men brothers, in a sense wide as the world and enduring as eternity. That function of the Church, as a matter plain to observation, is no longer fulfilled. There is danger in the fact, very serious danger, beyond what most people dream. And the danger is more serious in our own country than in any other in the world. The existence here of a class who have no sympathy and no social connection with other classes; who are drifting farther and farther away from any brotherhood with them, so far that even the Church, which in other lands is a common home for prince and peasant, a place where a duchess and a seamstress may kneel side by side in a divine equality of need and hope, of faith and prayer; the existence and increasing numbers of this class, utterly separate from the others even as Christians, has a tenfold more serious meaning for America, from the very fact that each man has equal political power, and that numbers, and numbers only, count in voting.

Naturally enough the clergy, and some among the serious-thoughted laity, are anxious to restore this function to the Church. They take it for granted that its restoration is desirable. They do not debate that. They only debate how the restoration can be effected. But they take for granted another thing, which is not quite so indisputable; this, namely, that the members of the Church in any large number desire to see this function of a Church Catholic in

operation. There is nothing more certain than that there is no desire of that kind in the minds of our congregations generally.

It is to this difficulty that attention needs to be directed. If the members of our congregations were at all anxious to promote social intercourse, brotherly feeling, and common sympathies among different classes, we should not long have to discuss the manner or method of the doing. But it is just the misery of our feeble position that we are so organized, and the Church is so worked, that any cultivation of the social element which shall make "rich and poor meet together" is impossible.

We remember how struck we were in the early days of our ministry, when, having interested ourselves in the well-being of some old country families, emigrants and poor, we were asked by a vestryman, "What is the use of wasting your time over those people? There is not fifty dollars' worth of pew-rent in the whole crowd."

We may as well face the facts. And the facts are that our congregations want in them rich people, at least well-to-do people,—people who can pay pew-rents. They are so organized, that people who cannot well pay pew-rents are not wanted, are a detriment to the congregation in every way, lessen its income, lower its "respectability," and if present in any large numbers keep out people who *are* desirable, and who *do* add pecuniary strength to the congregation.

The clergyman who remembers that he is sent as Christ's servant, and not man's, to all for whom Christ died, in the fervor of his zeal and a burning sense of duty will go among the people, will try to bring them to church, and generally care for them as a pastor should. But he is chilled by the indifference of his congregation. He cannot get his people to look at the matter as he does. His efforts are rendered fruitless by their apathy, perhaps by their opposition. He is puzzled. He preaches Christian brotherhood with renewed zeal and feeling. He is

shamed and shocked at the discovery that there is no practical acknowledgment of the brotherhood in Christ among those whom he instructs, and to whom he ministers the bread of life. He may discover the fact in time, or he may not, that the congregational plan on which we are working is a plan expressly made to *prevent* any realization of human brotherhood in Christ. Whether he discover the fact or not, it is a fact all the same. His labor is a labor in antagonism to his position as the minister of a congregation of well-to-do folk, who have built a church for themselves and families, and put an organ in it, and procured a choir, etc., and hired him to be *their* pastor.

The plan makes it ruinous to his congregation (his "parish," as we oddly enough call it) to bring in any large number of people of narrow means, much more any large number of really needy people. His people do not want them. There is no pew-rent of any account among them. They cannot contribute to sustain a five-thousand dollar choir, to build "a new and elegant Gothic church," to upholster in velvet plush or silk the pews of the one they have. They are in the way, are more or less nuisances; an uncomfortable, troublesome, poorly-dressed, and impecunious crowd generally, and he is wasting his efforts in trying to bring them and his wealthy and comfortable people into any close connection.

There is still more in his way. In large numbers our congregations really want to have a social element among them, and in large numbers they do have it. This element scarcely takes a shape that the clergyman much admires. It is not specially Christian. Nevertheless, it is a social element. The members of the congregation meet, on the whole, at the same parties, visit the same houses, dance at the same balls, have boxes at the opera alike, patronize the same milliners and dressmakers, and keep "the social element" in a score of ways, of this kind, in pretty active ebulition, at certain seasons. They have a

high idea, too, of the importance of that "element," as they understand it. They desire to "cultivate" it. And, according to their notions, in order to cultivate it they consider it very necessary to keep "*their* church" exclusive. They wish the pews to be taken by those of their own set. They consider the parish a pleasant one in proportion as it consists of those they meet "in society." One main function of "the parish," as they understand it, is to encourage "the social element" in this way. They are delighted to have it made up of people one can associate with, and they are actually alarmed and shocked when the rector busies himself in bringing in these people that nobody knows.

On the whole, it is pretty evident, when one considers the matter, that in order to cultivate the social element in the sense alone tolerable to a Christian man, we need to convert the great mass of Church members, baptized and communicating, to the A B C of Christianity. It will be no easy undertaking, under our present arrangements. It is an undertaking, however, which, easy or not, must be very seriously undertaken and carried through, let break what may. Any way, it is best to get right down to the real difficulty, and look the father-wrong boldly in his ugly face.

THE ART OF SPENDING.

WE have inherited in America the accumulated capital of the Old World. Its civilization, its art, learning, wealth, experience, came to us as the capital on which to begin business here in the new land.

On the whole, the most of us are disposed to think we have done pretty well with this capital Whether, indeed, we have been in business long enough to see how matters will turn out at last, is a thing to some a little doubtful. Whether, too, a bountiful nature and a rich new world have not helped us more than our own wisdom, may be a question. But on the whole, we are, as a people, well content with the progress we have made, and on all fit occasions, and some unfit, from stump, platform, and barrel-head, we are fond of hearing that progress glorified, and our own virtue and wisdom exalted.

There is one thing, however, in which we certainly have not improved on Europe, and particularly in which we have not improved on England. Our rich men have not, as a class, found out what to do with their riches. They have learned to make money, but the art of spending it is an art yet undiscovered. If we could but introduce the "division of labor" principle into this matter, as possibly we may in some future golden age, it would help us greatly. If the men who can make money, and the men who delight in the business, were furnished all facilities for the gratification of their desire, and the money made by them were immediately passed over into the hands of those who delight to spend it, and who know how to do that properly, it would simplify matters very much.

So far, the art of spending properly has been little attended to. The art of getting has occupied everybody's attention, and we have, as a people, learned by practice to excel. Meanwhile, more and more, the other art becones a necessity. As fortunes increase, as the community gets richer, as year by year we look over the tax-list, and find incomes swelling away up into the hundred thousand, it becomes a serious matter what we shall do with our gains.

Manifestly, it will not answer for men to spend them on themselves. No matter how elegantly and tastefully, it will not answer for men to spend wealth solely in their own gratification. The public conscience of the land is pretty clear on that subject, and is likely to become even clearer. There is a responsibility recognized in this matter, and people are likely, more and more, to be brought up to the test of that responsibility. Money is looked upon as laying its possessor under obligations of some sort to the community. He is bound to spend in a way that shall do good, and not injury, to those about him. He has no right to use wealth to corrupt or debauch, or in any way injure, others. He is bound to use it and spend it so that others may be benefited.

When men are beginning to count their millions in the older portions of the country, and the immense influences for good or evil these millions possess is beginning to be felt in new and strange ways; when it is seen to be possible that these enormous sums may be so used as to debauch a legislature, or control a city and its policy, or give their owner the mastery over the convenience, the time, or the coming and going of large portions of the community, it is pretty evident that we must begin to get down to first principles again, and ask ourselves if we understand the meaning, the uses, and the responsibilities of wealth, and if there be any law about the manner of spending it. Of course, what holds with regard to the millions will hold also, in due proportion, with regard to the hundreds and the thousands.

Has the pulpit been quite faithful to its duty in this thing? We think it has decidedly failed. It has gone on no clear knowledge, on no fixed and settled principle. Its teaching has been spasmodic and uncertain. It has given proper weight to many duties; but this duty, which is, just now, a most important duty, and one so very little understood—the duty, namely, of spending money wisely—it has passed over ignorantly.

We cannot, otherwise, account for the tasteless and coarse way in which rich Americans spend money; for the aping of a style that sits upon them very clumsily; for an expenditure which is merely sensual,—which does nothing even for art or the ornaments of a higher civilization, which half excuses a great deal of European recklessness. Our wealthy people show extravagance in mere eating and drinking and wearing; the artistes patronized are the cook, the concocter of sham wines, and "the modiste. Vulgar waste, coarse extravagance, reckless expenditure on the body; fashion because it is fashion, show for show's sake, this is the rule for spending among us so far. And daily there is more to spend. Daily the rich grow richer and more numerous, and daily the rules of a wise spending are becoming more and more essential to be known.

Surely the rich have duties, and high duties, because of their riches. Surely, in a new civilization like ours, they owe obligations to literature, to art, to all that goes to the adornment of human life. If they spend, as spend they must, why not spend on what will gratify other people as well as themselves,—on those things which are common boons to the whole community? A rich collection of books, though the owner may not be able to use them, would be a public good in any of our cities, if they could be but consulted by those who know how to do so, and who would prize them too highly to misuse the opportunity. A collection of pictures, now and then thrown open to all proper persons, would be another public good. Even an architect-

ural house is no special blessing to its owner. It is a beautiful sight in all eyes And tastefully-arranged grounds—lawn and copse, and bright masses of flowers—even seen through a paling, are something to be thankful for in a crowded city or its outskirts; how much more if wealth, and large-heartedness in its use, should throw the gates open now and then to those who must live in narrow quarters, and have forgotten even the look of a violet or the odor of a rose.

There has been, so far, marvellously little public spirit of this sort in the United States among our rich men. And they are getting their reward. The city where "the merchant prince" lived and made his millions, even where he never left a sign in any noble gift to public uses, buries him and forgets him, or remembers his name only in connection with "Jones's alley," or "Smith's dock."

That we have not learned to spend is shown also in as striking a way in the condition of our churches, our missions, our schools, and our colleges. As far as numbers go, the Church embraces a very large share of the spendable money of the country. She is in good degree responsible for the way in which a very large number of very large incomes are got rid of. If she allow those incomes to go in mere eating and drinking and vulgar show; in milliner and modiste nonsense on the part of women that are generally believed to have souls somewhere concealed under their vulgar display of tasteless dress and finery; and in pure sensuality, in gluttony and drinking, in "fast" horses and "fast" living on the part of the husbands, brothers, and sons of these women, who, also, are believed to have about them souls, consciences, and all other things which naturally belong to men,—if, we say, she allows this sort of thing in men or women, without very earnest and persistent endeavors to mend it all, it is certainly very mild to say that she is recreant to her duty That she does allow it is only too sadly evident. That she does not

boldly lift up her voice and preach the truth about spending as well as the truth about getting is a matter of evident fact.

Where are our rich men building churches? Where are they endowing our colleges? Where are our missionaries supplied with capital given outright for their support? Where are our bishops to look for the thousands they need in every diocese, to propagate the faith, and lay new and wider foundations? It is a thing to go from end to end of the Church as a wonder, when a Baldwin, a Schoenberger, or a Baird has found out how to spend nobly the wealth they have nobly earned. Such instances as these should be the rule, and not the exception. The duty should be taken up, preached, dwelt upon, expounded in all its bearings, as one of the root-questions of life. It is really one of the hardest practical questions for many a man among us to answer: How shall I get well rid of these enormous sums which are accumulating every year?

Here are starving colleges—a half dozen of them—we answer, waiting to be lifted out of the ruts, and preserve your name while they make noble use of your money for a thousand years. Here are our struggling theological schools trying to make bricks without straw, and condemning their professors to double labor and to waste of life because they have no means to sustain them. Here are a score of cities, and every city of the score wants a cathedral as badly as city ever wanted anything, and around that cathedral they all want schools, orphan asylums, and a dozen things besides. Here are bishops out on the borders, fighting the devil at arm's length for elbow-room, and every man of them could use up one hundred thousand dollars in a month's time, and do it well,—creditably to themselves and creditably to you. There is no lack of opportunities. It is one of the very purposes for which Christ sent His Church: this, that she should always stand ready to teach Christians how to spend, and help them to spend well and freely. If a

man has not found out that yet, he has a good deal to learn about the constitution and nature of the Church of God.

There never was such a splendid opportunity for wise expenditure as is now possessed by Churchmen and Americans. We could sit down to-day and draw checks for one hundred thousand each for the next twelve hours steadily, and still leave room for some work of the same sort to-morrow.

And we must come down to it, or up to it, some time. It is, at present, a shameless quibbling, this whole business of giving. It is simply disgraceful to look at our missionary work and our Church enterprises. No words can do the subject justice. When there are scores of incomes all over the country vastly beyond the entire expenditures of the Church for missions; when there are incomes which amount to twice the annual revenue of all our colleges, seminaries, schools, and episcopal funds, not at all rare; when there are those in our pews on Sunday, and at our altars even, whose private fortunes exceed the value of every church and parsonage in the land,—it is certainly a very poor show that our Church work and extension presents.

The clergy as a body are laboring, we dare say, and challenge contradiction, as no body of clergy have labored since the earliest days, with most primitive zeal, patience, and self-denial. They are only seeking out fields for further labor of the same sort. At least, as we know them, they fear no privations for the Master's cause. And yet never—to the shame of the laity be it spoken, and it is time some plain words were spoken on that matter—did any body of clergy, as a rule, minister to a people richer in all the means of indulgence, or more ready to use the means for that purpose.

There must be a radical change in this matter, and perhaps there are faults on both sides to be amended The clergy may not have proclaimed a truth Certainly the laity have not acted up to any knowledge of the truth.

FRUGALITY IN GOD'S SERVICE.

THE Pope issued a huge bull, or something, lately against extravagance in dress, directed especially to the ladies. Sensible Pope! All husbands and fathers should drop a "Peter's penny" in his poor-box, when next he sends it round, to help pay for that bull. We fear, however, that he will find his old motto, *Non possumus*, to be a true motto in this case. We have no notion that a Pope's bull "runs" in a milliner's shop or a *Magasin des modes* either in Paris or New York. All the bellowings of the animal will, we fear, have no effect in the realms subject to the goddess Fashion. That region has not yet been converted to Christianity of even the Roman sort. Nevertheless, the good old Pope should receive credit for his excellent intentions He has done the best he could under the circumstances, and he deserves thanks. And on the whole, the oversight and correction of ladies' dresses is about as innocent an employment as he can now engage in. Well would it have been for the world if many of his predecessors had confined their ambition to the same region, and had sought to exercise their infallible authority in so beneficial and innocent a manner Therefore, we are sorry to see one of our papers fall foul of the good Pius about this harmless business. That irreverent contemporary applied to him the old proverb, "Physician, heal thyself," and asked him how he—carried on men's shoulders, amid waving peacocks' feathers, all decked in scarlet skirts and embroidered capes, and glittering in gems from his huge three-banded cap down to his very toes, with rings on his fingers and chains round his neck, a gorge-

ous sight altogether, and the very triumph of the jeweller's and milliner's art—how he, in this sort of "get up," on his way to church, could have the face to rebuke the ladies for their comparatively dim splendors and their infinitesimal expensiveness. And then it taunted him not only with his own gorgeousness, but with that of all his familiars and subordinates. It spoke of the splendor of the clergy, the brilliant purple of the cardinals, the general shinery and flash of all the occupants of the sanctuary, and hinted that all this was a poor example to set to the laywomen down in the dark and rather dismal nave.

And then another contemporary quoted all this, and carried the thing a little farther, even away from the poor Pope and the gorgeous processionizing with which he comforted in the evil days his sad soul, and applied it to Protestant churches and Protestant clergymen, and especially to those unhappy people, "the Ritualists," of whom there are two or three we believe in the United States, and on whose devoted heads, therefore, everybody feels called upon to pour "precious balms" *ad libitum.*

It occurred to us, as we read the indignant *et tu quoque* of each of these papers, to ask whether the argument is sound. Is it an absurdity for the Pope, in his gorgeous trappings, to rebuke a peasant's wife for some bit of extravagance, or some small show in the matter of a ribbon or an earring? Is it a contradiction between preaching and practice? Is one of our mildly "ritualistic" friends, because he wears a colored and embroidered stole, forever forbidden to denounce the extravagance of the ladies in a fashionable congregation, and incapacitated from warning them against vanity and worldliness? Does a splendid church make it impossible to denounce the extravagance of the "palatial residence," and must the clergyman, who stands in a chancel made beautiful by costly stones and agate windows, be thereby made dumb to rebuke the luxury and self-indulgence of his wealthy parishioners? This

seemed to be the extent to which one carried the argument. And it seemed to us a very queer argument, when we looked at it. We are not concerned to defend the processionizing of the bishop of Rome, nor the doings of cardinals in the chancel of St. Peter's. We do not know the length of their red stockings, nor the breadth of brim of their red hats. Whether they are more or less gorgeous is neither here nor there. Neither are we concerned to defend the fancies of our unknown friends, "the Ritualists." We do not in the least know what fancy they have at present which they would like us to defend, if we were anxious for employment. What we are concerned to say is, that the argument is one that will not answer, and one which is very dangerous indeed. It proves altogether too much. And we dislike to see even our worst enemy attacked with a clumsy and butcherly weapon.

Is official splendor, is public pomp, in dress or ceremony, or in buildings for public uses, an argument for private luxury and extravagance? Is the official who takes part in any public function where splendor and beauty are required thereby compelled to justify private extravagance and private show? We unhesitatingly assert the negative. The magnificent public buildings, the splendid monuments of Rome, the temples, the forum, the baths for public uses, were built when the private life of her citizens was most frugal and simple. The same was the case in Athens, and all Grecian cities. There was lavish expenditure on public buildings, and the citizens, who built them for public and official uses, were content with humble private homes. The splendor of Roman triumphs was an official splendor. It was held to consist, and did consist, with private plainness and simplicity. In the days of public virtue nothing was considered too costly, too splendid, or too grand for public use or official function, nothing too plain and too frugal for the private life of the citizen.

There is no connection whatever between private personal

expenditure and official or public splendor. As a matter of fact, the last has a tendency to displace the first. There is no country where public buildings are meaner, where official functions of all sorts are more sordid, than among ourselves. There is no people more self-indulgent privately, or who waste more on the individual. The self-indulgent, extravagant, and luxurious people, in private life, are those always who are content to let their public life be mean and cheap. It was while the Israelites dwelt in ceiled houses that the Ark of God dwelt in curtains. It was while their houses were ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion that the house of God lay neglected and half ruined in dirt and decay. But if the argument is proved empty in civil matters, it is entirely a delusion and a snare when we come to apply it, as it was applied, to religious matters.

We have the account of the dresses and ornaments of the Jewish priesthood as ordained by the Lord himself. We have an account, most minute and full, of the temple built with a kingdom's wealth, and accepted by God as the place of His own dwelling. Both were splendid beyond anything we know. The temple was a wonder for all the world,—a glittering pile of polished marble roofed with gold, a cliff of snow and fire beneath the eastern sun. All that unbounded wealth could do, all that art could frame or fashion, was heaped with lavish hands on that wonderful house.

And all the appointments of ornament and vestment were made to correspond. The service was one blaze of beauty and splendor, the officiating priests were robed magnificently. Now all this was expressly appointed and sanctioned by God. Did He institute a temptation to luxury and extravagance, to fashion and show, in His own worship? Was Solomon's Temple an inducement to every Jew to build himself a luxurious house, and fill it with costly extravagances? When the people came up, according to the Lord's command, to worship, did they find in the priests' dresses, patterned by God Himself in the Mount, an argument for female or male

folly and waste in fashion's service? If the argument above mentioned is of any value, we must answer this, to our amazement, in the affirmative.

The argument was carried so far by one of our friends that he used it to condemn costly churches, or costly appointments in the churches, and thought that we should set an example of plainness and simplicity in our churches to this luxurious and misguided age. It reminded us of the way in which we heard a frugal gentleman, some time since, planning to exercise the virtue of economy in the coming year. "He had been living altogether extravagantly. He must economize. He had, for instance, been paying fifty dollars a year pew-rent, when there were only himself and his wife. He was going to take another pew a little further back, but exactly as good, for thirty dollars, and that would save twenty dollars to begin with."

The notion that a people living, as the people of the United States are, in the world's best pantry and store-room, and denying themselves nothing in the way of extravagances and luxuries in houses, furniture, dress, or table that can be obtained, are to be taught plainness and simplicity, and brought back to the lost virtues of frugality and self-denial, by having cheap and mean churches, could only have originated among a people which produced our friend, whose first duty, in the exercise of a healthy economy, was felt to be the saving of twenty dollars a year in his pew-rent.

There are some magnificent churches in Europe. Canterbury and York Minsters, the groves of stone aisles in St. Peter's Abbey, Strasbourg and Cologne Cathedrals, the peopled pinnacles and roof of Milan's marble splendor, and the indescribable beauty and grace of Rouen churches,—all these, we suppose, led to luxury at home, to wastefulness and self-indulgence and flaunting vanity in their builders. We never heard that such was the case. The patient builders of these grand piles lived hard, lived coarsely and plainly, as we have read the story, and built their patient, self-deny-

ing lives into the stones of God's house, as it grew upward toward the heaven they sought faithfully and simply, if it were, in some things, mistakenly. We have never been accustomed to connect the corruptions of European society with a passion for building cathedrals and adorning them splendidly. Indeed, the age that built them was an age of hard toil, and very little luxury. The ages of luxury were not, in Europe, the ages that spent thousands lavishly on those churches which shall stand as visions of beauty, and witnesses of faith and self-denial for all time.

We certainly cannot attribute the luxury and indulgence of New York to the example of its splendid churches or its gorgeously-arrayed clergy. There is hardly a church in the city which is not surpassed, in size and beauty, by the ordinary parish church of a European village. Its private homes are, by the score, more costly, in building and furnishing, than its very finest churches.

The same is true of New York's western sister and image, Chicago. It has not been led into luxury and show by the ill example of costly houses built in God's honor. That we can intelligently testify. It has been improving in church building of late, but it may yet improve very far before its churches will at all shame its private residences, or put its banks and business blocks out of countenance.

On the whole, we do not think that national frugality is to be brought back by being frugal in our churches, or that the first duty, in the exercise of wise economy, is to become economical in our religion and saving in our pew-rents. We do not really think that a handsome altar-cloth is going to cultivate the taste for silken curtains and velvet canopies in private houses, nor the decent silver of the communion vessels to create an unsatisfied longing for plate dinner-services at home. If any of our brethren have a fancy for a little embroidery on their surplices, or a trifle of fringe on their stoles, we think they may free their consciences from the horror of supposing they are tempting the maids and mat-

rons of their congregations to ruin their husbands and fathers by long milliners' bills, or deep debts at the dressmakers. And even poor old Pius, in the midst of all his waving peacocks' feathers, may still, we think, venture to rebuke, with a good conscience, the absurd female fashions of the day.

On the other hand, we conceive the argument of these papers to be in the interests of private extravagance and self-indulgence, and, if it has any force at all, to be altogether used for selfishness and worldliness. For wealth is accumulating in these United States enormously. There are fortunes more than regal in them at present, and these fortunes are rapidly doubling. There are more millionaires than in any population of the same numbers in the world; and the distribution of wealth and plenty below this is nowhere else in any comparison. This wealth must be used, and to save it from being used on the individual, and so misused, to the ruin of soul and body, and to the rotting out of the national life, we must awaken the public spirit, and the sense of responsibility to the community. It will either be used for private luxury or public benefaction, and to use it for this last is to save it from being a curse to its owners and a curse to the land.

Public uses, except such as promised to yield a money return, have been hitherto neglected. Hereafter, public uses which will yield no money return, which will be simply additions to the beauty and grace of life for the whole community, must claim their rights at the hands of wealth.

Public parks, public buildings, public baths, public libraries and art galleries, as costly and splendid as money can make them; hospitals for the sick; homes for the destitute; institutions of learning and such like, must absorb the wealth, which, used for private ends, becomes a canker to the owner and a curse to the public,—the source of envy, hatred, ill-will, and covetousness, and the bitter opposition of class against class. And among these public uses churches will not be forgotten. The wealth that would be used in private

luxury and lawless self-indulgence must be taught to transmute itself into piles of stone for the honor of God and the blessing of men. They cannot be too massive and grand, nor too costly and beautiful, in all their appointments.

As patriots and as Christians, that is the outlook for deliverance from the same ruin that will come on the land, as it has on all lands, when public munificence keeps not pace with the increase of wealth; and when men learn frugality and economy in the service of God and their country, in order to save more for mammon-service, or the lusts of the flesh.

We consider no argument more unwise, more dangerous and short-sighted, than the argument which would persuade the American people to a sordid economy in their churches, or a mean parsimony in any other public use. Our rich men must hold their riches under the sense of responsibility to the whole community, or in this "fierce democracie" their riches and themselves will have a very rough time of it at last.

WANTED, A CHURCH.

IT is idle to sneer at humanitarianism, or to dwell on purity of doctrine, as if that were all. The Church that visits the sick, comforts the sorrowing, cares for the widow and the fatherless, and preaches the Gospel to the poor, is the Church which the world will confess to be the real Bride of Christ. We cannot wonder at its judgment. It has no better rule than the Lord's: "Ye shall know them by their fruits." The time has passed when talk will answer. The Church that is merely a talking institution is, in this day, something of a nuisance. The Church that is a working institution is now called for.

It is strange that, on the whole, there is a great deal of talk among us which is considered by sober-minded men poor chaffy stuff enough. How important is it what Mr. Smith's notions may be about justification by faith? How vital a thing is it that we should understand just what he considers the specific error in the doctrine of baptismal regeneration? And how essential a thing it is, on the other hand, to understand just the color of the altar-cloth for the present season, and just the shade of the chasuble for the time of year.

The world laughs, and we cannot blame it, at a Christianity which has gone to quibbling and baby-play, with a perishing world about it which it was sent to redeem.

This country needs, just now, a Church that knows no distinction of persons; that upholds the eternal righteousness of God equally to rich and poor; that rebukes vice and wrong with the voice of God; that panders to no fashionable sin or vileness; that testifies against a wicked world

with power; that speaks out God's threatenings fearlessly to an evil and adulterous world; that gathers fustian jacket and broadcloth coat, hard fist and kid glove, equally before God's altar, and tells to both the same uncompromising story; that with God's sternness has also God's great pity, and shields in loving arms, and gathers to a loving heart, all the wretched and all the sorrowful; that feeds the hungry and clothes the naked, and does her Master's work somewhat as He did it when here incarnate. This country, we say, needs that sort of Church. It will accept it as the Catholic Church, whatever be its notions about justification by faith alone. It will accept it, be its clothing what it may,—scarlet chasuble or black coat. Who can blame it? The reality is the main thing. The practical world judges practically, and it is at least right in this, since when the Catholic Church was overturning Roman paganism, and converting a heathen world, it got on very well with profound silence on several matters which, we are sorry to say, are, just now, taking up the time and energy of very good people among us, as if they were important matters indeed.

Catholicity is not Calvinism. Catholicity is not dresses and genuflections. It is doing Christ's business in the world faithfully; and when once we get at that as a Church, with both hands, we will have no time for either the one matter or the other. That either subject is of any interest or importance now is so far a bad sign. May it soon be mended, and "I believe in the Catholic Church" become a reality and not a phrase.

HINTS ABOUT GRAVESTONES.

WE saw in a beautiful rural cemetery, the other day, an exquisite monument to a departed wife and mother, carefully railed about, and covered with glass. It is of no consequence to describe it here. It was, in its way, very beautiful and very costly. Some twenty thousand dollars, we believe, were put into it. It set us to considering. For what do men build monuments on graves? For remembrance, of course. Any child could tell us. They are built to keep the memory of the departed green, and, it may be, to indicate the respect in which they were held by the living.

This being the purpose, it would seem that one requirement in a monument is very distinctly indicated,—it ought to be durable; and another one also, it ought to be in a public position, to be seen and appreciated; and still another, it ought to be in some way connected with the lives and doings of the living world, so that men, for many years, will remember the name of the departed, and with love too, with reverence and gratitude.

In view of these purposes in the building of monuments, the beautiful work of art above mentioned fails entirely. It will not last for any length of time worthy of a real monument. When the husband dies, and the children of the family are scattered, say in fifty years, there will be no one who has any interest in taking care of it. Its glass cover will be broken. The effigy, so admirably carved in Italian marble, will become weather-stained, and in a period less than the life of man the whole monument will fail to suggest name or memory to any living creature.

There are hundreds of such monuments, more or less costly, and more or less elaborate, built every year over the country, in its various cemeteries,—offerings of love and respect to the memory of the dead. And they are all failures in the very purposes for which monuments are built. They link themselves to no living interests beyond those of the immediate family or friends. And when those die or are scattered, they fall into the condition of the unmarked, moss-covered, common headstones, which cost a few dollars, and which their ostentation shames. There is nothing in them intrinsically worthy of note as productions of art, because the cemeteries are filling up with the same style of stonework, and in half a century nothing short of a pyramid, or a Bunker Hill monument, will be noticed, for its own sake, in the wilderness of tombs. There will be also, in a few years, none living whose special and loving care these stones will be. They will be cared for by the coarse and common hand of the common gardener and weed-cutter, and will awaken no emotion and no memory in the mind of any man or woman. They utterly fail in meeting the purposes of the loving affection or profound reverence which erects them. They are only temporary demonstrations of those feelings, but a little more durable than the mourning dress and the crape on the hat.

One often wonders that men with means to build such tombs as we have mentioned, over wife or child, mother or father, do not sit down and think of this thing as they would of others. We set aside here those who, in tomb building, are merely going on in the usual show and bluster and vanity of mere wealth. We are speaking of those in whom thought and taste, reflection, culture, and gentle affections, go hand in hand with liberal expenditure; and we wonder that they fail to learn how to build monuments of their dead with any permanence or wisdom, for the ways are manifold, and the choice is various enough for all tastes. There are monuments which stand, practically, forever. A man may actually

build one, at a reasonable cost, which will outlast the Pyramids. We are speaking in all sincerity and calmness; a man may erect, for such a cost as we mentioned above, a monument that need not be put under glass, that will not, in a few years, be hidden in the corner of some weed-grown graveyard, unknown and unnoticed, but will live forever in the eyes of living men, to whom the name commemorated will be a familiar and meaning word, a name of gratitude and love to the end of time.

The Rev. John Bampton, founder of the "Bampton Lectures," in England, built a monument such as we speak of. It will stand when the Pyramid of Cheops is torn down to build railroad culverts. The Bodleian Library will be Bodley's monument while the world stands. And so of thousands of such in the Old World. These are monuments that all the world sees and marks and reads. There are again thousands of others, founded ages ago, which perpetuate the memories of good men and women in their own parishes or cities as freshly to-day as at the hour they were erected. Yale College will be Yale's monument after empires have decayed. Hobart College will perpetuate the name of the great Bishop when General Grant's administration is a faint reminiscence of the past, and the Astor Library will be a firm-founded and grand monument when the Astor family is scattered to the winds, and not a man living to bear its founder's name.

The beauty of these monuments is that they, every year, grow higher, and their foundations deepen and broaden with the circling moons. They are linked, too, with the lives of men forever. They are living monuments, seen and known of all men; parts of the busy world and its purposes to the end of time; monuments which the generations of men are pledged to guard and keep, which thousands, in every age, gather around in loving care, and which, being gifts to humanity, humanity will never see fail.

We have let out the secret here of monument building,

and we give it freely to those whose loving duty it is to build memorials for the honored dead, or whose wish it is to keep their own memorials green, and their own names wreathed with blessings for evermore.

The monument must be put into the care of some deathless body,—that is all. The sexton who digs graves for others will some day have one dug for himself. The gardener of the "rural cemetery" is not immortal. The trustees of such an institution pass away. The city may run a street through it, or the State may give the ground for a railroad depot, before the man who builds a marble shaft on his lot in it has mouldered to dust. Granting it may remain filled with human bones, and interments in it be discontinued, it is, in a few years, a mere wilderness of marble, in which one shaft or headstone or tomb, more or less, among the million is utterly unmarked by the indifferent visitor. But there are institutions which are immortal; which no convulsions destroy; which will see nations end and governments pass away; which survive in all chances and changes; which will last while civilization lasts, and remain while men remain. And the simple secret of everlasting monument building is to put the monument or memorial into the strong, loving, and living hands of an immortal institution.

The man who builds a church (and twenty thousand dollars would build a good one in many a parish) has erected a monument which will be just as firm and well guarded five centuries from now as it is the day the cross is put upon the spire. There is a deathless organization, bound by the holiest and strongest bonds, to guard and keep it sacred. The man who endows a church in some neglected city ward with the same amount, has secured his memory for all time, and has wreathed it with the gratitude of mankind. The man who endows a professorship or a lectureship, or who founds an institution of learning or of charity, has the satisfaction of knowing that his monument will remain high and deep-founded when every shaft in Greenwood has crumbled

into dust. And it does not take much, after all, to build these monuments. As we say, twenty thousand dollars will secure the end. We will even undertake to invest the half of that so that the donor's memorial shall remain to perpetual generations. Aye, even one twentieth of the sum can be so invested. There are scores of parishes in England where a smaller sum than even that, left that its income might be spent in some charitable dole of food or fire or clothing to the poor, has handed down through centuries the giver's name, and brought blessings on his memory from those ready to perish.

We believe the time is coming when we are to pay, in this country, more heed to the building of monuments. It requires some thought and care, and we commend thought and care to those concerned. The desire to be remembered, and remembered well, is a natural desire. It is a commendable desire, a desire which is a sort of prophecy of immortality and a longing for it. And it may be gratified just as easily as not. That the desire shows itself so much in mere ostentatious stonework in rural cemeteries, is only proof how little thought sensible people give to this matter. The ever-increasing stonework they build, at such expense often, is a gratification, no doubt, to their own feelings, but it entirely fails of any other purpose.

The man's name and memory who builds a modest church, or endows a professorship or a scholarship in some seminary or college, is secure, and will be kept and guarded as it would not be if a pyramid were built over his bones.

Bind some immortal organization to guard your sepulchre, and your dust shall be reverenced, and blessings fall like rain upon your memory, when the very language of the men that name you and point out your memorial might be a strange tongue to you.

RICH MEN AND MONUMENTS.

THE enterprising gentlemen who control the daily press, with that rare modesty and good taste for which they are so noted, have been gratifying the laudable curiosity of the community by telling everybody of late the amount of his neighbors' income. The publication has given rise to many and serious reflections, some pleasant and some otherwise.

In looking over any of the lists, one is struck with the number of very wealthy men reported. In the city of Chicago the number with incomes over fifty thousand dollars is not few. Several go above one hundred thousand dollars, and some over a quarter of a million. There are several hundreds who pay taxes on incomes of various amounts above ten thousand dollars. These incomes are independent, it must be remembered, of a certain amount exempt,—of house rent or ownership, and of United States stocks, bank stocks, etc., which are taxed in gross.

This reveals an accumulation of property, which, a few years since, would have been considered as marvellous in this country. Many of the incomes are princely. The revenue of many a nobleman, and even many a reigning prince, of Continental Europe, sounds very small in comparison with the incomes of many of our merchants and bankers. And this state of things will not cease. Accumulations tend to go on accumulating. The snowball grows bigger the farther it is rolled. In Chicago the average income has doubled and trebled in a year. More and more will reports be returned of revenues, in the hands of private American gentlemen, which will compare with those of royalty itself.

What shall be done with these enormous fortunes? In other countries the question might be answered easily. An English merchant, with a duke's income, would found a family. The laws of property would lay that before him as the most natural and feasible disposition to make of his fortune. He would root himself into the soil by the purchase of an estate. He would ally himself by marriage with the historic families. He would be offered and accept a peerage. His broad acres would be entailed, and he would die with the satisfaction of knowing that, for centuries, his name, his house, his estate, would endure, and his representatives remain in the land among its great men and its counsellors.

The American merchant or banker has no such possibility before him. He stands alone. He may have an income which many a king's revenue does not exceed, but he has no assurance that his favorite son may not die in an almshouse. The absence of the law of entail absolutely forbids the founding of a family by the holding of the soil. The absence of the law of primogeniture forbids the accumulation, in any shape, to be kept up for more than one or two generations. As a fact, American fortunes are doomed to be scattered. There is no other prospect before them. The father may gather; the children and the grandchildren will make the heaps fly to the four winds, when their turn comes. With our existing laws there is no possibility for an American of the Englishman's hope of founding a family which shall be a power in the land. When the millionaire dies, his grasp on his millions dies with him, by the inexorable law of the stern democracy. His heirs shall have full power to dissipate and waste as shall seem to them good.

One strong motive for accumulation is hereby removed. It is just as well. We are inclined to think that Americans need no more inducements to that undertaking than they now possess. We do not quarrel with the hard republicanism of our laws. We trust they will never be changed in the respect mentioned. And yet the desire to link a man's

name to the future, to root himself into the soil, and become a part of the land and its life; the wish to be represented after he is gone, to leave those behind him who shall name his name with pride, and recall his memory with honor; the desire that the labor of his life shall not be dissipated, and the product of his industry, forethought, and skill be scattered by folly, vanity, and laziness; this natural desire is one of the strongest motives to exertion among men. Few toil for the mere sake of the money they gather; fewer still for the sake of the gratifications money will procure. The successful man of business, raking in his thousands, has tastes as frugal as the ploughman. His table and his dress are as simple and modest as those of his book-keeper. The American business man has, as a rule, the prime trait of a true gentleman,—simplicity of taste and manner.

The motive which spurs men onward is not the money they get, nor the good things, for themselves, which the money will buy. They may not be conscious themselves of what the motive is, but we are quite sure it is often a better and a higher one than others believe. We do not mean to say that our merchants and bankers and railroad princes are pure philanthropists, by any means. Kind-hearted, generous men enough, they are not sentimentalists, they are not making money for themselves out of pure love for their neighbors. But we do say that the motives which guide them are better, often, than they get credit for. They are generally anything but sordid. Often they are anything but selfish.

As a fact, we believe that the desire for distinction is the ruling motive, generally, among successful fortune-makers, as it is among successful men of other sorts. It may not be the higest motive, but it is certainly not the meanest which can actuate a man. The wish is to "be somebody;" to have one's place recognized; to obtain men's regard; to stand in one's city or country as a man of influence and power; to do something which shall remain after the doer is

gone. Life is so short, man's hold on the world so slight, the desire for life so strong, and the wish for permanence so great, that instinctively a man strives to project his personality beyond himself; to get some hold on the world and on his fellows; to make a second self in the things he creates, which shall remain as his memorial when he himself is lost to mortal sight. The blind desire to add to life's security, to obtain permanency by linking one's self to the material world, is, we believe, one great motive for money-making, one strong desire with men who labor to accumulate beyond what reasonable wants require.

As matters stand, there is positively no distinction so uncertain and unstable as that given by wealth. As American laws and manners are, there is none so sure not to last. It is at best a merely personal matter. It dies with the possessor. He cannot secure its continuance in his family. The house he lives in, the garden he has taken pleasure in, the very books and pictures in which he took delight, will be in the careless and indifferent hands of strangers before he is cold. He may have many sons, but his utmost care cannot assure him that one of his name, in fifty years, shall dwell in the house he has builded, or remain in the city where his fortune is gathered. His name may be honored for all that makes names honorable. In a score of years it may be a disgrace in the streets where his fair buildings are standing now. There is no possible foresight or skill by which he can mark his property so that it will bear his name if he leave it to the risk of common heirship. Moreover, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he is himself "a son of the soil." He has made his own fortune. He started with nothing but industry, good sense, and pertinacious pluck. He will tell you that a fortune at the beginning would, most likely, have been his ruin. He knows scores of men who began with fortunes when he did, who have gone to wreck. His sober judgment tells him that the money he leaves them will be as likely as not to ruin his children. Thrown on themselves, as he was,

they would rise to success. Burdened with a fortune, which takes away the motive to exertion, they will sink into imbecility. With no check on their absolute control of his estate afforded by the law, he secures its disappearance out of his family.

The man of fortune in America is therefore "shut up" to one disposal of his thousands, if he desire to bind his memory to them in perpetuity. There is only one method by which he can so use his property as to secure distinction and remembrance. The corporation never dies. We have that feature of law to fall back upon. Property can be entailed virtually on a corporation. It may be bound with any restrictions. It may be secured by any checks. It may have any name put upon it. It is past all contingencies. The country becomes responsible for its safe keeping. The law throws a triple shield around it. The courts guard it. The will of the first possessor shall be carried out, in its disposal, while the nation remains. His name and memory shall last for a thousand years.

There are colleges to found, there are professorships to endow, there are libraries to establish, there are charities to organize, there are churches to build and schools to create, there are cathedrals in the quarries yet, there are a thousand ways by which our men of wealth may secure their memories and make their names an honor and a blessing to all time. Here are our American patents of nobility, ready for the claimants. The grandson is trained in the university where his grandfather's name is commemorated as one of the honored founders. The far-away descendant worships in the grand cathedral that has borne his ancestor's name for centuries. In the ages to come the vast library shall be visited by the man who thinks, with a thrill of natural pride, "My ancestor founded this five hundred years ago." The whole land remains to be covered with memorials like these. Every city waits to have them built. The rich men of this generation have the most splendid opportunity. They can build

monuments,—not in the foolish taste of the sentimental rural cemetery, that no soul, in fifty years, will visit or care for, but monuments in the crowded city; grand monuments, towering to heaven; monuments that men shall read and see and remember while the world stands.

Here and there they are doing it. Judge Packer is just founding a Polytechnic School in a beautiful village in Pennsylvania. Admiral Dupont has left a large fortune to found a charity for the orphans of United States sailors. The rising college of St. Stephen, at Annandale, is another enterprise to which a liberal member of the household is devoting his means and time De Veaux College for orphans, at Suspension Bridge, is another well-built monument to an honored name. These, and such as these, are worthy rivals of those princely men who, ages ago, endowed those ancient institutions which, above all else, are the glory of England. Such work seems to belong to Churchmen especially. It is a sort of hereditary thing with them One reads that the Duke of Northumberland left his estate, the other day, charged with one million dollars for Church extension. So much for the duke. One reads also that Lee Guinness has just spent a million in the restoration of Dublin Cathedral. The plain merchant is no whit less a prince than he who bore the honors of the knightly Percys.

We speak to the members of the American Church, and we say they have the most splendid opportunities. On all hands, our men of wealth have offers made them freely to make their names honored on the earth for all time. The distinctions of virtue and goodness and largest nobleness are theirs to claim. They may root their memories into the land as deeply as the granite foundations of the towers if they will. They may make those memories blessed among the best and noblest if they will.

We have only to say, in the close, that if any man has a desire so to use his wealth, he will be wise to see his purpose accomplished while he lives. Let him not leave a lawsuit to

squabbling heirs, as did Stephen Girard Let him not secure the failure of his purpose by leaving it to executors. Let him realize it himself, while he is here to see. Let him gratify himself with his act accomplished, with the sight of his own good done. He can be sure, then, that he has attained his end. If you design founding a college, found it now, while you are here to see. If you intend to build a cathedral, you have the right to bless your own eyes with its fair proportions. That is the advantage of this sort of monument; a man can build it while he is living, and he happy in his work.

THE POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

IT is something curious that intellectual opposition to Christianity has always taken the form of Pantheism. The Neo-Platonism of Alexandria, which, for four centuries, was the only rival of the faith in human reason, was a Pantheistic philosophy, and startlingly like our modern infidelity, even to words and phrases. There is positively not an idea in Emerson or Parker which is not better expressed by those early infidels of Alexandria. There is not a phase which self-conceit has given to unbelief that may not be found among them. Even "spirit-rappings," and the whole hierarchy of "mediums," existed among them in quite as lively a style as they do in this year of grace. They had their "trance-mediums," their "writing-mediums," their "revelations," their "healing-mediums," the whole machinery of their juggling thaumaturgy, in perfect working order.

Neo-Platonism was a caricature of the Christian faith. Modern infidelity is the same. It adopted Christian phrases. It stole Christian ideas. It cultivated a Christian dialect. Even so does our present unbelief. It admitted the excellences of Christianity. It professed to honor Christ as a revealer of truth and good. So does modern Pantheism. It talked quite piously, even when it denied the existence of God. So does its modern echo. It was perfectly willing to take Christianity, if only you would not ask it to take it as anything more than a set of notions. So is the transcendentalism of Boston. It was ready to admit the truth of Christianity, if only you asked it to confess it true as Buddhism or Brahminism was true. So, too, are our own "philoso-

phers." In short, it was Pantheism, like the unbelief of our own time. It honored Christianity as it honored Paganism. It honored Christ as it honored Buddha or Zoroaster. It admitted no faith, only a bundle of notions. It fought Christianity because Christianity demanded faith and submission, and proclaimed a certainty. It held that all religions were alike true, and, also, all alike false, and that "philosophy" was to sift them all, and gather out the wheat from the chaff. It was the perfect prototype of the foe with which the Church has to contend to-day. There is nothing new in Pantheism.

There are two forms into which it throws itself now, as there were formerly. We have intellectual Pantheism and material Pantheism. The first is called, sometimes, "transcendentalism." The last is the so-called "positive philosophy" of Comte, Darwin, Buckle, and Spencer.

Transcendentalism—intellectual Pantheism, that is—appeals to the few. Material Pantheism, the positive philosophy, appeals to the many. The great mass of unbelief among us is founded on this "positive philosophy." There is something in its hard materialism which fits the thought of the time. There is that in its flippant pretence at explaining all things, and answering all questions, which commends it to an age engaged in physical problems and the task of mastering material nature. It is well that Christians should know it, and be prepared to identify it.

The "Positive Philosophy," then, sets out with the assertion that facts, and facts alone, are the subjects of science and reason. Men are to study facts and not guesses. They are to deal with things which are. They are to investigate and arrange the positive existing realities which surround them. Mere speculation, mere romancing, mere ingenious word-weaving, can find no place in any true philosophy. We are in a real universe, surrounded by real things and real laws. It is our wisdom to know these realities of our place and these laws of the universe. We must therefore

deal with positive things. So far, every intelligent Christian is as much a positive philosopher as any man can be. In all this we are perfectly agreed. We do want realities, and not guesses. We want positive truth and positive law. We want to know the real facts of life and the universe. These, and these alone, are worth our thought and care. But what are these realities? Here is where the Christain condemns the positive philosophy as shallow. It absolutely ignores the most fruitful realities of human nature and experience. It puts aside a whole mass of powerful and real facts, which have worked and conquered on the earth in all time. It begs the whole question, and assumes that matter only is positive, and material facts the only facts for investigation. We look abroad over the world, and we see that, in all time, the world is full of facts which are above and beyond the senses,—facts which the eye cannot see, and the hand cannot handle, but which, nevertheless, are most real and most powerful facts. We look into our own consciousness, and we make the same discovery. We find that in man is also a host of facts which are unknown to his senses, but which are most fruitful and controlling in his life. And the "Positive Philosophy" absolutely refuses to count these facts. It will not admit them as subjects of investigation. It will not take them into notice at all. The whole mass of ideas and spiritual forces it utterly ignores.

All this it may do if it will confine itself to its proper business. Even then we have no quarrel with it, if it will stay where it belongs. When Dr. Draper makes a chemical analysis or dissects a dead body,—when Lyell pounds rocks to pieces and collects specimens for his cabinet,—when Darwin makes a microscopic investigation of a "monad," they are perfectly right in taking no note of anything but what they can see or touch. In the investigation of material things, in the discovery of physical laws, they pursue the right and only course. We are quite prepared to admit that by that method they obtain real knowledge of material nat-

ure, and that their conclusions are worthy of all regard. But when they leave that field,—when they go to other investigations, and take their small method with them, and insist that it is the only one,—when they apply their small six-inch rule to the great universe, seen and unseen, we can only deny their conclusions and laugh at their pretensions. Their positive philosophy then becomes the most stupid imposition upon reason, and the meanest atheism that ever caricatured and outraged the faith. And this is just what "Positive Philosophy" undertakes to do. It carries its chemistry and comparative anatomy out as the measure of the world. Because it finds no God in its retorts, and no soul in the cadaver under its dissecting knife, it assumes that there is no God and no soul anywhere. It finds "matter," and it finds "force," as it calls it, and sums up its revelation of wisdom to the world in the announcement that there is nothing in the universe but "matter and force."

Buckle writes a history of civilization, and Draper feebly echoes him, and this is the fallacy in both,—that material things are the only things which touch humanity. They speak of positive facts, and they mean only physical facts. They take no account of the great array of facts which are not physical, and realities which are not material, which have moulded and guided, and do yet mould and guide men. Dr. Draper walks through the aisles of history and all the pantheons of the gods, a professor of physiology, pert and pedantic. He will tell you just how heroes and bards are produced, what physical laws create the reformer, what sort of food, climate, and soil is necessary for the saint, how you can "raise" men of genius, as farmers raise fat pigs. His wonderful physiology shall measure creation. Men are only the result of climate and food and drink and locomotion. Their whole doings—all their thoughts, feelings, and spiritual powers—can be explained, if you will only tell Dr. Draper what they have for dinner, and give him the thermometrical range of the country they inhabit. He knows,

when these and a few such like facts are given him, not only the shape of their ankles, the thickness of their skulls, and the angle of their jaws, but also gauges all their morals and their manners. And as men, physically, intellectually, and morally, are only the result of certain chemical "laws," the professor of physiology does not see any need of God either. He can manage the whole matter by his chemistry, and do without a creator or a governor very well.

The flippant pretension of these men imposes on the unreasoning; their array of learning and their exhibition of "science" awe the unlearned. Because Dr. Draper is a really able man in his own department, because he does know chemistry and physiology, he imposes on the uneducated, as he imposes on himself, with the belief that he is a master of other knowledge, in which he is a simple sciolist. In his "Future Civil Polity of America" there is positively no learning which any man cannot make up in a day out of Appleton's Cyclopædia. Apart from his specialty he has "crammed" for his book, and his learning is an undigested hodge-podge of general information.

But here is the danger. The unthinking like this cheap philosophy that seems to explain everything, and make men learned without study; and they are not reasoners enough to consider that, because a man knows all the bones in a human body, or can name every fibre in a fish's tail, he is not therefore an authority in matters about which he knows positively nothing.

It is hardly necessary for us to point out the fallacies of this positive philosophy the moment it leaves its own field of physical investigation. We have only desired to state just what it is, and what we conceive the proper limits of its use and exercise.

The querulous complaints of these "philosophers," that Christianity is opposed to them, are mere twaddle,—imbecile twaddle. Christians are as active as they in investigating nature. But we insist that there shall be ordinary sense and

reason used by the highest philosopher. We insist on taking all the facts. We accept the positive principle, but we will not allow the philosophers to throw away the most powerful facts in all the world, because they cannot put them into the chemist's retort or dissect them on the table of a medical professor.

When we look at the philosophy of history, we do not want Christianity ignored,—not because we are Christians only, but because we are philosophers. There is a fact—a plain, patent, powerful fact—which has changed empires, caused wars, made peace, created institutions, built thrones and dignities, changed the lives of men. We insist, as reasoning human creatures, that no man shall argue us out of our senses, and persuade us that this great fact, flaming in the eyes and hearts of men for eighteen centuries, is no fact at all, and that Europe and America owe what they are to climate and bread and butter, and nothing at all to that. We insist, as reasonable men, that no bread and meat theory will account for the Crusades, no physical law for our own Revolution, no talk of climate and the angles of human noses for our own Civil War.

These, and ten thousand facts like these, in the long history of the world, were produced by ideas, by unseen spiritual forces. As a fact, we find these unseen forces and ideas the most powerful and productive of all facts on earth. We do not deny the influence of climate and government and mode of life; but we insist that these other influences, as positive facts, must find a place in any true philosophy; we declare that a philosophy which cannot face these facts, deal with them and find place for them, does not deserve the name.

We reject the positive philosophy as not adequate to the facts of human life and experience. When it talks of man, it means only man's body. When it talks of the world, it means only matter. When it speaks of God, it means only force. It uses Christian words and phrases, and it uses

them to deceive. It believes in no God apart from the material. The world is God, and God is the world. Matter and force are the only things that exist. It is thus material Pantheism, or atheism, rather; denying God and the world of spirits; absolutely puts out of existence the invisible world, because it is invisible. It believes in steam-engines and cotton-mills; it does not believe in God. It believes in its dinner; it does not believe in its soul. It recognizes its beef and pudding, but not its conscience.

It claims to deal with facts, and begins by denying all those facts without which human life cannot be understood nor human history read. It commences to reason about man, and begins by ignoring all that makes man, all that is peculiar and exclusive to him in this world.

The modern form into which material atheism has cast itself is the most insolent and pretentious, as well as the coarsest and meanest, of all its shapes. It only needs to be met and looked at to discover its pretence and conceit. We admit the skill of these men at their various trades or professions. We recognize them as respectable in their proper callings. But we insist they shall not carry "the shop" with them everywhere. They must not try to make us acknowledge their authority in matters where they are profoundly ignorant. The chemist can no more settle the questions of the universe by his chemical "laws," than the carpenter can measure it by his "rule" or inscribe it by his "compass." Above all, we refuse to accept, as anything more than pedantry and conceit, a philosophy which refuses to deal with the mightiest half of all the facts of human life and human nature, and which pretends to a "Philosophy of History," or a "Philosophy of the World," on a basis no deeper than the method of raising bullocks or fattening swine!

THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THE study of material facts, and the discovery of their relations, their causes and consequences, is a very important branch of human activity. It is pursued, at the present time, with much zeal and considerable success. But it is only one department of intellectual activity, and by no means the highest or the most important. It has no right to arrogate to itself the title of philosophy, nor to call itself solely science. Neither has it the right to claim, as it is trying to do, to be especially positive science,—a claim which many persons yield it on sight. It is engaged with one set of facts, the facts of the material world, and, in its domain, is useful and respectable. It is only contemptible and useless when it leaves that domain, and undertakes to apply its conclusions to matters with which physical laws have nothing to do.

When a man begins to talk of science, we want to know what he means. Is it *physical* science? If so, we know what to expect. It is the knowledge of material facts and their relations, as far as he and others can discover them. But when he undertakes, by this science, to explain the laws of the universe—the worlds and the æons and the spiritual powers invisible—we humbly beg to be excused from listening to his talk.

The attitude of the clergy and the metaphysicians (and all clergymen are metaphysicians in a degree, whether they know it or not) toward the naturalists is not one of enmity or objection. They recognize the naturalist's place and usefulness. They should help him all they can. As an

important field of intellectual activity, material nature is interesting to them, and the knowledge of it falls necessarily within their interests, as the greater contains the less. But they may insist on the naturalist working under the limitations of his pursuit. There are "limits of religious thought," according to Dr. Mansel. There are certainly limits of material thought. They may insist that the utmost knowledge of chemistry cannot help us in discovering the nature of sin; that no physiological dealing with sinews and arteries can discover the soul; that the most perfect acquaintance with animals, from the oyster to the chimpanzee, cannot give us one ray of light on man, in the constitution which makes him man; and that when any man fancies that the case is otherwise, and intrudes his chemistry, his physiology, or his talk about fauna and flora into the high realms of the spiritual, and undertakes to lay down the laws there which he has discovered or fancied rule below, he has committed high treason against science, and is, in that attempt, no matter how wise in his own department, a presumptuous sciolist.

That the clergy and the philosophers should know enough of material knowledge to enable them to see its limits, and to insist on confining it to its own ground, is very necessary. But that they should blindly yield to the spirit of the age, or accept the extravagant claims of what calls itself positive philosophy, is merely to prepare the world for a reaction, which is sure to come against a deluding materialism. And the complaint which real philosophers make of the naturalists is, that they do not confine themselves to the realm where their knowledge is respectable. It seems to be one of the consequences of material investigation, that it tends to make a man presumptuous and venturesome.

Take Dr. Draper as an instance. He is an excellent chemist, we believe. He has done good service in the department of chemistry, and is useful and respectable there. But as a disciple of Darwin he fancied he had found a law

in matter which would explain spirit; so he set to work and wrote a book on the Civil Polity of America, in which he undertakes to explain, also, the growth of European civilization. It was just what might have been expected. It is the work of a chemist and a physiologist. He is wise on climate and development. But just think of a man writing on European civilization and its causes, and leaving out the Roman law. Dr. Draper is an authority in chemistry. In physiology he is considered, we believe, at least respectable. Writing on civilization, in ignorance of history, law, and religion—the spiritual sciences—his book is a disgrace to American thought.

It is not opposition to science, it is not because Christianity is opposed to science, that educated and sensible Christians refuse to receive Dr. Draper and his kind into the realm into which they insist on intruding themselves, with their scalpels, retorts, and geologic hammers. That is their cry usually. Galileo is a stock example for them, and they are all Galileos if we do not bow down and acknowledge that, because they understand one thing, therefore they understand all things. Galileo was the discoverer of a mathematically demonstrable fact. There is not a Christian living that will not accept from Dr. Draper, or anybody else, a demonstrable fact, and thank him for it. What we object to is, calling his crude and half-sifted notions on philosophy history, and civilization "science." And in keeping the naturalists to their place, educated men need a weapon of which the naturalists are now ignorant. That weapon is logic. If the naturalists had received a training in that despised study, they would be more useful in their own department, and would not need to be told its limits. But the misfortune is, that the increase of interest in material knowledge has led educators to sneer at logic and its concomitants.

It is a just complaint that the scientific men at present do not know how to deal with their facts. Educated in a

one-sided way, dealing with one single department, they lack that breadth of culture which takes in a fact in all its relations, and while the fact itself may be indisputable, their conclusions from the fact are anything but logical or necessary. And, again, untrained in the sifting of evidence, they are continually admitting facts which are no facts, because they lack the skill to apply the tests necessary to confirm them.

Take "the stone age," "the bronze age," and "the iron age," which a number of "scientific" men in Europe would have us consider as things settled, as "science" demonstrated, namely, that for long ages men used stone tools and weapons; that gradually they grew up to the use of bronze; and that, in the lapse of countless ages, they discovered iron. We suppose there are large numbers of simple-minded people who really suppose this is all scientific fact, demonstrated and fixed as the Newtonian theory is. They are imposed upon by a mass of mere and sheer assumption. The *facts* are all there, no doubt. There are "celts," or stone hatchets; there are bronze knives and iron axes; but do the facts prove what "the savans" claim? Is their lack of logic scientific truth? Is it certain that their inferences are infallible? Is it sure that the only way we can account for these things is by supposing one ten thousand years when men used stone, and another ten thousand when the same men used bronze, and so on up to historic times? Why, yesterday, in our garden, we picked up a "celt," an Indian flint hatchet, and a few feet from it the little axe we purchased for our twelve-year old, who *will* be hacking, like all boys of his age. Must we infer that ourself, father, grandfather, etc., on up for ten thousand years, have been growing from the flint hatchet to the steel axe? That is what the logical "savans" say. What fact says is, that on the ground on which we stand, the period between "the stone age" and "the iron age" was just nothing. The Indian and the white were on the ground

together, flint arrow-head and "red jacket axe," only twenty years ago.

Take again the finding of human remains in low deposits. The *facts* are, we doubt not, unquestionable. But the inferences. There, not observation, not knowledge, but the logically-trained intellect comes in. The inference is that men existed ages on ages before the dawn of recorded time, contemporary with the rocks in which their bones were found. Is this inference correctly drawn? Is it exclusive of all other theories? Does it exhaust all possible explanations? So we are told. This conclusion is jumped at, and we are told it is "science," that "science demonstrates it," etc.

A few years ago two things occurred on the west coast of South America which true science cannot ignore. In the earthquakes there several hundred people, with their houses in some cases, their tools and implements and clothing, were swallowed up, actually disappeared and sank into the earth. Suppose in digging, blasting, or quarrying, their remains were found next year, will it be "science" that they are the remains of people who lived in a high state of civilization, and wore boots and pantaloons and stove-pipe hats fifty thousand years before Pharoah, or when the geologist thinks the primitive rocks were formed? That they may be found, that their remains may be brought to light for the wonderment of future savans and for their wise conclusiveness, is shown possible by the other thing which occurred in the same earthquake. An old cemetery of the Incas, which had sunk in a previous earthquake, was, in this last, heaved aloft again with all its dead to the light of day. The earth, that had swallowed the bones a hundred years ago, restored them.

Take again the Darwinian theory, so-called. It is the fact that nature has provided that only the best types shall live. The sickly young of all animals, as a rule, die. The weak do not propagate their kind. The tendency, in a state

of nature, is that the strong, only those fit to brave the rigors of climate and the difficulties of existence, shall live. It is the fact also that, in accommodating themselves to climate, they yield, too, as well as resist. The climate modifies we say, or nature modifies itself to climate. The Arab horse is slender-limbed and thin-haired on the hot plains. The Shetland pony is shaggy and thick-limbed and stunted in the bogs and rocks of the Isles and the Highlands. The wild cherry-tree, *Cerasus Virginiana*, growing opposite our window, is thirty feet high. In Virginia it is fifty; in Rupert's Land it is a stunted shrub. These and such like are facts. But is Darwin's reasoning from them a fact too? Has he drawn conclusions which are as unassailable as the facts? And if we accept the facts, must we accept his theory, or be charged with opposition to science?

Darwin concludes from these facts and such like that all varieties of life, from the oyster to the man, have originated from this struggle of life with nature, and this tendency to preserve the best types, and let the lowest perish. It is simply denied that this is science at all. It is mere guess-work. We admit the facts, but say that the facts have not been treated scientifically or logically. The oyster in all cases is still the oyster. The horse in all lands is still the horse. The sheep is always sheep, and never goat. Good type or bad, high type or low, the man is everywhere the man, and never the chimpanzee nor the angel. Darwin has drawn an inference. There is not a fact to sustain his law. There is not a solitary case in which the law has worked. From the facts of changes in *species* he has *inferred* the creation of *genera*.

The name "Positive Science," which many concede to the materialists, and which they claim as the proper name for natural science, is, itself, the best specimen of their illogical assumptions. Positive knowledge is any knowledge which surely exists. It makes no difference how men get the knowledge, whether by the sense of smell or of hearing, of seeing or of touching, or whether they get it by any sense

at all. The thing that *is*, is a positive thing, and any true philosophy will take account of it and find place for it.

But the materialists have confined the word solely to material knowledge. They insist on ignoring, in their philosophy, all facts which are not material. The result is such writing as Dr. Draper's on civilization; climate and beef-steak, or pudding, explain everything. Natural feeling, law, religion, love, hate, justice, injustice, right or wrong, the great forces, as the historian and philosopher see, which have ruled and made the world, are set aside entirely in such a man's theory of the world's history, and he never gets out of the smoke of his retort nor the smell of his dissecting room.

It is this narrowness of the materialists against which thoughtful men are making complaint. They have arrayed themselves against all departments of knowledge except their own. They sneer at metaphysics, they despise history, religion, and law. They have fancied they can explain everything by what they call "the laws of nature," and have intruded those laws into regions where other laws rule. And because they have been opposed, and sometimes unintelligently opposed, they have put on the air of martyrs, and have complained of the intolerance of Christianity, and invoked Galileo.

That we need to pay attention to what is absurdly enough called "Positive Science," we do not deny. We ought to attend to it so far as to see its limits and insist that it shall stay within them, and not become a mere delusion and blind cheat by forcing itself into the realm of the moral and spiritual sciences. And the materialists themselves need, if they are going to work to any purpose, to be trained in logic and analysis, and disciplined in real philosophy, that they may know where their science ends and where it begins to become nonsense and presumption.

The chemist is doing the world good if he use his knowledge to find medicines for a human ill, or food for a human

stomach. He is a presumptuous fool if he undertakes to tell us the chemical constituents of the soul, or to discover sin or righteousness, justice or injustice, in his crucible. Mr. Darwin is a useful man, devoting himself to improvement in sheep, or the method of getting a better breed of pigs or calves. Mr. Darwin, attempting to account for the existence of the human spirit by infinite improvements in the breed of oysters, is—we do not care to say what—but certainly is not scientific, for he is engaged in about as empty a dream as ever middle age mystic monk dreamed in his cell, though, albeit, the monk's dream was far loftier than his.

Nay, natural science has invented the steam-engine, electric telegraph, the sewing-machine, and McCormick's reaper, and we feel much obliged to it. Therefore the materialists have presumed upon the world's good nature. They have begun to claim—those of them who never invented anything especially, not even a patent mouse-trap or a cathartic pill—that they *could have* invented the universe, the Deity, and man.

There is more than one sign that the world is getting sick of them, and rather disposed to question their pretensions in these latter matters.

THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT OF THE AGE ILLUSTRATED.

WE have before us an illustration of the "Scientific Spirit of the Age," so-called, in a pamphlet republished in this country from the "Fortnightly Review," at the office of the "College Courant," New Haven. The pamphlet contains a lecture by Dr. T. H. Huxley, "On the Physical Basis of Life," and is well worth reading as a specimen of the strength and weakness of the merely natural philosopher.

Dr. Huxley discovers a substance which he calls the physical basis of life, of which substance, he says, the scientific name is protoplasm. He finds it to consist in the hair of a nettle, of a "semi-fluid matter, full of innumerable granules of extreme minuteness. . . . When viewed with a sufficiently high magnifying power, it is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity." This protoplasm is also found in human blood. If a drop of blood be examined, under proper conditions, and by a sufficiently powerful glass, there will be found, amid the other constituents of the drop, "a small number of colorless corpuscles, which will be seen to exhibit a marvellous activity. . . . This substance is a mass of protoplasm."

Hence Dr. Huxley goes on to argue that this substance, "protoplasm," exists in all plants, and in all animals, though it appears in the nettle as a "semi-fluid," and in the blood of a man as "colorless corpuscles." Therefore, also, "the nettle arises, as the man does, in a nucleated mass of protoplasm." What is this protoplasm? The lecturer tells us that "all protoplasm is proteinacious," which is a good

thing to know. And also that "protein matter is the white of an egg," and that therefore "all living matter is more or less albuminoid." It seems to us that there is a good deal of word here for the amount of idea, and that the discovery, after all, when one gets to it, is not so very new, and that to land us at last in the white of an egg as the origin of life is, as far as chickens go, an old story to hen-wives. But we do not want to be captious. Dr. Huxley kindly analyzes this wonderful protoplasm for us. It ought surely to consist of some extraordinary substance as yet unheard of. By no means. "All forms of protoplasm contain the four elements,—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen." That is all. Analyze it, and you find these, and these only. But you cannot put them together again, so the Doctor is kind enough to inform us. You cannot make protoplasm. You may have all the substances which go to make it, but no possible chemistry will combine them into this wonderful substance, —the white of an egg. The hen only can do that. The philosopher gives it up!

The lecturer thought it worth while to assure his readers that he was quite satisfied that his lecture would be assailed, that his doctrine "would be denounced as gross and brutal materialism," etc.,—bespeaking the martyr's crown before he had suffered martyrdom. We do not know that anybody has justified his sad forebodings. We certainly shall not. We are just as anxious to know all there is to know about "protoplasm," or "protein" or albumen," as Dr. Huxley would have us. If he has discovered anything new, we are delighted, and obliged to him. A man who ruins his eyes looking at the hairs of a nettle in a microscope, deserves well of his country, if he finds anything to repay his pains, and any knowledge of the nettle hair beyond what the world knew before.

We have no quarrel at all with Dr. Huxley's facts. A real fact is a sacred thing, and must be so treated in all thoughtful discussion. But we do claim the right, and in the

interests of science, too, to examine the way in which Dr. Huxley, or any other man, deals with his facts.

The Doctor argues, from the existence of this substance in all plants and animals, that life is identical in all. It does not take much thought to see that there is a fallacy here. The first substance on which life acts may be the same, and yet the life itself be very different. The horse and the man walk on the same path, but the horse and the man are not identical. If "protoplasm" be the substance which is first actuated by life, and be, therefore, present in all living organisms, animal and vegetable, it does not follow that the life acting in it in the vegetable, and the life acting in it in the animal, are one and the same. There is a confusion of terms in the argument. The Doctor asserts that the basis of life is the same in all, and then argues as if he had said the life is the same.

But he seems to hold (he is not very clear on this) that protoplasm is life. He always finds it living. In the nettle, or in the drop of blood, it is always "expanding or contracting." That is, of course, till it ceases to do so; till you boil the nettle or roast the joint, or till it, in some way, dies, which will not be long if you cut down the nettle or kill the animal.

It seems, we say, as if Dr. Huxley held that this protoplasm is life itself. He calls it "the matter of life," at all events. But can life die? If the microscopist, because he finds under his glass a substance—call it "protoplasm," or what not—"expanding and contracting in waves," calls that substance life, shall not I, when I see my dog's legs expanding and contracting much more plainly, and certainly more vigorously, call Jowler's legs life? The microscope may convince me that protoplasm is alive, just as my eyes, without it, convince me that the dog is alive, or the oyster, or the rose-bush; but my microscope does not reason. It shows me the fact, and leaves me to reason; and it is certainly curious reasoning that confounds life with the thing that lives.

We have no quarrel with the "scientists," as the pet name goes, in their own sphere. Our objection is, that they insist on carrying their chemistry and microscopy into regions where neither applies. Dr. Huxley does not do this nearly so much as half-learned disciples of his will. Nevertheless, he, too, is not clear of the presumption. For to what, after all, does the thing amount, in settling any question which interests man in his higher interests? What human puzzle does it explain? Where does it rise any nearer the region of the affections, the conscience, and the will, than any physiological theory of the past?

Grant that there is a substance "expanding and contracting," and so inferred to be living in all bodies; grant that it is "the matter of life," that it is continually wasted and continually renewed, that it is no prime element, but a chemically resolvable compound (and this is all the discovery Dr. Huxley makes), how on earth does this conclusion follow from all that? "Why trouble ourselves about matters (merely spiritual 'matters') of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing, and can know nothing?"

As far as our limited knowledge of physiology goes, we cannot see that the word "protoplasm" explains anything which was unexplained before. That vegetables take substance from soil, rain, air, and light, which goes to support animals, is an old piece of knowledge which scarcely can be called science. And yet that is all Dr. Huxley tells us, though in sounding phrase and with abundance of technicality. He tells us that "the animal cannot manufacture his own protoplasm. . . . He must take it from some other animal, or some plant." In English, this amounts to saying that animals cannot live on air, water, charcoal, and flint, which is a thing most farmers that we have met understand quite well. "But with a due supply of such materials, many a plant will maintain itself in vigor," says the Doctor, and "manufacture protoplasm" in quantities enormous. This, also, is no news on the prairies. Neither is the other solemn

announcement,—" Plants are the accumulators of the power which animals distribute and disperse." The pork brought to market in Milwaukee or Chicago, the most unlettered drover understands quite as well as Dr. Huxley, was originally, for the most part, corn. The corn "accumulated the power" which the drover is now driving to market, in innocence of any suspicion that he is a deep philosopher when he throws the yellow ears among the herd. Is the Doctor a deep philosopher because what the drover calls pork he calls protoplasm?

That plants convert the inorganic matter of the universe into organic matter, by a vital power in the plant to do so; that they take dead matter and make it live, with the life of the vegetable; and that plants, in their turn, support the animal life of the universe; that the matter of the plant is, in large degree, converted into the matter of the animal, is a thing so well known that it was hardly worth a solemn scientific lecture to prove. That the life of the plant does not become the life of the animal is also as well known, inasmuch as the plant life is destroyed, and its organization dissolved before any part of it is assimilated with the animal. The matter, which the plant first forms and which the animal afterward takes from the plant, may be called by any name a man pleases; any part of it may be called the "matter of life," the "basis of life," the "protoplasm," but manifestly we have not solved yet the first problem about the nature of life itself. Why does the "protoplasm" become, in the one case an oyster, in the other a man? If it be the same in both cases, under our microscope, whence come thought, reflection, conscience, reason, will, in one mass of protoplasm, and none in another mass of precisely the same material. Why does the oyster convert protoplasm into oyster, and the man convert the same into Iliads and Hamlets?

After all, the minutest microscopy only tells us the old story that man is dust and ashes,—the worm's brother. Science has not gone one inch beyond Revelation in declar-

ing our alliance with the meanest thing that crawls, and that "the image of God," as far as microscopy, physiology, and chemistry can examine him, is dust, was taken out of dust, and unto dust shall return. That his protoplasm, the substance in which his life first shows itself, and which may constitute his animal vitality, is the same in kind with that of all organic things on earth down to the lichen on the wall, is a knowledge as old as humanity, and we really cannot see how the restating it in new terms is going to explain, in the slightest, the question of the difference between the lichen and the man. A certain amount of the same elements make both. Under certain conditions the lichen will turn into man—physical man, namely, when boiled in milk, as they serve it in Iceland, and eaten by the man. Dr. Huxley says there is protoplasm in each. Very well. Call it what you will. But why is one only lichen, and why does the other deliver scientific lectures in Edinburgh?

Names confuse us at all times. They are will-o'-the-wisps to philosophers. It is so tempting to think that when you have invented a name you have explained a mystery, that it is no wonder so many succumb to the temptation. That all matter is the same in our crucibles, has not convinced the world that Shakespeares and oysters are the same. Underneath the whole material examination are found to be the old questions which no examination of mere matter can solve. We do not think that Dr. Huxley's protoplasm comes any nearer the solution of any one of these questions than any name of any other Doctor before him.

But we are not writing about his nomenclature as the purpose of this paper. We rather take his lecture as an illustration of the narrowness of the natural philosophers. They are apt to make their specialty, whatever it be, the only pursuit of importance in the world. They undertake to explain all things in heaven and earth by that specialty. Now, it is the bane of specialties that they dwarf. The chemist becomes a mere chemist; the anatomist tends to become a mere

anatomist. A man gets to undervalue all knowledge which does not root itself in his own pursuit. He sneers at other people as dreamers or dotards, because they imagine that any facts or principles exist outside his department.

This is our complaint against the naturalists. They are becoming insufferable in their conceit and intolerance. The complaint is justified by this short lecture.

Dr. Huxley goes on and delivers himself, with what skill and knowledge he may, about protoplasm. We make no complaint. He tells us what his microscope has revealed, and we are obliged to him for his trouble. But when he closes by informing us that his pursuits are the only ones of any consequence to man; that they, and they alone, reveal any sure knowledge and any certain science; and that to attend to the questions and interests which, in all ages, are the great and absorbing ones for man, is mere folly and nonsense; then we are indignant, and consider Dr. Huxley, with all his microscopic skill, a very poor philosopher indeed.

Thus he draws his conclusion:

"Permit me to enforce this most wise advice. Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing, and can know nothing? We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it. To do this effectually, it is necessary to be possessed of only two beliefs: the first, that the order of nature is attainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events."

That is to say, "we can know nothing" except about what Dr. Huxley can tell us.

In the first place, it is clear that we do "trouble ourselves" about other matters; that men always have so troubled themselves. Dr. Huxley asks "why," and appears

to be unaware that his question opens up the whole world of thought in theology and metaphysics at which he, quoting David Hume, has just sneered.

It is a fact that men do so trouble themselves. That is a part of positive science; a fact learned from the senses, from seeing, and also from consciousness. Why they trouble themselves is a branch of human inquiry. To understand the why has been the aim and search of the largest brains on earth. Dr. Huxley does not find the why under his glass. "Protoplasm" does not explain the fact. He therefore concludes it is unexplainable. Is that philosophical? Or is this fact of human nature less worthy of an explanation than the other fact that protoplasm exists in a blood drop?

There is our complaint about the materialists, plainly illustrated. There is why we cannot call them philosophers, but only specialists. They meet a fact of human nature which their specialty cannot explain, which it has no use for, and they insist it is not worth while to explain it, and a mere waste of time to study it. Whether man troubled himself about these important matters or not, it is evident he would have just the same kind of protoplasm; and as protoplasm is what Dr. Huxley is after, he whistles the useless fact down the wind. Not content with telling us that we have no business to consider facts which are out of his line, he goes on to dogmatize himself on those important matters which he will not let the rest of us consider. He tells us just what beliefs are necessary—only two—to effectually enable us to do our duty. He plunges, head first, into the very metaphysics and theology he condemns. After having instructed us about protoplasm, he proceeds to deliver us a Gospel. We cannot help saying that there appears to us great ignorance of the whole matter he talks about here, and the conceit of a mere sciolist. The beliefs which are necessary to effectually enable a man to do his plain duty in this world are never found in a crucible. The philosophers and theologians have been discussing them for several hundred years.

What is our plain duty? Where did Dr. Huxley find that it is our "plain duty to try to make a little corner of the earth a little less miserable." Did he find that fact under a glass? Did he discover it in any combination of protoplasm or albumen?

The true philosopher must recognize all facts. He must admit them all as subjects of investigation; as equally positive, equally real, equally scientific. He must investigate them in their own sphere, and must understand that if divinity does not explain albumenoids, neither do albumenoids explain divinity.

Man consists, the body of him at least, of certain materials which Dr. Huxley busies himself in examining, particularly that material, protoplasm. But man just as certainly troubles himself about such important matters as plain duty, beliefs, justice, mercy, faith, God, the future life, etc.; and the Doctor must allow other men to examine that fact, and try to see its relations to other facts, its meaning and purpose, and must admit that they are going on fact in doing so, on positive science, on things known, or he is unworthy the name of philosopher. And when he has explained to them that "the contractions and expansions of protoplasmic matter" make the nettle-leaf green, he must be patient with them if they decline to conclude that it is also "the contractions and expansions" of the same matter which teaches a man plain duty, and makes him serve God and do justice and mercy to man. They may accept the protoplasm, but he must bear with them if they decline the logic.

CATHOLIC AND PRIMITIVE.

THE word "Catholic" and "Primitive" are used very frequently, and, we must say, very carelessly. They both need defining before they convey any definite idea. An esteemed friend, in writing to us the other day, mentioned some custom as primitive, and shortly after as catholic, which custom certainly had no existence earlier than the sixth century. We find people continually quoting men with Latin and Greek terminations to their names, as primitive or catholic witnesses, who are too late, by several hundred years, to be either the one or the other. It is necessary to remember that because a man's name ends in *us* or *ius*, he is not therefore, *ex officio*, a Father of the Church; nor are his notions necessarily catholic doctrine.

A man named Eutychius, Bishop of Alexandria, who died in the year nine hundred and fifty, has actually been quoted as authority for the amazing statement, that, in the second century, presbyters in Alexandria ordained. The man's name ends in *ius*, therefore he is as good authority, as if he knew something about the matter. It never appears to have occurred to those who cite Eutychius, that he lived eight hundred years too late to be a credible witness. In the same way, we find councils of the fifth, sixth, or seventh centuries, or even of a later date, when the Church was enslaved by the State, and corruptions and ignorance were thick within her, cited as establising primitive and catholic observances and worship.

It is clear that the time has come when vagueness will no longer answer. Assertions will be sifted. Authorities

will be demanded. When men talk of primitive custom, we shall be obliged to ask them to state what they mean. When they write about catholic worship, we shall insist on asking whether they mean third century worship or seventh-century worship.

The growth of corruptions and superstitions in the Christian Church was very rapid after the fourth century; and it is very easy to find ancient precedent, and early precedent, for customs and observances which are anything but edifying or scriptural.

A thing may be quite early without being primitive, and quite general without being catholic. When we find these terms applied to some corruption of the seventh century, or some grosser growth of the eleventh or twelfth, we must recall men to the meaning of language, and insist that they call things by right names.

Catholic is not applied to space alone. A catholic doctrine is not a doctrine merely held universally to-day, or universally yesterday, or even universally for a hundred or a thousand years last past. A doctrine may be taught with scarcely a dissenting voice (we can suppose such a thing possible) for ten centuries, and it may not be, in any century of the ten, nor at the end of them all, a catholic doctrine. Transsubstantiation was taught in its full scholastic completeness, universally, for centuries, in the West at least; and yet it is not and never was a catholic doctrine.

For catholic embraces time as well as space. The Church Catholic is the Church of all the past as well as of all the present. It embraces all the faithful who have ever lived, from the day of Pentecost until now. Catholic doctrine is the doctrine of that Church. Is is as old and as wide as the Church herself. Whatever, therefore, claims to be catholic, must be able to show its title—not merely by proving that it is universal now, or was universal in the tenth century, or even in the fourth, but by proving its universality in the first, the second, and the third as well. It must prove its cath-

olicity in time as well as in space. It must have been held by the millions on millions who have crossed the flood, as well as by the fewer millions who have to pass it still. That is catholic, that is to say, which has been held always as well as in all places. The test is very easily applied. Where men speak recklessly of catholic customs, or usages, or worship, we must give them to understand that they are bound to show that their custom, usage, or worship has existed from the very first in the Christian Church, at least by rational inference We insist that they shall go up to the first century, and show us good grounds to believe their usage or custom to have been there If they cannot do this, their custom or usage may be good or bad, but it assuredly is not catholic.

Neither is it primitive. For, as we have seen, catholic contains primitive, as the greater contains the less. That which is primitive must have existed in the Churches of the Apostles, under their living eyes. It will not do to show that it began in the second century, or in the third. In such case, it is one hundred or two hundred years too young to be primitive, and consequently to be catholic. It may be, then, very venerable; but it is, still, not what we mean when we talk about things that are primitive.

In the long contest with Rome, these things were well understood and defined. They need to be so still. And, therefore, we need to protest against the reckless misuse of language, which is common with some advocates of novelties among ourselves at present. They may not intend the result; but, by the confusion they introduce into the minds of the unlearned, they are doing Rome's work, and giving up the ground of the reformers.

Talking about things as catholic which are found only in ages when corruptions had overrun the Church, and calling things primitive which had no existence till the fifth or sixth centuries at least, is treason against the Church, as well as against sound learning.

There is nothing clearer in the story of the Church than the fact of the rapid corruption which followed the establishment of Christianity in place of the national paganism. Pictures condemned in the beginning of the fourth century, and their presence in churches forbidden (Council of Eliberis, 305), are introduced in the fifth, and actually worshipped, as appears from Gregory the Great, in the sixth.

Lighted candles—unheard of, except to see by, and whose use is condemned for any other purpose by the same council and by St. Jerome—are used superstitiously in worship, within a century. It is the same with incense, introduced at first for sanitary reasons, to fumigate and disinfect the close crypts or catacombs, where the early Christians worshipped. Crosses on altars, too—unheard of for the first three or four hundred years—are common in the fifth age. So also with relics. They are decently buried in the beginning of the fourth century; they are eagerly sought for at its close; and within a while are superstitiously reverenced, and finally worshipped. The list might be indefinitely prolonged. These are mentioned to show the rapid deterioration of the Church in those very early centuries, after the primitive days.

It is, therefore, very necessary to look to dates before we accept things recommended to us by eager but not too learned brethren as being primitive or catholic. Things utterly distinct must not be confounded, in the rash style which is too much the fashion. When customs or observances, unknown to the Church, are advocated as true catholic worship, or as primitive ritual, we must be careful to inquire if they are any more catholic than transubstantiation, or any more primitive than pictures or incense.

IMAGE WORSHIP.

A WRITER upon Romish saint worship says: "Much, undoubtedly, may be said in behalf of the Roman veneration of holy images, relics, and the like, as having their root in a natural instinct of the human heart—the same instinct that makes us kiss the miniature of a beloved person and wear it next our heart, and which makes precious to us any memento of those we have loved and lost."

In this sentence the writer states fairly the common argument of Romish books and speeches for the reverence or "worship" that Church pays to "holy" images. The plausible priest or lecturer, addressing his "Protestant brethren," reminds them that they venerate the pictures of a dead father or mother; that a mother will kiss, with passionate love and sorrow, the picture or the lock of hair of a lost child; that any little memento of a dear friend gone is cherished as a thing of priceless value; that a whole nation honors the images of its benefactors; that, in our own land, the pictures and relics of Washington are considered almost sacred (though matter-of-fact Americans do not kiss them), and that an old French soldier is moved to the deepest emotions at a picture or a relic of Napoleon (and being an excitable Gaul, and not a hard-headed Englishman or American, will perhaps kiss it), and that all this comes from a deep instinct of human nature.

This being so, how far more reasonable is it, the plausible Roman "brother" goes on to argue, that Christians should reverence, and kneel before, and pray through at least, and kiss, and otherwise "worship" the holy images of their Lord and His mother and the saints?

It is generally considered a very triumphant argument. We have read it where the writer evidently thought he had settled the matter. We have heard it delivered with an air as if the speaker felt there was nothing more to be said,—that the thing was unanswerable. "You will reverence the picture of your father. You blame us, and charge us with idolatry, because we reverence the picture of Christ. You will kiss the miniature of the departed mother you loved, and yet charge us with sin because we do the same to the picture of the Blessed Virgin, our mother." It is plausible. To be sure, the cases are not exactly parallel. The analogy only partly holds. One might reverence, or even kiss, a saint's picture; but the saying one's prayers to it, or through it, or by it—in short, the kneeling and worshipping before it, explain it as the Romanist may—is by no means the same thing. But this is not the place where the plausible argument of our Romish brethren breaks down. It is just here. The argument is, "You reverence the picture of your father, and all men instinctively consider that right. Therefore, you should, with greater reason, reverence the picture of your Saviour, and all men should consider that right. You prize, secondly, the likeness of your mother. With more reason, surely, are you thereby bound to venerate, even to worship in a way, the picture of the Holy Mary."

Suppose we admit the force of the argument. We then say to our Romish persuasive brethren: "Please show us a picture of either one or the other, that we may venerate it." The difficulty over which plausibility slips so easily, and says nothing, is that there are no pictures of our Lord and His mother, or of the saints, to venerate. Our Romish friend says nothing about that. He knows his business. He slips right over the lack that makes his plausible argument nonsense.

We honestly confess that we could not help reverencing a picture of our Lord. We believe no Christian man could avoid it or would try to. If a picture of Jesus Christ

were in the possession of any Christian nation, that nation, we believe, would guard it as its chiefest treasure. It would build a temple for it more magnificent than anything yet erected on this earth. Christian men from all lands would make pilgrimage to gaze on that sacred picture. They would come with awe and yearning love and reverence. They would pray before that picture, possibly, as they never could pray anywhere else. They would frame it in gold and adorn it with jewels. They would keep watch and ward over it by night and day to guard it from loss or injury. All splendors would surround it, and all love and reverence would keep vigil before it age on age. Even a picture of the Virgin, or St. Paul, or St. Peter, or St. John, would be guarded, in some degree, in the same way, and reverenced by all men. Not indeed as a picture of our blessed Lord would be, but still with measureless love and veneration.

We walked a while since through a Romish cathedral. There were various little altars about the sides, and some confessional boxes. There were a number of "holy pictures" hanging over each. We all know what they are. Hideous lithographic daubs, worth ten cents apiece, possibly,—representing the impossible features of a being that could not be man nor woman, carrying outside its breast a red heart, such as one sees on cheap valentines, with flames issuing from it,—the whole thing disgusting and coarse beyond expression. These "sacred pictures" we know all about. The ugly things hang in the windows of Romish book-shops with other "holy merchandise," beads, crucifixes, etc. They hang in the houses of our Roman Catholic brethren, and they hang in their churches. And we are asked to call these caricatures, these utterly absurd abortions of taste and art, pictures of our Lord, and to reverence them.

Just revert to the argument. A man reverences by natural instinct the picture of his mother. Therefore he is to fall into ecstacies over a ten-cent lithograph of some imaginary female which his Roman Catholic friend chooses to label

with his mother's name. Of course he does not become ecstatic. He only wonders that the Romish friend is so little acquainted with the common instincts of humanity as to be surprised that he considers himself insulted, and one whose memory he reverences caricatured vilely. But put it stronger. A man, by natural action of his affections, loves to look upon the picture of his father whom he reverenced in life. He has no picture. He never had. So he goes out and buys a fancy picture of Julius Cæsar, or Hannibal, or Napoleon crossing the Alps, from some dealer, hangs that up in his study, and reverences and salutes that.

The question of worshipping pictures, or reverencing them, if our Romish friends prefer it, has been settled by the Lord. He left no picture. We have not a hint as to a feature of his face, except in the prophetic vision of Isaiah: "He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him."

Their talk is utterly idle. It presupposes that which does not exist,—a picture to reverence. The conventional pictures —"Ecce Homos" and the rest—are the fancies of the makers. They all long to express what nothing can express, the idea of a man who was God. They all fail miserably, even when the work of men of the highest genius. They degrade the Lord in the mind of the worshipper. And just here we come upon the very reason why images are forbidden in the law of God. They cannot express the idea of the Divinity. They degrade it in the human mind "Hallowed be thy Name," is the petition in the Lord's Prayer, answering to the second commandment. We ask that we may keep holy and reverend in our hearts, awful and solitary in our thoughts, the name of the great God our Father.

To do this is impossible before an image or a picture which professes to represent Divinity. The image or the picture degrades the idea of Divinity, profanes it and makes it common. Therefore images were forbidden in worship. Not only the images, as they might purport to be, of God, but

images of anything in heaven, in earth, or under the earth, which might be used as media to approach Divinity, or which might be believed to contain any Divine influence. As means of grace, as well as objects of worship, they are absolutely excluded by the commandment. And the petition, "Hallowed be Thy Name," expresses the reason.

It was not without design that the Lord left no image or picture of His holy person behind Him. He put the question of worshipping an image of Himself out of sight by leaving no image. There is not even the shadow of authenticity upon any reputed relic. We are not even sure of the site of Calvary or Gethsemane, His crucifixion or His burial. Even the Mount of his His ascension is not known or named. The "fragments of the true cross," the "holy coats," etc., are all impostures. Nobody but the most superstitious and ignorant Romanists believe that there is on earth one genuine relic of the Lord, or of His mother, or indeed of any early saint.

There was a design in this. Considering all things—the reverence and love of the Apostles, for instance—it is very strange that there is no word for ages of any relic of our Lord's early life, and that "the discovery of the true cross," in the fourth century, by Helena, should have been so suspiciously a cooked up thing.

No picture, and no relic, whose genuineness is even probable, exists of our Lord, or of His Apostles, or indeed of any early Christian worthy. One cannot help connecting the strange fact with that second commandment which our Roman Catholic brethren are in the habit of omitting from their list, and with the petition in the Lord's Prayer.

It would be almost impossible for Christians to avoid worshipping a genuine picture of our Lord. They would come very near so deailng with a genuine relic. One of His mother would naturally enough receive deep reverence, or one of any of the Apostles. But they do not exist. Therefore our Roman Catholic friends hang various pictures of impossible

people about their houses, oratories, and churches, and label them with the names of our Lord and His Apostles, and go down on their knees before them, and then justify themselves by informing us that we love and regard the pictures of our friends. Why, yes! The pictures of dear friends, but not the pictures of nobody at all, only labelled with the names of our friends, and which are as much like our friends as we like Hercules.

The pictures, so-called, of the Virgin—there are scores of them, in all positions, and they are highly reverenced by our Romish friends, and dilettanteized and sentimentalized over by many of our Protestant friends,—are, we all know, when we think, only portraits of women by no means always reputable, the mistress of the artist, painted as the Madonna in one picture, and as Venus in another.

The pictures, so-called, of our blessed Lord, are more shocking still. An Italian beggar man, or thief, with a picturesque beard and hair, is painted, and the painting labelled with the holiest name!

The pictures of the Apostles are conventional. A monk with a lion is St. Mark, a monk with an eagle is St. John, a monk with a sword is St. Paul, and one with a big key is St. Peter. They are merely pictures of the most picturesque old loafers the painter could find for his model.

Here, then, is where the Romish argument fails to reach us. We have heard it a score of times, and expect to a score or two more. We admit, in one way, its force. We do venerate the pictures of great men. We do love, and might perhaps "salute," the picture of a very dear friend. We are free to acknowledge, we should deeply venerate the picture of our Lord, or of one of His Apostles. But when our Romish friend puts us in front of a dime lithograph, manufactured in Ann street, and tells us that is our Lord's picture, we beg leave to retire before our disgust gets the better of us. Or, when he soars a step higher, and shows us the picture of a picturesque Italian bandit, and says that is Christ's, and

we should salute it, and kneel before it, we respectfully decline so stultifying ourselves and insulting our Master. Or, again, when he presents us to the portrait of a young woman of questionable life, with an infant in her lap, and demands that we shall reverence this picture as that of the Virgin Mother and her Child, we might beg that he will please to go no farther. The thing is getting unbearable. His anxiety to reverence "sacred pictures" is rapidly carrying him beyond Christian decency.

PRAYING TOWARD THE EAST.

IN all worship there has been "a point of prayer,"—some place or thing toward which the worshipper turned. The Jew, wherever found, the world over, worshipped toward Jerusalem,—the city and temple of the special presence of the Omnipotent God. The ancient Persian turned toward the rising sun at morn, and toward the setting sun at eve. The special presence of Ormuzd dwelt, he thought, in the sun. The Mohammedan turns still, as he always has, toward Mecca, and from any spot where he prays, directs his prayer toward his sacred city.

The false religions have imitated and followed the true. For the true came fitted to human weakness. Man cannot grasp the infinite. The omnipresence of God bewilders him. Therefore God, condescending to man's infirmity, localized Himself, as it were, that man might worship. He dwelt "between the cherubim," in the Tabernacle and in the Temple. Men were authorized to pray toward the place in which his name was, toward the city and the house which he had chosen. And, as false religions took sacrifices and a priesthood—so prophesying unconsciously of the great Sacrifice and the great Priest which the true faith consciously proclaimed—so, too, in their "points of prayer," they unconsciously prophesied of the great unknown fact of the Incarnation which the presence between the cherubim typified,—the Incarnation which united the Infinite and the finite, and made worship possible,—God coming down to man since man cannot rise to God.

The early Christians, like the Jews, had their point of

prayer, a direction in which they prayed. There is no fact better attested than the fact that they worshipped toward the East. When a man was baptized he turned toward the East to make his vows to Christ. He turned toward the West to renounce Satan. And it became, agreeably to this practice at initiation, the universal custom to worship in the same direction.

Tertullian, in his "Apology," mentions the custom, and says the heathen thought Christians worshipped the sun, because "they prayed toward the region of the East."

Clement of Alexandria mentions the same custom: "Our prayers are toward the East, because the East is the image of our spiritual birth." ("Stromata," Book vii.)

St. Augustine is quite full upon the reason, in his second book on the Sermon on the Mount: "When we stand at prayers we turn to the East, whence the light rises, not as if God, who is everywhere present, not in local spaces, but in the majesty of His power, were there only, and had deserted the other parts of the world; but that the soul may be admonished to turn itself toward a better nature, that is, toward the Lord."

Basil, Gregory of Nyssa, Chrysostom, and many others, mention the same custom and give reasons for it; some one reason and some another. But the reason, in all cases, has reference solely to the astronomical east.

Basil says: "We pray toward the East, because we seek our old native land of Paradise which God planted in Eden toward the East."

Gregory of Nyssa says: "We turn ourselves toward the East, not as if God were there only, for he is everywhere, and is contained in no space, but because in the East was our first country, the rest in Paradise whence we have fallen."

Whatever be the reason assigned for the custom, whether because the East was the seat of Paradise, as Basil and Gregory say, or because there the light rises, as St. Augustine says, or because, as they turned to the East to make

the vows of enlistment in baptism, so they turned ever after to pray, as Clement of Alexandria explains it, or because "the East was the seat of light and brightness," as others give it,—whatever reason is assigned by any ancient writer for this universal custom of praying toward the East, it is a reason which derives all its force from the fact that it was the east, the astronomical east, and nothing else, toward which they turned.

To found any argument for praying toward an altar, or for turning to the altar in worship, from the primitive custom of praying toward the East, is a sophistical delusion. If there are reasons for turning to the altar, they must be found outside the writings of all the early fathers. They knew nothing of directing prayers toward an altar, consequently they give no reasons for a practice of which they were ignorant. They give various reasons, some good, some fanciful, some trifling, for turning in prayer toward the eastern heavens,—a custom universal among them. They give no reasons for turning toward any part of the church building or any article of furniture in it, for they are utterly ignorant of any such custom.

"But did not the altar stand in the east, and therefore in praying did they not turn toward the altar?"

Undoubtedly, if the altar stood eastward, they turned toward it in worship, at least those west of the altar did; but not because it was an altar, but because it stood between the worshipper and the point toward which he worshipped. He could not very well worship toward the east without turning to the altar, if the altar stood before him. But, as a fact, all churches were not built toward the east. They were built to all points of the compass. The magnificent cathedral at Tyre, described in such high-flown rhetoric by Eusebius, the historian, who preached the consecration sermon, was built with the chancel to the west. Consequently, in that church, the worshippers in turning to the east, the place of light, "turned their backs upon the altar."

But there is still something more remarkable from the construction of ancient churches when we consider this custom of praying toward the East. The altar was not set against the wall. It stood out under the apse, and the clergy sat behind it, the bishop in the midst, and the presbyters on either hand, in a semi-circle. This is the uniform arrangement, as the ecclesiastical antiquarians tell us, and they cite for it abundant evidence. The altar stood in front of the clergy, and the clergy behind the altar faced the people. Such is the case with the altar of St. Peter's, at Rome, and generally in all continental cathedrals built in the Basilican style.

Now, since they worshipped toward the east, it follows that in a church built with the chancel in the east, as was perhaps the most usual way, the clergy, in turning to the east, turned their backs upon the people indeed, but also turned their backs upon the altar. And in a church built like the cathedral of Tyre, described by Eusebius, since they worshipped toward the east and the altar was in the west, the people must have turned their backs upon the clergy and upon the altar too, when they prayed.

It is only fair to remind those who may be startled at a proceeding so contradictory to all their notions of propriety, that an ancient church was a very different sort of thing from any church with which we are acquainted. Among other things in which it differed from ours, we must remember it had no pews. The floor was entirely bare. There were only two postures for the worshippers. When they were not standing they were kneeling, and on all Sundays, and many other days besides, standing was the only posture throughout the entire service.

In churches where the people had no seats; where men had one side and women another, and the children still another; where people washed their hands, and sometimes laid aside their sandals before entering; where the lessons were read in the middle of the nave, and sometimes the ser-

mons preached there; where the holy table stood out in the middle of the sanctuary, and the clergy stood behind it; in churches different in so many things from ours, and in a worship which, though essentially the same, differed in outward guise so much from any we see now; in such churches it need not startle us to find, among other strange things, this also, that instead of turning toward the altar to worship, the people turned away from it, or, if it was so placed that the people faced it, then the clergy must have turned their backs upon it. As we have said, there may be reasons for turning toward the altar to worship, but those reasons cannot connect themselves with the ancient custom of turning toward the east. That had its reasons and gave them, but they are reasons which had nothing to do with an altar. They look, away beyond the church walls and the church furniture entirely, to the eastern heavens and the rising light. The reasons for turning toward the altar are founded on a well-known view of the Holy Eucharist, if there are any reasons at all beyond fitness and the proprieties of things.

If we are to go on wisely, we must go on grounds which will bear testing. Our reasons must be intelligent and true reasons. It is not safe to trust ourselves to assumptions. And whether turning to the altar in prayer be a desirable thing or not, on other grounds, it is a mere assumption that it has any connection with the very primitive and universal custom of praying toward the east. These are days when men must be content to go to the roots of things they advocate. We must find reasons that will stand and bear the weight we lay upon them in all matters.

LIBERTY, AND WHAT IT COSTS.

A CATHOLIC Church differs, among other matters, from sectarianism, in that it is *free*. Under law, it allows the largest liberty. It makes allowance for the various differences of character among men, and expects no man to be precisely like his neighbor. Seeking to take in all sorts of men; making Jew and Gentile, Barbarian, Scythian, bond, and free, all one in Christ Jesus, it does not expect to reduce them all to the same type. It makes them Christians, and, in that larger relationship, ignores the small differences expressed by the other names.

The sect idea is, that men are to be moulded after one pattern,—cramped and pressed into one shape. Those who do not like the process, may leave the sect. If they choose to remain, they must take the artificial stamp of the *ism*. There is no freedom, consequently. A man must speak the sect shibboleth, and learn the sect dialect, and bend to the prying and inquisitive sect law. That men can belong to the same body and do their own independent thinking, have their own opinions and express them, and be masters of their own conscience and personality, is an idea that is impossible to the sectarian. If one speaks, for instance, of the unity of the Church to a man brought up in the atmosphere of the prevailing sectarianism, he is met with the assertion that it is impossible. He may reply that the Church was one visible corporation and commonwealth once; he may show the objector the fact, and convince him of it. It does not, in any degree, convince the objector of the possibility of seeing such a thing again. He goes on to

ask, "Why not? What has been, may it not be again?" And he is answered, "Men can never be brought to think alike."

He has now reached the real source of the distrust. The man has a notion that men cannot "belong to a Church," unless they all think alike. He knows that men never have thought alike; knows that most probably they never will; and so he argues they never can belong to the same Church. It is the sectarian idea of unity; the idea that destroys individual freedom; that allows no differences of opinion; that provides religion for a particular class; that refuses to recognize the variety that God makes in unity; that insists on forcing on all men a small set of temporary or local opinions, which are of consequence only to a few.

Some years ago, as we heard the story, a respectable preacher of the "Covenanting Church of Scotland," a small, queer, ultra-Calvinistic sect of Presbyterians, which originated in the time of the First Charles, was invited to preach before the New York Legislature; and the good old gentleman took the occasion to "bear his testimony" by informing the astonished Solons at Albany that there is no help or hope for "an uncovenanted people," and that their duty was to adopt, at once, "the Solemn League and Covenant," to "resist Popery and Prelacy," which a few Scotch zealots entered into, a couple of centuries ago, to oppose poor Charles Stuart! The good old man had never got a glimpse of the fact that his sect, and its "Solemn Covenant," and all the rest of it, are about as important to the Church of God, in its wide extent and long history, as a squabble among the elders and deacons in his own "session."

It is a curious fact, too, that the smaller the sect—the narrower, more local, and more temporary—the more obstinately it insists that all men must adopt its oddities; and the more particularly it magnifies the vital necessity, for salvation, of its whimsies.

The Catholic idea of unity is, of course, utterly opposed to all this. It is not at all necessary that men should all think alike in order to belong to the same Church. It is easy enough to preserve unity when all agree. The point of Christian duty is to preserve unity when men do not agree. Then come in patience, charity, faith, gentleness, meekness,—all those Christian graces of which the visible unity of the Church was meant to be the school. Men recognize each other's rights; men tolerate each other's peculiarities; men hold each other for brethren, and near and dear brethren too, and differ very widely notwithstanding. They gather round the same altar; they partake of the same bread; they mingle their common prayers and join in the same common words of praise, and each allows to each the liberty he claims for himself. They do not "all think alike," and, moreover, they do not expect to, in this world, at least; and they do not think it, perhaps, at all desirable that they should; and yet they are all members of the same body, and are all partakers of the common salvation.

The fact is, that it has been the attempt to make all men think alike which has broken unity from the first. The attempt to make all men agree is the road, not to unity, but to schism. Christianity never can be one again on that ground. It is the schismatic, overbearing, dividing spirit at once. And until the mass of Christians can be got to see that there is very little hope that schisms will be fewer; till men are content to give up the foolish attempt to make everybody after their own pattern, there will not be one sect the less in this country or any other.

It is one of the internal evidences that the Protestant Episcopal Church is a true Catholic Church, that she makes no effort to make her members all alike; that, on the other hand, she is rather adverse to even the effort. She feels, instinctively, that any such effort is only sectarianism, and she shrinks from allowing it.

It is a reproach to her often, from the outside, that she tolerates such large differences of opinion. Men thinking and speaking from sectarian grounds utterly misapprehend the matter, and point to the differences allowed within her as evidence of the little unity she possesses. A Churchman, on the other hand, holds up those differences as evidence of the vast unity that allows great divergences with no danger of division.

The Church acts on the Catholic spirit, and guards the rights of Christ's freemen. She allows no dominating sectarianism to insist that all men must submit to its narrow and conceited dictation. She knows the vastness of truth, and the narrowness of human vision; and yet, nevertheless, holds that every man is responsible for the use of his own eyes, and is entitled to his own eyesight. On a vast variety of matters on which sects are formed, and about which sectarians quarrel, she leaves her children free under the analogy of the Apostolic faith. It is better for their spiritual growth, for their souls' health and strength, that they should be free to grow and develop under the open sunlight and the liberal rain and dew, in God's great harvest-field, than that each plant should be forced and pressed and cramped by artificial management. Wheat is always wheat, and tares are always tares; yet every wheat-stalk in the largest field ever sown has its own individuality, and is not *precisely* like any other stalk in the whole world. It has had its own special sunlight, its own visitation of rain-drops and dew moisture, its own peculiar blasts to bend and incline it, its own particular messages from the silent earth, where its roots are hid, and all have made it what it is, and have helped to its particular contribution to the harvest.

So the Churchman accepts the large freedom of opinion allowed in the Church as evidence that she is truly Catholic. He would be very jealous of any attempt to limit that freedom, to legislate or dogmatize on what is indifferent. He expects to find, in any Church deserving the name Catholic,

a wide allowance of varying, perhaps of opposing, views. It does not confuse or trouble him that such is the case in his own. He knows it was so in the early day. He knows it must be so always while men are men. Unity exists in diversity. Catholicity must embrace large variety. Outside the clear, distinct, and simple faith, there must be possibility for all thoughtful and proper preferences.

And accepting the fact that Churchmen will differ among themselves, and have the right to, without any breach of unity, he also accepts the consequence that they will advocate their differences by tongue and pen, that they will defend them and seek to make converts to them, and zealously propagate them, in all lawful and Christian ways.

In this, also, there is no breach of unity This also is a catholic right. The most zealous and eager advocacy of a man's own views and opinions is a thing not to be deplored, but encouraged. It is no breach of charity, but is, in itself, charity in the highest. A man has no right to keep anything he considers the truth concealed. He is bound to set it out, bound to offer it, bound to persuade others to accept it. All this, of course, under conditions, limitations, and responsibilities.

That is, he must be prepared to see what he considers the truth opposed by brethren who do not consider it a truth. He must be content to find them attacking his notions and advocating their own. He must be quite willing to find them and others entirely rejecting what he considers very important, and must be ready all the time to love them no less, and to bate no jot of his brotherly affection toward them on that account, for they are exercising their right as he exercises his.

Differences of opinion are no breach of unity or charity; different schools of thought have a perfect right to exist in the Church catholic. And the advocacy of these differences, and the setting out of the opinions of these different schools, warmly and zealously too, are no breach of unity.

The breach of unity comes when either of the different opinions or different schools comes to insist that it only is to be tolerated, and that, on peril of salvation, all must come to its way of thinking.

A man has, in a catholic Church, a right to his own freedom. But so, also, has every other man. He breaks unity, becomes a schismatic and sectarian, when he insists that everybody else must think as he does, and denies them the Christian name or character, doubts their Christianity or their piety, believes them traitors to the Lord or the Church when they take the liberty to refuse his notions. And it does not alter the matter a whit though he call his notions the faith, or his pet whimsicalities essential catholic verities, or his opinions the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel or the scheme of salvation. The breach lies in his intolerable conceit, his spiritual pride and tyranny; and the bigger and more imposing the names he gives his peculiar views, the more is he convicted of the schismatic spirit. We, therefore, do not complain that there are different schools of thought in the Church. She would not be catholic if there were not. We do not complain that all men do not think as we do. We do not desire they should. Neither does it trouble us that men in the Church discuss their differences, and discuss them, too, with fervor and zeal. We accept all this when we accept liberty. This is a part of the price we pay for liberty, and we think the price is really very small, considering the purchase.

But there is something more. Men not only differ, and advocate their differences warmly, they also sometimes advocate them foolishly. And often good people are troubled at this, and complain of it bitterly.

Some foolish or weak person is extravagant about his whimsies, or those of his party. He talks foolishly, or he writes foolishly or weakly. He "disgraces the Church," we are told, or he "injures the Church" by his absurd non-

sense. And the people "want to know why the Bishop does not stop him!" They think "the Convention ought to do something about it," or there "ought to be a canon against such proceedings." He is a foolish "High Churchman," or a foolish "Low Churchman," a foolish "Ritualist," or a foolish "Evangelical." He acts nonsensically. He babbles nonsensically. He behaves in the most absurd manner about his pet hobbies and whimsies. And many good, sober people are shamed, hurt, and grieved. They would like to see him put down. They think "his goings on ought to be stopped somehow," and they grieve at the lack of discipline in the Church which tolerates him.

It is very true that weakness, conceit, and folly are not at all pleasant, certainly not edifying. They do the Church no good, that is true. But it is also true that the Church is a very tough institution. If weakness and folly could have destroyed the Church, there would have been an end of it long before any of us were born. There is no reason for going into spasms of agony, or shrieking despair over the small performances of weak brethren. The Church will survive all that, as she has survived so much else in this world. It takes a great deal to hurt her. It takes an enormous amount to do her any serious injury. We may put our timid fears aside. But, nevertheless, that does not make weakness or foolishness any pleasanter or any wiser. True, only we must remember that weakness and foolishness are also a part of the price of liberty. Freedom for all means freedom for the weak as well as freedom for the strong, for the fool as well as for the wise.

A free state pays the penalty. It must be free at the expense of hearing fools babble and letting weak silliness get printed. It must be content to tolerate nonsense as well as sense, crude folly as well as wisdom. All alike must be thrown to the surface in any free community. The liberty that asks the opinions of the wise and the strong must be content to take also the opinions, and perhaps the more

abundant opinions, of those who are neither. If once you begin to restrict and repress, where will it end? Who are to be the judges? Clearly, liberty is at an end, and despotism is begun the moment any man's legal rights are interfered with. And in all free governments a man's natural and legal right to make a fool of himself must be protected. We may advise him, dissuade him, plead affectionately with him, if we will. But that is all. Inside the law, he must be carefully guarded in his inherent right. We cannot compel him to be a sensible man by penalties.

It is exactly the same in a free catholic Church. It is one of the inconveniences that liberty and catholicity entail, that liberty will be abused, that catholicity will be made an excuse for human weakness. But these things cannot be reached by enactment. The free organization can tolerate them. Abundant life throws off weak growths as well as strong. The healthy apple-tree sheds the most windfalls,—it has the most to shed. A strong, free, healthy, large-minded organization can smile serenely at the weaknesses and conceits of this side or that. It lives its own life, tolerating things as they come, and minding them very little even when they are noisiest.

It would be a fatal error to undertake to exterminate these weaknesses or conceits on either side, not because they are nice things in themselves, but because it is impossible to get rid of them without getting rid also of liberty. Freedom in Church or State, it is well to remember, has its inconveniences. On the whole, we think it is worth all it costs, and we are, for our part, quite willing to pay the price.

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL.

THE time calls itself practical It values, or pretends to value, only what will produce results. It claims to have no love for mere theory, and undertakes to measure the value of a thing by what the thing will do. It also admires practical men. It rather sneers at the men of the closet and the lamp. The busy, ready, active man, with all his powers in exercise, and an opinion ready on all matters that may come up—a plausible opinion at any rate, be its value what it may—is the favorite man of the day.

Whenever there is a great deal of talk on any matter, and the talk is continued for a long time, there is a good deal of the talk which degenerates into mere cant. Shallow people, insincere people, take up the talk of the time, and repeat it, parrot-like, shallowly and insincerely. Honest people, also, are deluded by any prevailing tone of thought, and honestly repeat words because other people do, taking it for granted that whatever everybody says must be right. Consequently, there is a great deal of mere cant about this business of the practical and the theoretical. Much of the talk has become mere talk, and honest people are imposed upon by assumptions.

The Church, which would seem to deal with the great world of ideas, and might be expected to know their worth, has been involved by the talk of the day, and is fond of praising the "practical" man, and sneering at the man of thought as a mere theorist and dreamer. This is rather strange in the Church, inasmuch as the men of thought and theory have always been her great leaders and heroes, and

inasmuch as she is always preaching, not about the seen, but about the unseen.

To understand the real relations of the theoretical and the practical, and give both their value, it is necessary first to get rid of the assumption that they are opposed. It is on that assumption that so much talk gets itself uttered. It is that assumption that imposes on simple people. Is there any antagonism between the two ?

Manifestly all action, to be wise, coherent, aimful, and productive, must base itself on some principle. The difference between the productive activity of the sound-minded man, and the aimless fuss and restlessness of the idiot, is that the man of sense has a theory, an unseen scheme and design, by which, consciously or unconsciously, he is acting. Of two men equally active and industrious and persevering, one will produce results and attain purposes. His activity will be fruitful to himself and others. The other, just as laborious, and apparently far more busy, because he is far more "fussy," will reach no end. His activities are fruitless, his work unsuccessful. The explanation is, that the first has a clear, defined theory of action, a definite system, invisible but real, on which he conducts his industries, and the other is the "practical" man, that lives from hand to mouth.

All practice, everywhere, to be worth anything, must root itself in theory. In fact, every man does act on some theory. The value of his action depends generally on the value of his theory. As most theories are shallow enough, and as men are fond of sneering at any examination of their theories as impractical, the result is the general average of shallow action. The theologian understands that doctrine lies at the roots of all life, and that a good practice cannot long consist with a bad or weak doctrine. Now doctrine, in religion and morals, is like theory in other things. The seed is of value as it produces fruit. The fruit is the aim and end for which the seed exists. But because the fruit is the

end, no man sneers at the farmer for selecting and planting the seed. No man thinks him a bit more "practical" in the harvest field than in the furrow field.

As a matter of fact, it has been ideas which have changed and ruled the world, and will change and rule it to the end. As soul is to body, so is theory to the practice which clothes it. The practice is mortal. The theory is immortal. The practice changes into other forms. The theory lives forever the same.

The great leaders in the world have been the men of theory, and especially the great leaders in the Church. It will be a sad day for the Church when Athanasius, the man of thought and theory and ideas, is put behind such an one as Eusebius of Nicomedia, the busy man of practice in courts and councils; when Augustine of Hippo is counted of less consequence than even such an administrator as Cyprian of Carthage. Ideas have dominated always, and a living and true theory, elaborated in silence and solitude, apart from the confusions and darknesses of the time, and cast into the seed-bed of the world, has borne fruit for generations, when the head that thought it out is turned to dust.

To say, then, of a man that he is a theorist, is to say good of him, and not harm. No man was ever worth his salt on earth who was not a theorist in some degree. To say even that he is a *mere* theorist, is by no means to condemn him. Many a mere theorist has produced more results than a regiment of busy, practical gentlemen, very dexterous and skilful in living from hand to mouth. It all turns on the nature of the theory itself. Is the theory a good or bad one, a wise or unwise theory? Is it true or false? That is the way to put it. The affair is not dismissed when some glib individual exclaims, "Oh, that is mere theory!" We answer, "Granted. But theory is the end of all life. The Church is based on theories. The State stands on theories. The Christian family rests on a theory.

Our dearest possessions of heart and hope on earth, and of trust for heaven, rest on theories. The visible is underlain by the invisible. The unseen sustains and props the seen. We admit this theory to be theory, and value it because it is theory. If you come to inquire whether it is true or false theory, we will listen, but the fact that it is theory is not in debate." That is, theory and practice are both to be judged by the same measure. To say of something, "Oh, that is merely practical!" is to say nothing to the purpose. The question is, is it practical for good or practical for evil? It may be either, and yet it is not uncommon to find wise people who think that when they have said of a thing, "It is practical," they have put it beyond question thenceforth. Mary of England was eminently practical. So was Philip of Spain. Bonner was a practical bishop. So, too, was Woolsey, before him. We fancy it does not turn their lives into beauty to say they were all "practical," and not "mere theorists."

We think the times call for a little deliverance from this popular cant which makes an opposition between things not opposed. Especially do we think the Church needs to guard herself from any glorification of mere dexterity and shallow smartness, under the notion that she is wisely practical.

Nothing can stand unless based on the eternal foundations unseen. We want to know on what theory the practical man is acting, in order to judge of the wisdom of his action. If he has no theory, if he professes to despise theory and to look only to practical results, his actions are mere makeshifts, the temporary expedients of the hour. He cannot be trusted. His course is beyond guess. In the hour of trial he will fail and disappoint. He may be like a dexterous politician, a plausible advocate for any cause. He is utterly unlike the wise statesman who guides on principle, or the judge who decides by fixed law.

Let us accept the men of theory, and be thankful for them. They are dealing with things that will stand. Let

us test their theories carefully, but let us not dream that we have dismissed the matter by saying that they are "mere theories." And let us accept the men of action, and be thankful for them too. But let us understand that the value of their action depends altogether on the theory on which it is based. Mere activity, without such basis, is aimless folly,—a beating of the air, a walking, like a blind horse in a mill, forever round the same circle.

With the greatest respect for the practical, let us bring it always to the test of this question: "On what theory is the practical founded?" Let us never ignorantly dream that mere activity, the most intense practicality, is of any value. It may be the most aimless folly. We want to know what a man means by his activity, and where his practicality is about to land him, before we accept his leadership.

Good theory first; then good practice on that theory is the solution of the whole matter for a man or a people, and especially for a Church. Let no man be cheated by mere phrases.

SACRAMENTAL RELIGION.

THE difficulty, felt by many, about accepting the doctrine of Sacraments, comes often from looking at them from the Divine side only. They are considered as arbitrary enactments of Divinity. They are not measured as gifts to humanity. For, from our own side, we can see that man needs Sacraments; that any religion fitted to man's nature must be a Sacramental religion. Merely from the study of man we would conclude, that if Christianity is the gift of God to him, it must be a religion in which Sacraments have a prominent place.

Man himself, in this world, is a sort of Sacrament,—"an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." A spirit clothed in matter, his spirit must be reached through matter. He must be approached through the fleshly doors. Spiritual powers, to tell upon him, must come clothed. The very articulate sounds by which he expresses his spiritual ideas are a kind of universal Sacrament. The written page, or the printed one, where black lines and letters clothe his thought, is the same. All the powers of the great unseen world of spirits, that spreads away around him, reveal themselves to him in some tangible coverings. So only can these powers affect him. God himself, when revealing purely spiritual truth, submits to the necessity of His creature, and makes the revelation in His creature's speech or writing. But, for the necessities of man, the Sacrament of speech is not enough. He cannot express the highest and even the best of human ideas by speech alone. He forms for those ideas the signs and symbols of

some expressive act; or he adopts some emblem, more eloquent in its silence than any words. Friend meets friend after a long absence. There are words enough by which to express gladness and sympathy and good wishes. But will mere words content them? Do we not know that in such an hour words utterly fail? The emotions of the heart demand a sign, and we have made it. The Sacrament of the clasped hands (we speak it reverently) is the only thing that can begin to express the thought. Or, the father meets a returned son. Will words satisfy to express his emotions? The hands laid in blessing upon the bowed head can alone fitly symbolize parental love. The heart demands the outward sign of the inward feeling, and the tongue is dumb perforce.

So, among ourselves, we have made these human Sacraments signs and embodiments of human feelings for human good. We have clothed the expression of all our loves in signs. Language fails man again and again. It will not embody his idea; it will not express his love; it will not reveal his sentiment. He flies to symbols then; he creates outward signs of great inward realities. He does not demand very costly elements either for these signs. The most common thing will answer. The more common, generally, the better. The sign should have the least value, that the mind may remain undisturbed in contemplating the thing signified. He takes a poor cheap rag. He colors it with cheap color. He puts it on a pole. He makes it the symbol of his patriotism. It means love of country. It means loyalty. It means honor. He follows it through the storm of battle. He charges up heights slippery with blood, where it leads the way. He bears it rent and ragged, bullet-torn and powder-stained, into the black battery's jaws of flame. He staggers with it through the pelting hail of rifle-shots, and falls with it, clasping it in his arms in death, dying to save *it* from dishonor. Does he die for a rag upon a pole? According to what one often hears talked about

the Sacrament, he does. But we know that he does not. The flag is (reverently we say it) the nation's Sacrament. It stands for all the loves and thoughts and feelings that cluster about the mother-land. He bravely dies for the great unseen realities that flag expresses.

No, the matter of our human Sacraments may be very mean. It may be very cheap to the thoughtless or the stranger. It may be some worn-out old ring, never shown to common eyes. Common eyes would see no value in it. A dollar would buy a better, it is so worn and tarnished. But it is lost one day. The owner offers a great reward. Among all the jeweller's cunning skill there is nothing so valued as that cheap old ring. It is the sign and symbol of a great reality to him who prized it so greatly,—the Sacrament of some friendship or some love that blessed his life with a great blessing long ago.

The mother keeps among her hidden treasures some cheap remembrance of a dear child transplanted into Paradise. How many mothers do, for Rachel still is weeping for her children. It is only a tattered little dress, a small shoe, may be, with the impress of the little feet, that ceased to patter in the upper rooms long since, upon it yet. It is a thing utterly valueless in your eyes or mine. But gold cannot buy it from *her*. There is a quick convulsive movement as she grasps it, and another tear that stains it as she reverently lays it by again—her little Sacrament of paternal love—and murmurs, "It was Willie's, or Charlie's, who died."

No, words cannot measure even human thought or human feeling. Man forever insists on creating Sacraments. He stands dumb till the eloquence of the symbol speaks his heart out and stirs the hearts of others.

So, we say, if God gives us a religion, it will surely be a Sacramental religion, because He knows man's needs. So Christianity has its Sacraments, where the thing that is visible to the eye is common and plain; where the thing

invisible is the priceless gift of God. God clothes His unseen blessings in these signs. Words cannot express His love, His pity, His grace to the soul of man. So, for man's good, He adopts man's other speech, and conveys the mercies of His measureless goodness by Sacramental sign.

And it is not alone that God clothes Divine things in these outward coverings. The Sacraments are for man's use and blessing, and they have a meaning from both sides,—the earthward and the heavenward. They not only clothe the gifts of God, they also clothe the faith and love and hope of man As words will not express God's goodness toward man, so words will not express man's repentance, hope, or faith toward God. The Divine and the human expression both meet in the Sacraments. Words are quite too feeble. They fail us before God. Why, we often find them fail us before men. So repentance, faith, trembling cries for pardon, tremulous glances toward heaven, new-born hope of peace and pardon, all are gathered and fused together, too great, too deep, too tender for human language, and find their fit and full expression only in the wonderful sign and seal of holy baptism. All aspirations for a better life, all resolutions to seek it, all cries to the great God for help in our weakness and light in our darkness, every better wish and better thought we concentrate into one grand act of appeal and pledge, and lift the symbol of them all before men and angels. That is what *man* does in baptism. It is ordained, not only that God may express Himself to man's comprehension, but that man may express himself to his own. And then, God clothes His infinite love in the other Sacrament,—that Divine pity and sorrow and tenderness which Calvary revealed, and conveys it in tangible expression to His earthly children. But this is not all. Those children find the Sacrament a clothing also for their own love and their own tenderness. The love no profession begins to measure, the hope that rises toward the crown and palm, the tenderness that bows the heart before the

"dear body bleeding," the speechless thoughtfulness that bends at the foot of the Cross, all are concentrated into this wonderful sign, all are sealed before earth and heaven by this awful seal of God's devising, all are confessed and exhibited here, while the soul trembles with the greatness of the simple act.

Sacraments are not arbitrary, then; not mere tests of submission or trials of faith. To teach them as if they were, is to miss their great use and meaning. They exist because man, being what he is, must have them; because an unsacramental religion is an impossibility to him; because, if God had not furnished them for him, man would have invented them for himself.

WHY WE PRAY.

FROM the beginning of the world men have prayed. There has not yet been found the nation or tribe which has not, in some form or other, appealed for help to the powers invisible. When his own strength has failed him, when there is no hope in man, when the blind, speechless brute forces of the material press him in and crush him down, man turns, by instinct, to the awful powers unseen, and cries to them for deliverance.

When Christianity taught man to "pray without ceasing," when it represented the "continuing instant in prayer" as the Christian position, it was not teaching anything unusual or strange, as far as the act itself is concerned. Prayer was something quite familiar to the human mind already. Christianity only taught the proper object of prayer, and revealed Him who would hear prayer and answer it.

Men have turned suppliant palms toward the blue abysses, have cried their pitiful cries to the dumb heavens, have knelt about the steps of the great throne, not knowing who sat thereon, have appealed out of the miseries, pains, and burdens of the weary world,—in all the centuries have they done this, in ignorant ways, and often in evil ways; have done it with visions of a wrathful heaven, and of evil, hateful gods, but they have done it under that controlling instinct which drives man out of matter and out of time to cry to the invisible as stronger than the visible, to the spiritual as mightier than the material. Even in heathen men, their false and foolish, and oftentimes evil, worship is but the testimony of human nature to the being of God, only

its strong though strange protest against a world without a God.

Prayer occupies a large space in Christianity, and great things are spoken of it, and to it great things are promised. But prayer itself is not the distinction of Christianity, as it was not of Judaism before it. The right object of prayer, and the right method of praying,—these were the purposes of the revelation in both. "Teach us to pray," was the request of the disciples. Prayer itself, the duty and the privilege, was taken for granted. The question was not about praying. It was about praying rightly.

The universal attitude of humanity, the attitude of heathens as of Christians, their own attitude in moments of sudden distress, of overwhelming pain, or crushing sorrow, is condemned, sometimes as unphilosophical, by men who were taught to pray at their mothers' knees, but who think they have outgrown all that as a childish superstition. And the reasons on which they condemn it are such as these:

The laws of nature, they tell us, are immutable. No words of ours can alter them. God is unchangeable. It is foolish in us to suppose that we can persuade Him to change, or, for our sakes, to suspend His eternal activities. His love is eternal and immutable, as is His justice. He is "the same," even on our own principle, "yesterday, to-day, and forever," and can we expect to come before the Unchangeable One, and with poor words of ours make Him alter His face, or change His acts at our supplications?

There is felt to be a sophistry here, but the sophistry is so subtile as to escape many a devout soul which may be disturbed by it. The heart's instinct is against it, and yet there seems to be no reply often to the specious and apparently "philosophic" reasoning. Many a time in his life that instinct will be too strong even for the reasoner, and yet the reasoning will be repeated again and again, as if it were unanswerable.

There are a few considerations which we think will help

to point out wherein the sophistry lies, and to suggest, at least, an answer.

We, of course, admit the unchangeableness of God. We may go farther than the "philosophic" reasoning usually goes, and admit that we can do nothing to make God love or pity us a whit more than He does now. That love and pity are just the same whether we pray or do not pray, whether we repent or do not repent, whether we live godly lives or ungodly lives. They are both infinite, and of the very nature of God, and are always the same. But prayer proposes no change in the Unchangeable. Here is where the sophistry comes in, and it comes in not only here, but in many another popular mistake about religion. Christianity itself is a revelation of God only in so far as God can be revealed,—that is, in His relations to man, and man's relation to him. It represents God as pleased or angry, as wrathful or pitiful, as hating or as loving,—that is, in His relations to man.

Prayer proposes no change in God, neither does Christianity, which plainly teaches that He is unchangeable. It proposes a change in the relation between God and man,—a very different matter. Christ himself came not to change God, but to change man. His religion undertakes not to change the Eternal, but to change the human. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself," not reconciling Himself unto the world. That is, when we speak of God and man, we speak of two,—one unchangeable, the other changeable. Between these two there are relations. And these relations are alterable, because one of the two is alterable, and that one is man.

The mountain stands fixed and unalterable. But the man is not fixed. The man moves as he wills. He may change his relation to the mountain in a hundred ways. He may be near it or far from it. He may be under its shadow, or may watch it under the full tide of sunlight. It may appear rugged and steep as he approaches on one side, or

smooth of ascent as he approaches it on another. The shadows may sleep in its overhanging crags from one point of view, from another it may flash back the sunlight and flame in the splendid whiteness of its eternal snows. The man may change his relations to the mountain, and see it under a thousand different appearances, frowning or smiling, inviting or repelling, beautiful or terrible, as he changes his own position from hour to hour, while still the rooted mountain stands unalterably the same.

The great sun—image more than anything we know of the steadfast and unchanging—shines in the broad heavens always the same, day and night. To man looking on him from the earth, he presents a hundred faces, because the moving man, upon the moving earth and beneath the drifting vapors, looks on him from different points of view, and bears to him, through every day of the rolling year, different relations. He flames in fierce summer heat in August noons; he looks watery and chill upon the shivering earth in the short December days. He looms broad and red in the hazy sunsets of the Indian summer, and leaps up flaming in the mornings of July. Now he conceals himself in clouds, and hides his face behind the veil of the tempest, and again breaks forth, scattering the mists and lighting up the million rain-drops on the leaves with minute images of himself. In every twenty-four hours he disappears from sight as completely as if he were extinguished, and each day sees him, as it were, new created. And yet the changeless sun shines the same, century upon century, age on age, his warmth and light going forth perpetually. The relation of the man changes, in the light or in the darkness, in the heat or in the shadow, because the man changes. The perpetual sunlight falls the same on the dunghill and on the palace roof.

The error of all heathenism lies in this, that it attempts to change God. It proposes to come before Him, and, with sacrifices and offerings, propitiate Him. He is wrath-

ful to-day, but offering to Him, praising Him, and praying to Him, can change Him so that He will not be wrathful to-morrow. Heathenism proposed no change in men. The immoral man, by a due performance of the ritual, might render God as propitious to him as to the moral man. Heathenism had, therefore, no moral value, in that it supposed the gods need to be reconciled to the world, and not the world reconciled to God. Christianity came, proclaiming the unchangeableness of God, and the truth that whatsoever is wrong in the relations between God and man must be changed by a change in man.

Whatsoever thought, therefore, among Christians, looks to change God, is a heathen thought still. If men suppose *He* needs changing, they are so far yet in the mist of paganism. If they dream that their worship is to act upon Him as a charm, their prayers and praises to propitiate Him, their repentance to render Him pitiful and merciful, they have not yet learned the alphabet of Christianity. These things are valuable as they change *men*. God needs no change, and cannot change. But a change in a man changes his relations to God, though God himself remain the same. He may take to-day one position, and another to-morrow. He may be ignorant of God, or he may know Him. He may be righteous before Him, or unrighteous. He may be rebellious or obedient. He may walk humbly before Him, or he may insult and blaspheme Him. He may live consciously in His presence, or he may forget Him.

How to so live and so walk and so stand as to have our relations with the unchangeable God blessed and good, is the purpose of Christian teaching. To make them such, it goes so far in expressing the change which must come, not to God, but to man, as to call it even a new birth, a new creation, so utter is it. Now, we take it to be quite rational and thoroughly philosophic to hold that the relation existing between a moral man and God, and that

between an immoral man and God, are very different, while God himself remains the same. The relation existing between a good man and God must be a different one from that existing between a bad man and God. The penitent sinner must stand in one way before Him, and the impenitent in another; the righteous in one position, and the unrighteous in another. The relation varies as the men vary.

The question, then, is not about changing God at all. It is about changing a man's self. How will he place himself before God? What relation will he bear to Him? Will he be thankless or thankful? Will he remember Him or forget Him? Will he live conscious of Him, or will he ignore Him? Will he be His son or His slave? Will he come near, or will he stand afar off?

Some relation he must be in toward God. He can choose what it shall be. He must himself make it, and make it by some change in himself, some alteration in his own position and character. So Christianity tells him. It guards him from the error of dreaming that he is to make it by any change in God. And this position of prayer is his to choose or refuse among the rest. He will see God in one way on his knees, in quite another way standing defiantly upon his feet. In one position God will look pitiful and merciful to him, in the other He will look stern and harsh, demanding the utmost farthing.

The everlasting light and love, the everlasting pity and help, go forth forever the same, as does the eternal justice and judgment. Whether they come upon a man depends on the position he chooses. The sunlight flames and glows, shimmers on the mountain side, and palpitates upon the plain. A man can shut himself in the cellar, and in the daylight of July may sit in darkness, not because the sun has stopped shining, but because he chooses to take a seat in the cellar. A man may keep out of the way of God's mercy, may hide himself from God's pity, may roof himself

in from God's love, may descend into the vaults of human ignorance or sin, and stay there, and the changeless love and light will still burn and glow over all the world, though he has made them nothing to him.

In prayer, as we have said, a man takes a certain position toward the unchangeable God. He unbars his heart, throws wide the gates of the soul, opens up its inmost rooms, and turns toward the light and the blessing, toward the descending pity, mercy, and love. Prayer holds him in that attitude. There is its blessing. His soul lies open to God as the fallow field to the sunshine and the rain. Whether he get the specific blessing he asks or not, whether he is saved from the present pressing misery or not, is, perhaps, of the least importance. The great good is that he shall always stand as he stands now, facing God upon his knees, all open to the descending blessings. This is the relation that he occupies who prays. It is easy to see it is a relation which comes from change in him, and yet his change has, as far as he is concerned, changed God.

Again, a man who does not pray closes his soul's doors against heaven, shuts his heart up against the ever-flowing love and pity, roofs himself over against the light and the dew. He clearly takes another relation to God. It, too, is a relation which comes from change in him, and yet, practically, as far as he is concerned, it has changed God.

The change which the Christian seeks to make by prayer is this change of relation. It is sufficient. He approaches God on the side of His love and mercy, and finds His love and mercy in consequence. He seeks to live with a correspondence fixed between him and God, which shall bear messages of pity and help and fatherly care. He considers prayer not only a religious duty, but a thing most rational, sensible, and natural, and wonders that men allow themselves to be cheated in religion by sophistries at which they would laugh in life.

A SAVAGE WORLD.

THE one unchangeable thing on earth is human nature. Under all guises it is the same. The heart of one man is the heart of all. In Roman toga or bobtail coat, in Greek pallium or Turkish caftan, in turban or chimney-pot hat, man is the same. The brotherhood, the family type and character, run through all. The ethnologist's dream of a half dozen or a whole score or hundred of groups of creation, and separate families, may answer for the physiologist or anatomist, who is learned in the measurement of skulls and the flexure of shin-bones, but it will never go down with the psychologist, the student of the human soul and spirit, who finds man the same, no matter what clothes he wears, what language he speaks, or what the measurement of his *tibia*.

We have been crying with a thousand voices about our great advances in the nineteenth century; about our wisdom, our progress, our amazing improvements upon our fathers. We have said to ourselves that we have outgrown the barbarisms and madnesses of the past; that we are too wise in these days to ruin ourselves with the follies that drove the world frantic; that we, at least, see that human good is the end of all wise effort; that human life is priceless, and that men are no longer to be driven at the word of king or kaiser. We have claimed that, at least in this wise country, men have begun to exercise their reason and claim their rights; that now they can be appealed to on grounds of reason, ruled by right motives, enlightened to understand their interests, and trusted to have those interests control them.

What an absurdity seems all this talk in the face of facts. There was our own war—"causeless," as we were fond of saying—"the most causeless in the history of the world," as the newspaper and stump rhetoric told us ten thousand times. Here is the European war, just closed, more causeless still,—all reason against it, none for it; more causeless than its predecessor, the Crimean war, which was a pure blunder all through. And in the year 1871, the business of all the States of Europe, the special business of England, the freest and most enlightened of them all, is to see how best and most readily a few hundred thousand men may contrive to kill or maim as many as possible out of a few other hundred thousand, their enemies.

France is, in some respects, the foremost nation in the world,—certainly so in what is *called* civilization. Prussia is the foremost in general education. There is not a soldier of hers, we dare say, who cannot read and write good German. Masters in every department of human knowledge, philosophers, philologists, Greek critics, Sanscrit scholars, metaphysicians, naturalists, have worn spiked helmets. And these two nations, so endowed, have devoted their entire resources, for several months, to shooting, stabbing, killing, and maiming the men of the other, as if that were the sole business for which nations exist.

The story reads like a page out of Cæsar's "Commentaries," illuminated now, however, by the glare of bursting bombs and the flash of rifled cannon. Ariovistus might change places with Kaiser William. He would find himself as much at home among the Germans of the nineteenth century as among those of the century before the first.

Civilization is a matter of clothes. The Celts of Napoleon are the Celts of Brennus. The Germans of Moltke are the Germans of Clovis. "Scratch a Russian, and you find a Tartar underneath." Scratch the civilized European, of any nation, and the face of his great-grandfather—savage

Celt, savage Goth, savage Sclavon—glares at you from beneath the brim of a modern hat.

The last few years have dispelled the dreams of the amiable sentimentalists who told us the millennium had come in on an express train, announced beforehand by electric telegraph. The passions of the noble savage still remain in the man of Berlin and the man of Paris; and burning villages, wasted fields, murdered peasantry, widows wailing in roofless houses, and fatherless children crying for bread in the shivering cold of December, 1870, are the proofs that the civilized men of this century are the children of the men that burned and plundered and made "requisition" under Alaric and Attila.

It is the hard fact, and the world must accept it, that man under his changed clothes is the same that he always was; that wars are the expression of his innate savagery; that, after all, he holds his own in this world against his enemies by the strong hand and the sharp steel.

Our material progress, instead of softening the savagery of the fighting animal, has but given him more terrible weapons to destroy. In the old days it was but clumsy, slow, unsatisfactory work, after all. There was a limit to the ruin. An army could march only a few miles in a day, do its utmost. It could only kill or burn at close quarters.

We have improved on all that. We can whirl it along now at forty miles an hour, thanks to our railroads, and it can set a city on fire at five miles' distance, and kill a man, or even a child on its mother's bosom, at the same. The knowledge and the resources of our civilization, turned in the direction of destruction, make the wars of our forefathers like the mere quarrelling of unruly children.

Do we complain of all this? We may if we choose. But there is no profit in that. The fact will not be complained out of existence. But one thing can be put out of existence, and ought to be, and that is the notion that material advancement, increased knowledge of nature and

her resources, increased control over them, increased use of them, are to mend the world and deliver humanity.

Such a notion, set forth as the gospel of wisdom, by a man like Mr. Huxley, in a late "lay-sermon," is ludicrous enough in view of the terribly real thing,—the "lay-sermon" emphasized with cannon-shot, and delivered in the light of burning towns, which Bismarck has been preaching across the Channel to England and all the world.

The extent to which sentimentalism may beguile a man who thinks himslf all the time a hard materialist is indeed amusing. The savans have been enthusiastically studying nature. They have told us—at least Mr. Huxley has—that physical studies are the only ones worth studying; they have promised that such studies would make the world a wise and happy world, and now here come two of the foremost peoples in just those studies, and exhaust their whole science and skill in the work of killing each other.

A man's clothes do not change him. To ride on an express train does not change him. To shoot an enemy at half a mile with a needle-gun, instead of at fifty yards with an arrow, does not change him. To know all about the "chalk formation," and the "drift," does not change him. In all essentials he may remain a savage still, improved on his father only so far as that he may do more ruin in a day than his father could in a year; that he can exceed him in destruction, as William, at the head of modern-educated Prussians, exceeds Clovis at the head of his savage Germans.

To mend matters in a world that, in the red light of burning French villages, is but a savage world still, we must get nearer to a man than his coat. We must mend humanity itself. Christianity cannot safely surrender her business into the hands of the chemists and geologists.

RELIGION AND LUNACY.

SOME time since we saw, in a Philadelphia paper, an account of an unfortunate case of insanity. A Methodist preacher and his wife had been attending a camp-meeting, held, as it was said, in the interests of Perfectionism (a new "ism" among the Methodists), and had been greatly excited during the prolonged exercises. They came into Philadelphia, and both went raving mad in the omnibus, the woman throwing her false teeth out of the window, and both shouting and gesticulating wildly. In that condition the two unfortunates wandered about the city, until picked up and cared for by the police. It was stated that the gentleman had been, for many years, a useful preacher and missionary in his denomination. He and his wife are now, probably, lunatics for life.

It is a delicate subject, and one which the physicians have been rather chary of handling,—this subject of insanity from religious excitement. In the tables in the introduction to the United States census for 1860, in the volume on population, setting aside the causes of ill-health and intemperance, religious excitement is given as the most prevalent cause of insanity; and between religious excitement and intemperance as causes, the difference is very slight. In five asylums for the insane, tabulated on page 89, the insane from intemperance are eight hundred and twelve, and those from religious excitement, seven hundred and forty.

It thus appears from the official data, collected by the officers of the United States, and published by authority, that one of the most prevailing causes of lunacy in this

country is excitement caused by a certain type of religion. This fact is so striking, that the report goes on to dilate upon the matter, though with considerable trepidation. It gives four principal methods by which the religious sentiment is excited into insanity.

"*First.* By those extraordinary and spasmodic efforts which occur in all sections of the country, which are not restricted to any one sect or denomination, and are doubtless conceived in a spirit of benevolence; yet in which, to say nothing of the character of the exercises, the excitement, both mental and corporeal, is long continued, and necessarily produces nervous exhaustion,—the condition most favorable for an attack of insanity."

That is to say, the first and most prolific cause of insanity from diseased action of the religious emotions, is the revival, so called. The two cases mentioned above are directly in point. The camp-meeting, whatever else it did, drove those two unhappy people mad.

In speaking of the physical demonstrations which attend revivals, and are generally considered as evidences of the depth and thoroughness of "the work," the report says:

"It is probably not generally known that many of the physical demonstrations, such as spasms, convulsions, and trances—phenomena which sometimes occur in religious assemblies of Christians, and are often attributed to a supernatural source—*are perhaps still more frequent among pagans.*

"In congregations of Howling Dervishes, one of the minor denominations of Mohammedanism, they are quite common; and we have the authority of the converted Brahmin, *Gangoola*, for the assertion that they are not infrequent among the Buddhists of his native country.

"There are, upon the records of our hospitals, cases, the circumstances of which, had they occurred in Central Africa or New Zealand, and been known in this country, would have awakened many an expression of sorrow and

pity for the superstition and fanaticism of the benighted heathen."

All this, of course, though not generally known, is nevertheless very well known, and has been long known, and a deal besides of the same kind, by educated men. The very same demonstrations, convulsions, trances, eager shoutings, frenzied fervor, and the rest, are found in all forms of religion now, as they may be found in all forms of religion past. They existed among the ancients in the worship of Bacchus and Cybele, in the mad orgies of the Bona Dea, and in the "mourning for Tammuz." They exist among Mohammedans, Buddhists, and Brahmins, as well as among the wild Indian and the native African now. The "medicine" of the one, and the "obeah" of the other, most people have heard of. They are found, too, all down the middle ages, among the various schools of Manichean heretics; and, in our own time, have broken out among the Roman Catholic "Convulsionaries" of France,—the continuation only of an experience common enough in the monasteries of Europe and Asia ages ago.

This form of religion is not, therefore, by human experience, peculiar to Christianity. It is not, in its origin or development, connected with any known principle or doctrine of Christianity. It is something in human nature itself, which shows itself in precisely the same way under all forms of religious belief.

The direct tendency of it is to insanity. It consists in the temporary dethronement of the judgment and the will. The Pythoness of Delphi went into an ecstasy under the influence (as the priests claimed) of Apollo. Her reason and will were, for the time, dethroned. She was possessed and controlled—or at least claimed to be—by another reason and another will. The "Hurler," or "Howling Dervish," mentioned above, by mere gesticulation and force of bellowing, works himself into a frenzy, in which he is no longer his own master. Will and judgment are, for the

time, gone. He cannot control himself. He knows not what he is doing or saying, until the physical collapse comes and goes, and he returns to himself, weak and dazed.

The same phenomenon, as the United States census officially informs us, and has been often noted by physiologists and physicians, appears in the excitement of the revival. The subjects of that excitement are often temporarily irresponsible. They are carried out of themselves, in many cases, beyond the control of their own judgment or will, and know not what they do or say.

This, to be sure, is not always the case. Many times the matter goes through its course without any physical demonstrations. But just in proportion to the intensity and fervor of the revival are the participants brought to the verge of losing self-control and guidance. Indeed, all the arrangements are designed to bring them to this verge, and to carry them over; and if they are not brought thither and carried over, in cases not a few, "the effort" is not considered successful or sufficiently blessed.

A man who puts himself in the way of having reason and will dethroned for any length of time whatever, or who voluntarily dethrones them himself, by the temporary insurrection of any passion or emotion whatever, is, for the time, insane, and is courting and inviting permanent insanity.

The healthy condition of the human mind is that in which judgment decides and will executes. A man is responsible, because he is a creature made with a judgment and a will. These are the ruling powers, and are to control and guide the entire realm of the nature. The healthiest and best nature is that in which all passions, emotions, and feelings are controlled and governed by these royal powers of humanity. It is the sad condition of the insane that these powers are helpless. They are swept away and lost in the rebellion of the lower mob of appetites, fancies, or passions. The insane man has cunning, but not judgment. He has obstinacy often, but no will. He can argue often, but he cannot reason.

"Anger is a short madness." We read that old Greek saying, years ago, as an exercise. And drunkenness is a short madness too. And the intoxication of opium is another form. Any emotion or any influence which usurps control over the man, to the extent of destroying his judgment or his will, produces, while it lasts, insanity pure and simple. The only difference between a man under any such influence, and the confirmed lunatic, is only that, in the first case, the condition terminates usually when the exciting cause is removed. But continue the condition—let that become permanent—and you have permanent insanity.

It is easy to see, therefore, why "religious excitement," as it is called, is found to be one of the most fruitful causes of lunacy. The condition sought, and even desired and prayed for as a blessing, is a condition wherein the nature is seized and possessed by an emotion which displaces will and judgment for the time. The man gives himself up utterly to emotions, and finds delight and happiness therein. For it is one of the sad results of our natural condition of anarchy, that the fallen and disordered nature takes delight in discord and lawlessness. It makes no difference that those emotions are religious. They, equally with other emotions that usurp sovereignty, displace, for the time, the divinely appointed rulers of the nature. The man is, therefore, for a time, controlled by passion—religious passion be it—still passion. He is, for the time, in the condition of the insane.

The excitement terminates, however, because its causes terminate, and the normal condition is again resumed. Unfortunately, at times, the excitement is too greatly prolonged, or the causes are brought to bear upon a nature too excitable; and the result is, that the abnormal condition becomes permanent. The man goes away as excited as ever. His excitement does not cease on leaving the causes which produced it, and we have another case of "insanity from religious excitement," and another inmate of an asylum.

We, of course, are saying nothing here against earnestness

or godly zeal; against that zeal that is with knowledge, that enlightened Christian fervor, the warmth and glow of which adds life to all true Christian living. This is one thing, and a thing totally different from that about which we have written here.

This, which in its highest and most perfect manifestations, develops into insanity and commits its subject, wrecked in his inner nature, to the safety of an asylum, is no part of Christianity at all. Christianity is to be held responsible for no results of this sort. Christ's religion is to produce perfect sanity—perfect wholeness; a royal will guiding the entire nature at peace and rest, under a conscience declaring the unerring law of God in all its utterances.

SUNDAY AND SUICIDE.

THERE is no one thing that kills, exhausts, or sends to the lunatic asylum more of the active and strong men of this country than the breach of the fourth commandment.

"He kept no Sunday." You may safely write that epitaph over hundreds of graves that will be dug this year for strong men cut down in their prime; for ambitious, prosperous, influential men, cut off in the midst of the race of life. The doctors will say, "softening of the brain," "paralysis," "heart disease," "nervous exhaustion,"—there are a dozen medical names for the cause of the "sad and untimely decease of our prominent fellow-citizen, Mr. Blank." But, sifted to the bottom, the real fact was, Mr. Blank *killed himself by breaking Sunday.* There are suicides in scores where no apparent cause exists for what the newspapers call "the rash act." The man was doing well. His business was prospering. His family relations were pleasant and affectionate. One day he puts an end to himself, no man can tell why, least of all the solemn coroner's jury, who return the usual owl-wise verdict,—"Temporary insanity." Searched to the bottom, the matter will yield this verdict,—"Died of working on Sundays."

No law of God is arbitrary. It is for man's good that God has established all His statutes. Clear as that truth is about them all, it is especially clear about the day of rest. "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." And if it was made for man anywhere, it was surely made for him in these United States. Our life is more intense than any the world has yet known. The

movement of all things is with express-train speed. We are all in the whirl together. It takes every faculty a man possesses to enable him to hold his own. Striving to get on, striving to keep square up to the front with the army of competitors, a man is compelled to use every power to the fullest. It makes little difference what his calling may be, the pressure is about the same in all. The man who will succeed—who will even fairly hold his own—must accept the necessity of anxious, ceaseless, never-ending work. Things will not wait for him. He cannot sit by the river's brink, waiting till the stream runs dry. He must ford or swim or get a raft or "his own canoe,"—he must force a passage somehow. And this necessity is brought before every young man in the land by practice and by precept. It is wonderful how early the American boy learns the lesson of the country, and understands he is to make his own way and found his own fortune. His school-lessons suggest the work. His very copy-book phrases are spurs to ambition. The "pieces" he "speaks" at school or college are inflammatory appeals to him to make his own mark, and be "somebody" in his day. The fact that there is nothing not open to him, no success, no place, no fortune, impossible of attainment, is itself a motive to drive him on to any exertion. And when he enters on active life, he finds all about him under the same influence as himself. There is no fortune sure, no place fixed, no class with a defined and permanent position. All are competitors. There are millions in the race with him. Time is money. Time is success. Time is fortune, or place, lost or won. So he cannot ride too fast. His horse is never as swift as a good horse should be. The express-train does not carry him on his journey by a half-hour as soon as it might. His meals are a hindrance, and sleep is an impertinence unless he can enjoy it in a car going forty miles an hour.

As he works in this mad, restless way, so, in the same

way, he takes his relaxations. His enjoyments must be intense, highly seasoned, of the "fast" character of which his working life consists. The brain, fired to fever-heat by incessant, restless, anxious work, seeks relief in pleasures quite as fevered. When he turns to enjoy life, it is with the same eager haste and greed with which he toils for the means of enjoyment.

So our people burn the candle at both ends. Nervous diseases, diseases which affect the brain, the physicians tell us, are becoming the most common. So, sudden deaths, deaths by paralysis, death from softening of the brain, as it is called, are the common exits of our most prominent men. Business men, statesmen, lawyers, clergymen, students, they are getting, in America, into a habit of going out at a moment's warning, dropping dead as they stand, in a way that has never been known before. The probabilities that any prominent man, in any walk of life, will die in his bed, in a ripe old age in these United States, are daily becoming rarer.

There are reasons enough given for this state of things, we say, but they all resolve themselves at last into the same, —overwork The men have no Sabbaths,—no rests at all. It is one perpetual workday, and when they seek for enjoyment it is enjoyment of that fierce, restless kind,—late hours, hot suppers, gas-flaming theatres, the spectacular drama, the gambling-table often; "amusements," so called, which keep the nerves on the same tension, and inflame still more the feverish and restless brain. The calm quiet of rational social enjoyment, the sports of the children at home, the soothing intercourse of domestic life, the peace of intellectual relaxation with genial books or intelligent friends, pall on the jaded taste. Intense excitement, new sensations, are essential elements in what Americans miscall amusements. And so comes the overwork upon the nerves and brain. There is no rest for them day or night.

Now and then there is enough of toughness in the con-

stitutional fibre, enough of steel and whalebone derived from hard-working parents, the children of the soil, to carry a man through this sort of life to a reasonable old age. But these are exceptional cases, and they are daily growing more exceptional. The children of these fathers and mothers, whose nerves are raw to the touch, and whose brains are in a restless buzz all their lives, are showing themselves true to the inevitable natural law.

It was to meet just this sort of blunder in human life that the Lord gave His seventh day of rest. He knew the constitution of the creature He had made, and did not order him to do no work on that day because it is at all necessary to the great God that men should work or not work, but because it is absolutely essential to the well-being of man that he should rest the tired hands and calm the fevered brain.

As a matter of fact, there is no rest, no relaxation, so utter as that offered by a well-kept Sunday. This is simply a fact which no physiologist will deny. There is perfect rest and quiet for the body, and, to the worker with his hands, that may be the main point. But there is far more than this. The mind is called away from all its cares and all its common vulgar interests. A new set of thoughts and interests are presented. It is lifted out of the office and the street and the market-place,—out of its narrowness, its isolated cares, and put on the broad ground of universal human interests, on its brotherhood toward men and its sonship toward God. The sordid cares of the hour are all forgotten. The dust and heat and glare and restlessness of a hurrying life give place to thoughts of the great peace of God. The man is called to rise out of the changing into the unchanging, out of the temporary into the eternal, out of the low into the infinitely lofty, out of the strife into the deep calm of the eternal peace, out of the smoke and dust of earth into the blue abysses of everlasting glory and calm. The holy influences fall upon the waiting, open soul

like a benediction. Sunday becomes the crown and glory of the week. It is the day of peace, the day of highest thoughts, the day for home and Church and the social greeting of friends; the freeman's day amid the week's slavery; the one day which God gives as a badge and symbol of that liberty which Christ bought for the captives of the world and time.

A well-kept Sunday, therefore, perfectly meets the want of the modern man. It offers him just the rest which he requires. There is no relaxation so complete as that which presents thoughts and interests utterly different from those with which a man is commonly engaged, and the loftier those thoughts and the higher those interests, the better. The jaded faculties never enjoy such perfect rest as when another set of faculties are called into play and exercise while the tired ones sleep in calm.

We are not going now on the theological argument for Sunday; we leave that entirely untouched, except in so far as we recognize the truth that good theology is good sense, and that the requirements of a true religion are founded on the surest basis of the eternal fitness of things. And we say, then, that never, more than in this country and at this time, was Sunday an essential element in human life for its well-being; and not, be it marked, the Continental Sunday of military reviews, brass-bands, and beer-gardens, nor the old Jewish "Sabbath" of the Puritan, with its stern and funereal gloom, but the Christian and Churchly Lord's Day, the home and Church Sunday, the cheerfullest and brightest of all the seven, when the old primeval curse, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," is suspended for the sons of Adam, and they stand on the earth Christ's emancipated freemen.

It is the neglect of this provision of God that is the root-cause of the deaths and suicides and insanities from overwork which shock us almost daily in the current items of news.

Men are making the stupid blunder of supposing they need no rest, or, in a revulsion from the gloomy "Sabbath" of a Puritan home, they are turning Sunday into a day of "amusements," which fever and jade and kill worse than any amount of labor.

There is no escape from the inevitable laws of life. A man cannot work seven days instead of six, with the intensity with which he must work in this country, without paying the penalty some tim He may stimulate, for awhile, the weary powers of brain and nerve by the common method of pouring down alcohol in some of its shapes, in quantities to suit. But this only postpones the inevitable wakening. It makes the blow come only more surely and more suddenly. Some day the merchant's eyes blur over the columns of his ledger. The figures will not, for the first time in his life, come right; and he goes home, and the family physician takes the law into his own hands, and prescribes a year or two of Sundays together,—or, softening of the brain, just as the merchant prefers. Some day the prosperous lawyer sinks confused in the middle of a successful speech, and can no more command his thoughts than if he were an imbecile. Some day the statesman drops in the Senate, or in the office, and paralysis enforces a series of Sundays in which neither hand nor foot nor brain can do aught but rest until the long rest closes all. Or, some day, a pistol-shot or a sudden insanity winds up a life that a man stupidly thought could be profitably lived in defiance of the laws of God and his own constitution.

We are not placing this thing on the highest motive, because the highest motive is powerless to touch the transgressors. We only say the transgression does not pay. We assure every man who reads this, that common-sense and well-ascertained scientific truth perfectly agree with religion, and that it does not pay to work on Sundays; that, on the other hand, it is the most reckless waste of time, the maddest extravagance in which a man can

indulge. If any man doubts the clergyman, he may appeal to the physician, and we are very certain the two will perfectly agree,—Sunday work is suicide. And by working on Sunday we do not mean only the formal going to the office or counting-room, and the set working there as on other days. There is not so much of this done, after all. We mean the carrying a man's business about with him on that day; the taking it home and poisoning the fireside with it; the taking it to church and poisoning the church with it. This is the shape, usually, which Sunday work takes,—its insiduous and cheating shape. The man sits among his children and calculates to-morrow's bargains. He sits in his church-pew and adds up the columns in his ledger. He is speculating about the Monday's market while he holds his Prayer Book open. He carries his sordid, vulgar worries, his weary unrest, his fierce ambition, his greed, his plotting, into church or home, and spoils God's best blessing by his thick ignorance and obstinacy.

It is time to warn ourselves, all. We must live our lives under the laws God has given; and a man may be very certain that he gains, in the long run, in power, in length of life, in force of brain, by using the Sunday for the end for which God gave it. The atmosphere of worship, of prayer and praise and benediction, of lofty and grand truths and interests, is a healthy and refreshing atmosphere to the world-weary brain and heart.

No man can carry his business, his bargains and sales, his worldly ambitions and pleasures and work about him seven days and nights every week, without committing not only a crime, but a blunder.

AN EXPLODED BIT OF NONSENSE.

THERE is nothing which so much injures religion as the follies committed by foolish good people in its name; and in no Christian land are such follies more common than in our own. Men have so lost all knowledge of the true methods of Christian working, and in the individualism and self-pleasing of sectarianism have been so compelled each to invent his plans for himself, that nowhere so perfectly as in our own place and time have inexperience and self-opinion and misguided rashness so wasted the zeal and energy of Christian men.

In every short space of time some patent plan is invented, some new contrivance devised, to effect some great work in moral or religious reform. Now it is one scheme and now another, now this movement and now that. For the time it has seemed as if it would carry everything before it. It has been blustering and boastful. It has prided itself on the fact that it is a new invention. It has claimed that for this country old methods and tried plans are out of place. It has set up its organs, filled the press with its doings, denounced all sober-minded people who would not go with it as traitors to God and man, and at last has gone out in unsavory smoke, and left the world where it found it. And such things have done untold harm. They have created distrust of the common instrumentalities of the Gospel. Their friends and patrons have even sneered at and depreciated these to magnify their new invention. And still more, the unwisdom and failure of these schemes have created distrust of religion itself, and

have made men lose faith in the power of Christianity to do the work for which God sent it.

A striking case of this folly, which misleads well-meaning people and disgusts many thoughtful men with the very name of religion, has lately worked itself out in New York. An enterprising gentleman starts, in that city, a monthly paper, of the poor, cheap, and sensational kind, for young men, as it is claimed. Something out of the common order is needed to float off the enterprise successfully. And one of those gentlemen called "Bohemians," "penny-a-liners," etc., a manufacturer of sensations to order at so much a column, furnishes for the new enterprise an account of a visit to a disreputable den in a low street somewhere in the great city, the keeper of which he calls "the wickedest man in New York."

In the first place, the name is a false bit of humbug. How does this *littérateur* know *who* is the wickedest man in New York? It would be quite as reasonable to seek for that distinguished character up town as down town, in a "palatial residence" as in a "den" on Water street. The name betrays the cant and humbug which confounds respectability with virtue, and clean linen with good morals. But the sensational contributor is not the only person who has that amount of sincerity and insight. Immediately a number of enthusiastic gentlemen conclude that, having found "the wickedest man in New York," they will convert him.

To effect this purpose, they get him and his name and his business published from end to end of the land. Illustrated papers delight the families of the land with broadside illustrations of the "den," and its male and female inmates, and with pictures of the "wickedest." The telegraph carries accounts of the sayings and doings of this interesting individual to all readers. New York is delighted; she has found the wickedest man she can produce, and she is determined to show her skill and enterprise by taking him,

whether or no, and converting him. Poor New York! She has men in her church-pews on Sundays, well-dressed, clean-shaven, and respectable men in her banks, warehouses, and palatial residences, who could give this poor wretch the papers are shrieking over ten years' start, and then beat him in downright diabolism. But New York is cant-ridden, like many another city,—cannot see more than skin-deep, has no spiritual insight, poor city! any way; and, like the rest of her sisters, thinks good houses and well-made clothes and Fifth avenue are Christianity, or at least good morals. So the good, well-meaning gentlemen, who have read the sensation article of the enterprising penny-a-liner, determine to invade this den, and tackle the wickedest man in his own stronghold. He has no objections to the gratuitous advertisement of himself and his business. Like all coarse villains he is proud of notoriety, takes a pride in being the biggest villain he knows. These weak, good folk are flattering his vanity and feeding his love of notice. They have come to pray for him here. Common doings can convert common sinners, but such grand sinners as he must be specially attended to by a score of clergymen of all names, and a whole deputation of men and women from the various churches of New York.

Day in and day out this disgusting performance is kept up. This coarse, cunning scoundrel, and his sayings and doings, and the prospects of his conversion and his notions about religion, are trumpeted over the country for the edification of a shocked and grieved community. He is a hero in villany. The largest and most important villain in his own half-drunken eyes in all New York—the wickedest man extant, and therefore the most important, a man for whom all the preachers are praying and all the Churches pleading—he is master of the situation, elevated by pious simplicity on account of his very brutality into heroism, and all the preachers and all the papers are ministering to his ignorant vanity and conceit.

Meanwhile, other unsavory wretches of his type, keepers of other dens in his neighborhood, are jealous of their compeer's fame. They, too, want to get into the papers, and have themselves advertised as important personages in the kingdom of Belial. They come forward and delude the simple souls of the pious by volunteering the use of their various rat-pits, bar-rooms, and saloons for prayer-meetings. The pious *are* deluded. We have glowing accounts of the grand work going on in these various dens, and of the dress and bearing of their various inmates and proprietors. Decency is paying its tribute to indecency. Virtue is down on its knees to vice. Clean linen is courting the unwashed, and the unwashed are the heroes of the hour. So goes on the weak farce, till thoughtful, serious people are shamed for their kind, and for the very name of religion so disgraced.

At last the climax comes. The original wickedest man, whose conversion has been going on so prosperously, is arrested one morning for a robbery committed in his den, the scene of all these six weeks' prayer-meetings; his wife and all his hopeful inmates are bundled off to the "Tombs" together. He, cunning rascal, manages to escape, and the humbug is exploded for the present.

We cannot hope that even this hard lesson will be sufficient. The gullibility of human nature is enormous, and weakness and cant are large elements in modern religionism. Still, it is not too much to hope such performances as this last will be sufficient, with reasonable men, to justify the Church in doing her work in the old, sober, steady way, and in declining to join in any glorification of such work as the late Water street business in New York. Wicked men are not converted by making their wickedness a matter of glorification to begin with.

GARNISHING SEPULCHRES.

THE pertinacity with which some men will stick to an exploded humbug, and the laborious painfulness with which they will repeat, again and again, convicted and manifest falsehoods, is a thing to marvel at, were it not a thing so common.

The tercentenary of the death of John Calvin was celebrated a few years since. The occasion called out a good deal of talk and writing, as such occasions are apt to do. Some of this talk and writing was wise, and a great deal was otherwise. Of course high glorification over the dead lion was to be looked for in many quarters. It came, as was expected, and wonderful stuff the most of it turned out to be.

There were great doings in Geneva, the little city that Calvin blessed with his live presence. Something in the nature of a Romish canonization, or an old heathen apotheosis, was to have been the order of the day there. It came off, undoubtedly, according to programme, and henceforth *divus Calvinus* is duly enthroned.

We declare freely that we yield to none in our admiration of John Calvin. He had several qualities which go to make the hero. Strong will, determined purposes, organizing power, faith in his own clear brain, logical courage in the most unflinching measure,—he had these all, and more qualities, to influence and control his kind. Had he been endowed with a heart, he would have been a hero indeed. But the hero must be loved as well as worshipped, and no man was ever yet suspected of loving John Calvin. But

honoring Calvin, as we do, for grand points of character, it simply disgusts us to see men huzzaing about his memory, and delivering eloquent emptiness over his sepulchre, who have cast his doctrine to the winds, and who laugh at the faith *he* would have died for.

Geneva is a Unitarian city. The father of such Christianity as exists there is Servetus, whom Calvin watched burning one day in the market-place,—Servetus, the denier of the Lord's divinity, the great martyr of Unitarianism. For generations Calvin's doctrines have never had a voice in Calvin's city. In the church where he preached, not only his metaphysics, but the Christian faith itself, has been laughed to scorn for years.

And yet the men who have trampled on his teachings and spit upon his faith, gather together to deliver themselves of eloquent babblement over the great reformer's grave. It is enough to make his bones writhe in the dust. It is the finest specimen of garnishing sepulchres that the world has lately seen. The disciples of Servetus gather to pronounce orations in praise of John Calvin. They must surely have mistaken the grave.

We say it is simply disgusting to us. If there was anything true or worthy or wise in Calvin's life, let him be praised for it; but let him not be praised by men who declare, their whole lives long, that his doctrine was a lie and his faith a cheat. Let not the high-priests in the ceremony of his apotheosis be men whom he would have tied to the stake beside Michael Servetus. Let not the place of that high ceremonial be the city where his words and works are fit objects for sneers and contempt.

If the Unitarians of Geneva and France are strange hierophants at the mysteries of Calvin's canonization, his American mystagogues are equally strange. The "Independent" comes out with two long articles, one to prove he did not burn Servetus *with his own hands*, and the other a general glorification over the wonderful reformer and his

"tercentenary." Now, it is needless to say that the "Independent" scouts Calvinism. There is not one point that goes to make up that *ism* which it does not, we believe, deny. But it must find something to say in the hero's praise. And what shall it be? Why, this:

"The influence of Calvin upon the progress of the Reformation, the establishment of vigorous ecclesiastical organizations, and the independence of the Church in its relations with the secular power, can scarcely be expressed in exaggerated language."

Then follows the usual hurrah about "liberty," and the "Puritans," and "the bleak New England shore," and "freedom to worship God," all culminating in that last and perfect specimen of humanity, the Boston Unitarian of to-day.

Now, whoever knows anything at all of John Calvin's system, knows that he never dreamed of a Church independent of the State. It is just as rational to talk of the independence of Church and State being due to Hildebrand. It is simply the stupid ignorance of ready writing which betrayed the "Independent" into this arrant nonsense.

Church and State were not separated, in Geneva, by Calvin, and they never have been separated. Church and State are not separated in Scotland, where the only real followers of Calvin are now to be found. As long as Calvinism was alive, Church and State were united in New England. When Calvinism was triumphant in the great rebellion, in Old England, it united itself with the State as strongly as the episcopacy, which it had driven out by the State's power. When the Calvinistic Puritans came to this country they carried out Calvin's system to the letter; they made the closest union between the Church and the State, and "clung to it as to their ark of the covenant." Yet, with all these facts patent to the world, the newspapers repeat this exploded folly and nonsense, and ask men to venerate John Calvin for a system which John Calvin

detested. We have no doubt the Genevese Unitarians, in just the same way, claim the reformer as the founder of Unitarianism. We believe the Boston Unitarians, with some justice, do make the claim.

John Calvin's theory of Church and State was simply, in its main feature, Hildebrand's. Both held that the two powers must be united. Both held that the temporal should be under control of the spiritual power. Both held that the civil power should carry out the demands of the ecclesiastical. Calvin labored a lifetime for this, at Geneva, and got it fully established. John Knox toiled for the same purpose in Scotland, and claimed in old, papal, Hildebrandine style, the right to excommunicate kings. The Puritans came to New England to establish the same system, and succeeded. They made the State subordinate to the Church. No man could vote, no man could hold office, save a member of the Church.

It was the State, executing the decrees of the dominant Church, which burned Servetus for heresy (an ecclesiastical offence) at Geneva. It was the State, carrying out the demands of the Church, which hung the Quakers, so long after, in Massachusetts.

There is no secret about Calvin's system, or theory, of Church and State. All historians give it as we have. All men, competent to express an opinion, know it to be so, as a notorious matter of fact. Yet, from mere dint of scribbling whatever crudities may come to hand, about all things in the universe, the newspapers represent John Calvin as the inventor of the separation between Church and State, the founder, too, of universal toleration, and a red-hot democrat and universal suffrage man.

If Calvin is to be canonized, it is clear these are not the men to do it. They do not know what he did, or what he left undone. The Calvin they talk about is a myth. The real man, Jean Cauvin, the Frenchman, was a very large specimen of the *genus homo* in his day, and did a heavy

amount of work, which has lasted, with various results, till now. But he was not a Unitarian, nor was he a democrat, nor a tolerationist, nor a member of Plymouth Church. The editor of the "Independent" would have found short shrift and hot fire had he written his sensation crudities where "the great reformer" could have got him by the collar.

There are, perhaps, a few thousand people yet living who believe his system. It has not, however, been our lot, since we were very young, to meet any of them. It is only a matter of faith, and not of sight, with us. But certainly there are none of them who take the "Independent," or belong to the little State Unitarianism of Geneva. But, though Calvinism is dead, still we can, we say, honor Calvin. And we do; all the more sincerely, perhaps, because we have some small idea of what the man really was, and because we honor him for what he did, and not for what he would have been burned before doing.

THE UNHAPPY CHILDREN.

AMONG other things that a grown man may be thankful for, these days, is the fact that he *is* a grown man. For it is a terrible thing to be a boy. It is terrible in many points of view, and especially terrible in view of the enormous production of so-called "children's books," which are sent forth in countless bales, hourly, to stuff the little intellectual stomachs of the unsuspecting innocents, give them incurable spiritual dyspepsia, and addle their poor brains for their whole lives.

For any student of natural history, who has the leisure and the patience, and who thinks it worth while, there is a wide and new field of investigation open in studying the habits and nature of that hitherto undescribed creature, the manufacturer of books for children, and especially of books for boys. The enormous production of some individuals of the species is one of the marvels of nature. Book after book, story after story, they come in one endless flood, all as much alike as eggs of the same hen's laying. To be sure, there is nothing surprising in that. The surprise is about the rapidity with which the stuff comes.

Then the enormous number of people that are at the thing is another surprise. Whence do they come? How do they grow? By what process, Darwinian or other, is one of these amazing mortals that write endless volumes of utterly amazing little stories, all alike, and all equally nonsensical, by what process is he produced? How came he to take that sort of business in hand as his fit occupation in

life? Does he do anything else? Or cannot he help himself? Is it a disease in his intellect, and must he drivel out books for children or die an untimely death?

The world knows very little indeed of this class of its inhabitants. They are shy of publicity. Most of them take aliases. They are so modest, we suppose, that they prefer to do good by stealth, and find it fame. They go under the names of "Uncle Jake," or "Aunt Sally." The stories are "Cousin Josie's Stories," or "Brother Bill's Series," or the "Jenny Jumper Library," "Oliver Optic," "Ned Naso," "Fanny Flyaway," or "Rosa Rocker,"—so the world knows them, and is further astonished at the names they call themselves.

They give forth, all the year, an unfailing supply. They have a number of magazines and even weekly papers, we believe, devoted to their use, so that any little odd fragments, in the shape of tales and sketches, may be preserved, and the poor children spared no infliction possible. But about Christmas and New Year's Day they are in their glory. Then come the books, or the sketches they have been manufacturing all the year are bound up to pass for books, and the shelves of the bookstores are loaded with books in green, books in red, books in yellow, books illustrated, and books not illustrated. "Captain Reed," "Major Mizzen Rush," "Oliver Optic," and "Sister Suky" are on the shelves, in all their glory, and Paterfamilias, and Materfamilias, and Brother Harry from the city, and Sister Mary, and Cousin John, and uncles and aunts and friends deliver the stuff in armfuls to the children, and the poor children read—with results.

Do the givers know, once in a hundred times, what they are giving? Have they read, or even looked over, the intellectual fodder with which they insist on stuffing the poor children? They do the thing in kindness, we doubt not, just as we have known old bachelor uncles to stuff their unhappy nephews and nieces with chocolate drops and

cocoa-nut candy, and all nameless abominations of that sort, in perfect kindness.

Let any sensible father examine the books which will be given to his children in this way, and he will find himself asking how in the world the poor children, who read these things, are saved from idiocy. He is amazed at the recuperative power of youth, as exhibited in Charley or Harry, that, after a course of this diet, continued indefinitely, they yet retain sense enough to come indoors during a rain.

For the stuff is, as a rule, absolute nonsense, lukewarm dishwater. We have been at the pains to run through a dozen or so of the books that well-meaning friends have put into the hands of our own small people since before last Christmas, and there are no words in English to do justice to their forlorn inanity. And every one of them has a moral, too! The manufacturer tells you, in a preface or a postscript, that he "has written his book to teach some important truth or some very necessary duty." He is not content with writing you that his stupidity is wisdom. He has boys that are monstrosities among boys; girls that no mortal ever saw the like of since the world was made; incidents that by no possibility could occur in any country or time; a run of events compared to which Baron Munchausen's tales are natural probabilities,—and this unreal world, and this life all gone crazy, and these people unheard of in any history and unimaginable by any experience, are to teach some precious moral, if you will only believe the writer! And he has written this stuff on purely moral grounds, and from a deep sense of the duty he owes to the rising generation.

There is scarcely any use of specifying. The entire production may be lumped in a mass. There is no age against which these people have not made their assault. They begin with the very nursery. The very four-year-olds must have their exciting little "books for the nursery," to stimulate to morbid activity their poor little brains. As

soon as they are weaned the process is expected to begin. It is no longer the soothing rhymes of good old Mother Goose that will answer. The baby must have its novel, perhaps its series of novels, packed neatly in a box, so that it can be supplied by the dozen. And all of its novels must have a moral, for we are strong on morals these days.

As it gets older, say eight or ten, there comes its child's paper or magazine, its larger novelette or book of adventures, to drag the poor creature more heavily still, and swell its hydrocephalus head still larger, by morbid stimuli. It is living in an unreal world. Its fancy is unnaturally stimulated. It dreams day-dreams, and loses itself in revery. Its poor little nerves are kept upon the stretch day and night. And still the supply is unexhausted. The stuff is piled in heaps before the poor child, as he or she grows up, more and more highly seasoned each year. The books are "moral" books indeed, or they are intended to teach "scientific truths." But the story must be very highly spiced to make the moral go down, and the scientific bits, small and cheap as they are, are the parts skipped by the inquiring mind. The boy is not to be cheated into science, while the hero is hanging by one finger from a perpendicular precipice three hundred feet high, or is dancing between the horns of a wild buffalo, without his gun, and with his knife broken short off at the hilt. He is too eager to find out how the eagle came sailing over the cliff, and the hero grasped his leg and was let down safely into the valley; or how, just then, a humane tiger sprang upon the flanks of the buffalo and saved the hunter.

Meanwhile the Sunday-school library does its share toward helping on the evil, and gives out its religious novelettes for Sunday reading; so that no day in all the week shall be left for the poor child free from the glamour of fiction and unreality.

Then come the "dime novels,"—bears, Indians, trappers, scouts, etc., for which the highly-spiced adventures of the

respectable "moral" and "scientific" novels have prepared him, and a dime's worth of their astonishing English and their unheard-of adventures with panthers and "grizzlies" will keep a smart boy going for a day.

In due time the child takes up the novel of the period. He or she has been trained to novel-reading from babyhood. Stuffed, stimulated, drugged with novels, moral and immoral, religious and rollicking. Sunday novels and week-day novels, "one wide wishy-washy flood" has flowed through the mind since the poor thing was conscious of a mind, and all power of study and serious work, of concentrated thought and fixed attention, is washed out, or if not, it is no fault of the discipline received.

The whole thing is evil, and evil only. There is no holding parley with it. By every known law of the human body, the human intellect, and the human conscience, this whole flood of babies' and children's novels and novelettes is bad, and bad only. They stimulate to precocity. They surround the child with an atmosphere of unreality. They teach it to distrust the common, every-day world. They confuse its sense of facts and realities. They keep its brain simmering with impossible fancies, they destroy its power for concentrated effort and fixed thought, and leave it at last an intellectual inanity. The number of grown people, men and women, who have received educational advantages, and who are inadequate to the reading of any book that requires more thought than one of the common railroad novels, is daily increasing.

It is no wonder. Unless this flood can be stopped; unless, at least, we can leave the children some chance to grow up without this drugging, it would seem that we may look for a generation, at least, with whom reflection or serious thought will be impossible.

The publishers and writers of children's novels have become emboldened by long immunity, and they perpetrate their atrocities with unblushing audacity. There is no

absurdity, no extravagance, no insane English, no crazy impossibility, they will not dish up for the children. It becomes the fathers and mothers to look to this.

There are a number of healthy old books that never did anybody harm, healthy food for the imagination, which needs education, like every other power, of course,—"Robinson Crusoe," Fouque's wonderful stories, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the rest; quite enough for that side of the spiritual nature till the child is old enough for entrance into the enchanted land of the poets, and the great story-tellers of the world.

BYRON AND TENNYSON—AN ILLUSTRATION.

IT is apt to be the opinion of men, as they grow older, that the world is not improving. They cling to the memories of their own times, and are prone to fancy that the golden age of their youth was also the golden age of the world. In those days parents were more careful and children more obedient, pastors more faithful and congregations more devout, sermons more powerful and hearers more teachable, and a simple truth and faithfulness ruled among men, which is seen nowhere in these degenerate days.

The glamour of memory goes over all the past, concealing all its failures and wrongs, and bringing out into high relief all its good things and its beautiful. And yet, if a man believe in God, it is almost necessary that he believe also in the improvements of time. If a good God is ruling the world for His own high and blessed ends, it must follow that these ends are brought nearer by every rising and setting sun, and that every age is an advance upon its predecessor.

It may not be seen to be so by very many—there are backward eddies in the most headlong stream; but, on the whole, every age is an improvement on the age it succeeds, and our own day is, after all, the best day the world has yet seen.

To a man who wants to do good service in his own time, we think this faith very essential. One must, to work well, have some faith in his work's success. He can work to little purpose who labors under the burden of this despair, that the new days are always the worst days, and that the world's golden age lies behind him. There is more of encouragement in the hopeful and, we believe, the more reasonable and

Christian faith, that we are but in the darkness ourselves, but in a darkness which is only so in comparison with the coming day; that our darkness is the brightness of the dawn to the night that lies behind, and that still before us the Eastern splendors wait behind the hills. Better than the fathers will be, let us trust, in the good government of God, the children; old evil dies, if new evil comes, and the old evil is the worst. That it exists in memory only softens its dark outlines, while the new evil is present and seen in all its hideousness.

It is not right, as it is not wise, to weep and wail over a man's own time as if it was the worst time that God has made. It is not wise to call our own day the day of sorest evil. There are evils in all times, and one age is quite unfit to compare its burdens with those of another. But that through all times "one increasing purpose runs," and that each, as a whole, improves upon the other, prospering by the other's faithful work, and taking warning by its failures, is the only consistent faith for a man who believes that the Lord Jesus is King.

He has a right to make his own all the hope and courage that faith confers. He has the right to do his daily work, hard and fruitless as it may seem too often, under the help of that high trust. He has the right to strengthen with it his own hands and the hands of his fellow-workers. He has no right, and he is half a traitor and a coward to preach despair of his own day, and mourn for the days of the past,—days which had their own sore evils, which true men met, but which he has forgotten, with the faithful toilers who, by conquering those evils, made his own better days possible.

These thoughts received a freshening in our mind, the other day, in connection with two names,—Byron and Tennyson. They are both poets of a high rank, and that is, with another thing, their only likeness. The other thing is that they are poets who have had each a peculiar fascination for the young. No boy ever read Shakespeare with any real

love or appreciation. He speaks to men. No boy could read Dante by choice, as possibly no boy would think of reading Wordsworth. But Byron and Tennyson are the poets of early life, and somehow fail in fascination as men grow old.

These two men are as wide apart as the poles in character, as they are in the influence and nature of their verse. The living poet is a man of the purest and simplest life, his home the castle of his affections, the sacred spot in all the world. And as his life, so is his verse. Of all he has written, there is not one word that dying he needs to blot, not one malignant, envious, unmanly or unclean line. Whatever judgment may be pronounced upon his genius, his poetry is as pure as the dew upon the English hedge, as fresh and clean and healthy as the breeze upon an English down. Singing of common life in its commonest forms, or weaving into modern measure the dim heroic legends of the Round Table, he wears the laurel green as his great predecessor yielded it, "who uttered nothing base." There is not, in all literature, ancient or modern, a mass of verse so absolutely pervaded by the spirit of a perfect purity as the poetry of Alfred Tennyson.

We need not dwell upon the dead poet's life,—its outrage on all laws human and divine, its wild passion, its meanness, its gaudy affectation, its insincerity even in the cant of vice, its hunger for notoriety, its unutterable quackery as well as uncleanness. His verse lies before the world, and all the world knows what it is,—the glorification of passion, the apotheosis of sin; his best poem a labored infamy, a shame to the language in which it is written, the vilest piece of work that was ever done in English literature.

Less than forty years ago no poet, ancient or modern, was so read and so quoted among the young men of the day as Byron. He dominated over the imaginations of all young men who had imagination at all. In institutions of learning the student had his Byron to relieve the monotony

of his studies. Byron was the heaven-born bard and singer who illuminated and illustrated life; who knew just its meaning and its value.

So intense was the fascination, that young men copied the poet's oddities, his dress, his manner, his affected cynicism; made believe to copy his profligacy, as they did actually copy the turn of his shirt collars; and this was the ideal of the youth of years ago. Staid gentlemen, now falling into the sere and yellow leaf, will remember, perhaps, in their own persons, the early fervency of the Byron mania; may not, perhaps, have yet recovered from the fascination which this interesting personage cast over them; will remember still the copy of his works, much bethumbed, over which they were wont to pore as over a new revelation of genius.

They will also remember what good it did them, and what a lofty sort of worship it was, and what a spotless and perfect eidolon they bowed their youthful souls before.

Well, their sons do not read Byron. They may not be aware of the fact, but they do not. The poetically given youths of the present day are not as their fathers were. To them Byron is a good deal of a weary bore. His poems are not found thumbed in college studies nowadays. No gifted youth carries them in his pockets to beguile his leisure. No sentimental young person quotes them. They belong to a past age, and the names of the productions which set the man of sixty wild with delight and excitement are hardly known to his son, and, except as a task, his son will scarcely think of reading them.

The poet of the young men now, who take to poetry at all, in England or America; the poet who is loved with personal affection,—whose poetry lies on the young man's study-table, which he quotes, which he carries, if he carry any, and reads an commits, which lingers in his memory like the chime of silver bells, which rises to his lips when he would express a thought in perfect measure,—is Alfred Tennyson. Mark it at the next college commencement

you attend. The boys will quote verse in their speeches. It is in them to do it. If you miss the lines from "In Memoriam," the subtle music of the verses from "Enid" or "Vivien," we shall confess our astonishment at a new thing.

On the whole, we think we should prefer to know that our son took for the bard of his veneration Alfred Tennyson rather than Lord Byron, and we think most fathers will agree with us in this respect. And if it be not exactly fair to assume that there is as wide a difference in the times as in the poets, still we cannot help thinking that the fact that "In Memoriam" and the "Idyls of the King" are the pet poetry of the young in 1870, is no sign that our year is worse than 1830, when the pet poetry of the same class was "Manfred" and "Don Juan."

OUR PREMIUM LIST.

THERE is complaint of the degradation of literature, and much of the complaint is well founded. With a great deal that is sound and wise, there is vastly more written and printed that is unsound and foolish; and naturally enough, for there never were so many readers as now. And these readers have no cultivation, as a mass, beyond the ability to read. They have no power to judge or compare what they read, or one very limited. Having no capacity for intellectual exertion, in any literary line at least, they read to be amused. Whenever the reading is out of the line of direct material interests; whenever it goes beyond the newspaper and the market reports and some partisan discussion of the politics of the hour, it is a reading for amusement, for rest, for forgetfulness.

Novel-reading has, therefore, risen to such huge proportions. It is the unreal world into which, for fifty cents or less, a man may enter, and forget the real world—small and mean and material, in which he lives—and be amused and rested. Novel-reading is the lotus-eating of the nineteenth century. The fanciful world of the novelist is now that

> "Hollow land, in which
> Men live, and lie reclined."

And such is the demand for admission, that a large number of ladies and gentlemen make their living, and some of them get rich, by telling tales that never end, over and over again, to the grim materialists of England and America, and so cheating them into a realm of fancy where all things have suffered change.

In the old days there were fewer readers, and a large proportion of those who read did so to learn. Reading meant, for a larger number, work and thought and intellectual activity. For the mass, now, it has come to mean release from activity, rest from work, and entire absence of thought. The purpose of the writer now is to relieve his reader from all necessity of trouble or care. He writes to amuse. He writes to induce forgetfulness. Literature, more and more, is becoming a mere means of amusement for an idle hour, and the best amuser is the most successful writer.

This will mend itself in time, we doubt not. We are in a transition time. Masses have learned to read who have not learned to think. "All print is open to them," and they, naturally, in the abundance of their new riches, select the print that gives them the most enjoyment. The time will come when increasing numbers of readers will see that writing and printing were not given merely to report the markets, the stupid speeches in Congress, and the account of the last prize fight, nor to provide for the endless production of love-stories, but that with both, thought is connected, and was meant to be,—something of intellectual and spiritual value and interest to the human race. But we are not writing to complain of the general degradation of literature into a mere amusement for laziness and ignorance, which is one broad feature of its present condition. The mention of degradation carried us away.

Our design is to speak of one form of that degradation which can be removed, and which ought to be removed, and for the denunciation and destruction of which all educated people ought to determine to act together like brethren of one family.

There are among us a class of periodicals—"story papers"—which are the lowest form in which printed matter makes its appearance. We have no notion of the kind of people who write the stuff that is in these papers, or, indeed,

whether it was ever written at all. It seems to be all of the same pattern, and may be made in a mill, for what we know. There is, of course, evident in the thing the ability to write words; but of any other exercise of the intellect there is no evidence. The writers may be real persons. There may possibly be such people alive as those who spin the stories for these papers, but no man, we think could testify to the fact.

In these amazing "story-papers," with their wonderful stories, their impossible bears, panthers, Indians, sailors, and villains; with their poetry, their fine writing, and their general effect, as if written, printed, and published in an idiot asylum, began, we believe, the practice of advertising on a large scale, and so obtaining a circulation. Their conductors have, and well they might, unlimited faith in printer's ink. Considering the stuff they actually get people to read, their faith is natural. They have reduced this advertising to a science. They paste the walls with their flame-colored pictures, in which panthers spring ten thousand feet from mountain cliffs on to the shoulders of innocent maidens, clad in white muslin, collecting lilies in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains; or with striking pictures from real life, where a gentleman—with a two-edged sword in one hand and a brace of horse-pistols in the other, a knife in each boot, and six revolvers in his belt, together with a pocket-pistol in his hat-band—discusses some question of importance with another gentleman advanced in years, sitting in a modern drawing-room, on Fifth avenue, in an upholstered chair, and calls him "villain" in a hiss. That is one form of their advertising, and is a dreadful nuisance to people not blind.

Another form is to get the proprietors of some paper to fill a page with the first chapter of one of their dreadful stories, and close by telling you that "for the rest of this highly romantic and thrilling story, the most wonderful production of the age, you must get the 'Saturday Blotter,'

sold by all newsdealers at ten cents a number,—the greatest paper of the country, everybody writes for it," etc.

These papers invented still another advertising "dodge." To them, we believe, we owe the premium list.

In order to persuade or tempt people to take the trash they furnished, they offered a present. Each subscriber would receive a steel pen, or an elegant lead-pencil, worth twice the price of the subscription, and this wonderful paper, for which the great Corn-shucks writes *only*, "besides." For two subscribers one would get still more, and for a dozen, if one could cheat them into paying for the trash, he would receive "a washing machine, a pocket-pistol, or 'Webster's Unabridged,' as he might order." We imagine this was found to be the most original and successful way to get off this stuff in large quantities. It was immediately adopted, and the plan imitated by all sorts of people, to get rid of all sorts of papers. It has come to this, that scarcely any newspaper is without a premium list. Religious papers and irreligious ones, daily and weekly, political and literary, magazines of all sorts, all periodical issues, indeed, have copied the fashion. "Look at our splendid list of premiums!" are the first flaming words to strike one in almost all our newspapers.

The "premiums" are of every variety. They, at least, will suit all tastes. "Planchette" is a favorite. Croquet games come next, perhaps, though the famous unabridged is very popular. Pencil-cases and churns, gold pens and patent wringers, washing-machines and "magnificent copies of Tennyson," melodeons and reapers, velocipedes and card-baskets, strawberry plants and meerschaums,—we have seen them all among the premiums offered to induce one to take, or get his friends to take, some newspaper or magazine.

And so they go. The secular press offering us strawberry plants, and the religious ones sending us "Planchette," the Protestant ones rewarding our reading, or at least our subscribing, with a patent dish-washer or a big dictionary,

and the Romish ones cutting off forty days from our Purgatory or saying masses for our great grandmother, who unhappily died before newspaper premiums were invented, and is therefore still in a bad way. To speak seriously, the whole thing is one of the meanest degradations of literature.

What should we think of a lawyer who advertised to make a present to any client who would employ him? What of a physician who would promise each patient a premium according to the length of his sickness and the perseverance with which he swallowed his medicine? Will it be long before preachers advertise for "calls," offering the biggest premiums for the loudest? It is the gift enterprise swindle, introduced into what we suppose we must call literature, and partakes of the dishonesty and knavery of the advertising scamps who inform the staring rustic that they will send him a gold watch for a dollar.

A paper is worth its value, like all other wares. Let value be asked and paid. If it can give its subscribers presents for subscribing, it is getting the wherewithal out of them first in some shape. It is asking and receiving for itself more than it is worth.

That is a very plain sum in arithmetic, and the present or premium business is a cheat on the face of it. But the fact is, the practice is evidence that those who carry it on are aware of the cheat. They do not consider their wares worth what they ask; their literature is valueless. They recognize the fact that people must be bribed to read it, or at least to take it. They have no faith at all in it themselves, and no disposition to trust it on its own merits. Consequently the whole system of premiums is an attempt to get off worthless trash by cheating simple souls with small bribes to buy it.

It is a shame and degradation to literature, and deserves, and should receive, the unsparing denunciation of all men who have any regard for letters. The paper that publishes

a premium list should be dropped at once and forever by every intelligent reader. It is trash and weakness, or it would not come with such a lie on its face. It is corrupting to moral and literary honesty, no matter what its pretensions to morality or piety. It is a disgrace to American intelligence, whether it offer to take one's soul out of Purgatory or give him a patent machine to make butter without milk.

There are a number of really respectable papers which have gone into this literary quackery. But none have done it that have not suffered, and rightly. There is introduced an element of knavery, insincerity, and humbug, which colors all that such a paper may do or say thereafter. Its criticisms can have no weight, its opinions no seriousness, its praise or blame no value. There are bribes and premiums for everything, and we have reached the temper in which the mass of Americans read American newspapers with amusement at their solemn denunciations of wrong, and still greater at their solemn praises of virtue, and a curiosity to know just how much was paid for this puff, and what neglect to pay produced the onslaught,—the talk of the newspaper having come, in America, to be as weighty as the utterances of the learned fool or flatterer used to be in kings' courts.

Intelligent people—all who have any regard for good letters, all who recognize the place literature ought to hold among the intellectual and spiritual forces of the country—should denounce, as it deserves, this wretched quackery and imposture of premium lists, and demand that it be left to the nameless papers that invented it, and share with them the contempt of all educated people.

We want periodicals that will stand and prosper without bribes to their readers, in this country, or we would do well to dispense with them altogether. At least, we want such to be our religious periodicals.

GOOD-HUMOR AND ILL.

CAN anybody define good-humor? We all know what it is. We can feel it and enjoy it, but it is hard to pin the thing down with any formal definition. The good-humored man is, at all events, a happy man; a man to be envied, a man on whom troubles sit lightly, and a man who confers as much happiness as he enjoys. He radiates it, as it were, and his good-humor becomes an atmosphere in which other people's good-humor, latent or pined half to death, comes out, revives, and flourishes.

Good-humor can scarcely be called a moral virtue. It depends perhaps as much on disposition and the perfect action of the liver as on anything else. A good-humored man must be, *ipso facto*, a eupeptic man, a man that enjoys his dinner. Now, a quality which depends upon the action of a man's liver can scarcely be a high moral quality. And yet has any man a right to be dyspeptic? Is it not a moral duty not to be? Setting aside the rare cases of inevitable misfortune, is not dyspepsia a man's own fault generally, the result of his gluttony, his laziness, his stupidity, his carelessness, or his ignorance? And are these things moral virtues?

Has a man any right to make himself wretched, to people the world with horrors, to be a nuisance to himself and everybody about him, because he lacks the sense to control his appetite, or the energy to take sufficient exercise to keep his liver healthy?

One of these days we shall come to the conclusion that the snarling, fretful, ill-tempered or complaining and

depressed victim is not merely to be pitied, but deserves to be punished as he is. He may be very devotional in his way. He may make high pretensions to piety and religious feeling, but he is none the less a nuisance, and, on the whole, dyspeptic piety is as unhealthy as any other dyspeptic thing.

Commend us to the good-humored man, who feels, in some degree, satisfied with the world and his life in it, and who thinks men and women are generally good and pleasant creatures, whom it is good to know and meet; who believes they mean well toward him, as he certainly does toward them; who is ready to give and take in the struggle of life in a hearty, cheerful way, and who has an unspoken sort of conviction that it is no part of God's service to fret and whine, and no mark of deep piety to worry everybody into misery.

There's little to jest about in these things, and one may be excused for taking the thing very soberly, and fighting out his small share of the battle in a very grim sort of style. It is all dead earnest—we know that well enough—and the issue is life or death. But the bravest soldier has always a certain cheerfulness, and fights the better because he has. One needs a little of the wine of life to strengthen his heart in the struggle. He is God's soldier too, and the issue is certain, if he keep up good heart and hope, and fight away faithfully. The spring of tears and laughter lie close together, and a healthy nature originates the one as promptly as the other.

Take it altogether, there is a good deal to be thankful for in this life, and there is a fair amount of right good enjoyment, loyal and thankful enjoyment, to be got out of it if one keeps his eyes open and looks after it.

It is the peculiarity of a good-natured man that he does this. He can be as grim as anybody when necessary, but he does not think it necessary to be grim all the time. He does not make bedfellows of his troubles, nor carry his

sorrows and disappointments in bundles under his arm round the streets.

It is his misfortune to be taken, on this account, for a light person sometimes, for an unearnest man, a man who laughs and jests, and is "undignified."

As a matter of fact, the most earnest men that ever have lived, the men whose terrible earnestness has shaken the world, have often been brimful of good-humor, of mirth, and merry-heartedness. Luther is an example, but only one. There are scores. A man works best when he works cheerily. When sailors have a particularly heavy anchor to weigh, or an unusually rebellious sail to haul home on a stormy night, the work always goes best with a song.

We believe in the good-humored people. We believe in their work, in its wisdom and permanence. They, in the long run, will win. The despairing is half defeated already.

"A merry heart is better than much corn and bean land," said a man whom the world misjudged as a jester all his life, but whose jests were all serious wisdom. Let a man thank God for the possession, for the good balance of soul and body that enables him to carry such a heart in his breast.

Half the wrongs, miseries, and meannesses that curse this world are owing to the lack of this same "merry heart," to the jaundiced feeling that looks on the world with despair, and on mankind with distrust, and that offers a harbor in the heart for the evil spirits of envy, complaint, grumbling, and jealousy, and all the vile brood that go to make up that wicked thing,—ill-humor.

When we come to see that good-humor is a Christian duty, that a man who is ill-humored, cross, snarling, jealous, suspicious, complaining, is simply an unchristian nuisance, we shall have begun to find the alphabet of Christian morals and manners; an alphabet that a great many Christians appear yet to need to learn.

THE GROWTH OF A LITURGY.

WE have sometimes heard it objected to a liturgy, by non-liturgical Christians, that the repetition of the same prayers and praises must gradually dull the mind to their meaning and power. There is, undoubtedly, to the undevout, some danger here. It is a danger, however, by no means confined to the users of a liturgy. The Word of God itself, by continual repetition, loses its meaning to the careless and irreverent. The soul is on probation in the use of all means of grace, and there is danger in all of spiritual deadness from familiarity. The danger should be recognized and guarded against in the use of a liturgy. Clergy and laity should both come to its solemn worship with minds and hearts attentive and prepared.

But it is not repetition in itself that deadens the spiritual power of a liturgy, though we do acknolwedge the danger. A knowledge of human nature shows that repetition is the very power of a liturgy, the very secret of its hold on the heart. There is the reason why a liturgy cannot be extemporized, why an extemporized liturgy is the most barren of formalism.

A liturgy is a growth. It is the accumulation of centuries. It is the prayers of the holiest in the past. It is the praises of the saintliest of all ages. It comes down, burdened with most sacred memories, sanctified with holiest and loftiest associations. These prayers have been the utterances of the greatest brains and the holiest hearts for centuries. These praises have been hallowed by the purest lips that ever spake. These petitions have gone up from dun-

geon cells, where Christian heroes prepared to give life for faith. These hymns have rung in triumph round blazing pile and bloody block. Divinest sorrow has breathed these *miserere*s. Divinest joy has winged these *jubilates* up to God. They are, at last, the concentrated worship of the Christian ages. Every pain and every gladness, every mournful defeat, every glorious triumph, in all the cycles of the Church's story, are living yet in these words of power. They have been whispered when an infant died; they have been wailed by the lips of a smitten nation asking mercy of a chastening God. They have echoed in the laborer's cottage, his thanksgiving for humble mercies to the lowly; they have rung through the vaulted roofs of grand cathedrals, a people's shout of glory for deliverance to the great "God of Battles." They are not one man's words, one heart's utterances. They are the world's words. They are humanity's cries to heaven for ages.

Thus has our liturgy grown. Thus does it come to us. Such a liturgy can never be made. Such a liturgy only grows. The oak of centuries stands by the hand of God. It has grown to what it is by His will. Men do not make either oaks or liturgies. They may prepare and plant the ground for both.

The growth of a liturgy into the individual heart and life is by just the same process. Possibly the "Morning and Evening Prayer" speaks to no two souls alike, for the spiritual history of every devout heart is contained in those words that are "common" to all. There is just why that is its excellence, which those who do not know the philosophy of man consider its fault,—its common and general character. It asks what all men want. It gives voice to humanity's common needs, and offers common thanks for common blessings. And each soul finds, under these common formulas, the precise expression of its own special necessity or special thankfulness.

The liturgy, we have said, expresses, possibly, for no

two who will use it in any church next Sunday exactly the same. Each prays his personal prayer or offers his personal thanks under the general form. And any devout soul, looking back to his spiritual experience, will find besides that the general formulas mean more to him to-day than they did last year; that they meant more last year than they did the year before; that, as he has passed through the chance and change of the earth, they have, for him, acquired special significance under this judgment or that mercy.

It is the most beautiful thing about the liturgy, this gradual unfolding of its profound and personal sense in the phases of religious life; this process by which, in a certain sense, I appropriate and make the general liturgy my own.

The prayers are used day by day. They seem to have all the meaning they can have. I use them devoutly. One day a near friend sails away to a distant land. The words, familiar so long, fall from the pastor's lips, "That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water," and I am startled by the new power of those words to me.

Again and again I hear the familiar Litany. I seem thoroughly to possess its meaning. One day I learn that God has written down a dear sister a widow in His book; that she and her babes are desolate. The old familiar petition, "That it may please Thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows," falls on my ear in the familiar tones. Henceforth it is *my own*, with a profounder meaning. From a heart touched by the finger of God, the response, "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord," comes with a depth of feeling, with a sense unknown before.

The priest stands at the altar. The sublime "Prayer for the Church Militant" falls from his lips in the people's name. I have heard it a thousand times, and I have entered into its power and spirit. I have been carried upward, on its strong wings of supplication, often.

An honored father dies. I have stood by his open grave,

and have heard the solemn words that committed that sacred dust to the earth till the morning of the Resurrection. Again I hear the grand supplication at the altar side. Solemnly the well-known words fall upon the ear,—"And we also bless Thy Holy Name for all thy servants who have departed this life in Thy faith and fear." The old words are new. I feel their meaning now. The prayer, at last, under God's chastening hand, is mine. The pulses of another heart shall beat time, till death, to the solemn cadences of that majestic petition which joins Earth and Paradise, the crowned dead and the struggling living both in one.

So grows a liturgy into the soul. There is the secret of its power among us. There is why, to Churchmen, extempore forms seem so dead and barren. The spiritual life of every devout Churchman has crystallized around those solemn sentences. They are not words only. To him they are things.

TRUTH AND TRUTHS.

TRUTH has more sides than one. Several statements may be made about any high truth without exhausting its possibilities.

There are pines upon the mountain. There are oaks upon it lower down. There are snows upon it higher up. There are green slopes upon its sides, and rocky gorges also. We may make any of these assertions about the mountain, and any one of them will be true. Yet no one of them will be all the truth. And, in this respect, any spiritual truth is like the mountain. It has more than one point of approach. It presents more than one face. It has more than one use, fulfils more ends than one, and its essence cannot be exhausted in the statement of one sentence. It is a fair conclusion—indeed, the only fair and sensible conclusion—that a man, in teaching truth, must bear this in mind, and must be content to present, now this side of the truth, now that, according to the needs of the occasion and the capacities of those he teaches. He is a fool who expects to exhaust the possibilities of a great truth in one discourse or one essay. But there is more than this in this many-sidedness of truth. It will seem at times, to the thoughtless or to the untrained intellect, that the statements concerning truth, being various, contradict each other. When we say the mountain has snow upon it, we will seem to contradict our previous assertion that it has pines. There needs to be care and discretion here. It should be distinctly understood that on one occasion we are presenting one part of the truth, and on another occasion another

part; that neither part is *all* the truth; that neither contradicts the other; and that all are necessary to a complete conception of the whole truth.

It is even dangerous to undertake to decide which part of any truth is the most important. That view of it which to ourselves is the most attractive, beautiful, or fruitful, may not be so to another. That part of it most important to us may be of least importance to some one else. And as the needs of men vary, the needs of times vary. In one age, one view of a truth may be the one most necessary,—the view to be dwelt upon, explained, enforced, brought home to reason and to conscience. In another age, another view of it may be the view most fruitful,—the view which especially helps and blesses men. As men should make allowance for each other's needs in the conception and presentation of the same truth, so should the ages make allowance each for the other.

The narrowness of human thought is shown nowhere as it is in this,—the lack of capacity to make allowance for the many sides of truth, the disposition to grasp one statement, and insist that such statement exhausts the subject, or even, which is still worse, to insist that every other statement on the subject must be false,—that when a man speaks about the fir zone round the mountain, he must necessarily deny the snow-caps and glaciers of the summit.

Here we have the origin of sectarianism and heresy. The small bit of truth, grasped as it might be, and ought to be, lovingly, becomes, in the hands of the narrow-thoughted and narrow-hearted, intolerant of all the vast parts not seen or understood, sets itself up to be all, and vigorously denounces as false and misleading everything besides itself.

The peculiarity of a Church catholic is that it holds the whole truth, and tolerates each man's capacities for the reception of any part of truth, even each age's capacity and each people's. It sees that God's truths are infinite; men cannot exhaust them. It requires all men in all ages

to comprehend them. They are approached in all the lights of life and time, and show new features in all. Till time ends, and the great cliffs are bathed in the sunlit splendors of eternity, no created eye can take in all the lights and all the shadows that shift and play about the eternal hills of God. So the Church catholic is content to have men take what they can, to find their needs met and satisfied, day by day, in the shiftings of circumstances. Meanwhile, she insists that truth shall not erect itself against truth; that the part shall not call itself the whole; that no tattered fragment from the great design shall flaunt itself as a battle-banner against the whole mystic web woven in the looms of heaven, and shot with dark and bright, with changeful color of flashing gold and mournful violet, whose whole eternal beauty and unity can be seen only in the land where there is no night.

Thus we explain the vast toleration of opinion allowed in the primitive Church, the vast difference in the statement of truth we find there, and also the stern intolerance when any opinion refused to tolerate others, when any statement set itself up as exhaustive, and claimed to be the whole truth in condemnation of others. The primitive Church could be tolerant of strictness as stern as that of the Donatists, when such strictness dwelt in peace with the larger mercy beside it. It was only when Novatian and Donatist strictness claimed to be absolute truth, and denounced all else, that the Church was bound to condemn it as a schism and a treason against the Kingdom of Mercy.

So she could tolerate the rebaptizing of heretics, also the acceptance and rectification of their baptism by confirmation, as long as neither set itself up to exclude the other. And so, too, to go to higher things, the Alexandrian magnifying of the teaching office of our Lord, which we find in Clement and Origen, was never supposed to contradict or injure the conception of the priestly and kingly offices which we find so dwelt upon in the later Augustine.

The Church was intolerant only of intolerance. Inside the broad field of truth she allowed each to dwell where he would, to gather what fruits of heaven were best for his hungry heart, and to rejoice in the goodness and mercy of his God. It was only when he insisted that his little strip was the whole vast Eden, and that all fruits but his own were poison, that she met his narrowness and arrogance with rebuke. And it must be thus if we would rid ourselves of the evil spirit that is eating out the heart of religious power in the world to-day. We must rise to the comprehension of the vastness of God's revealed truths, and to the toleration, in one fold, of different sights and varying comprehensions. Men must cease to make statements, which are each true, contradict each other.

It is true, for instance, on the New Testament's face, that Christ Jesus was and is a man. It is equally true, on the same pages, that He was and is God. Why make the one statement contradict the other? Why erect a sect, not for the purpose of defending the first proposition, which all admit, but for the purpose of arraying it against the other proposition, and insisting that one shall not believe the last unless he deny the first? Strange, when one thinks that what calls itself "liberal Christianity" should have this meaning only,—that it insists on declaring half the truth about our Lord to be the whole.

That our Lord is the pattern for humanity, the guide and example by whom men came to the Father, is absolute truth. That He is the Teacher, also, who reveals God's will to men, and brings down to earth the laws of heaven, is truth also. That He is the Victim who died for the sins of the whole world is also truth eternal; and that He is the one everlasting Priest who forever atones for sin, and presents the prayers of His redeemed at the throne of God; that He is the Advocate who pleads for them before the Father,—all are alike absolute truths. But one of these truths may be dear to one man, it may have more of light, of meaning, and

of fruitfulness to him than another. The Church is content. Only he is but one man. She insists he shall not deny the other truths. She holds them and teaches them because they are all essential, and to-morrow, in life's changing circumstances, even he may find one of these dearer to him than life. To-day he may look lovingly after the footsteps of his Pattern and Guide. To-morrow he may see only the Cross, and the Victim that hangs thereon. That awful sight may shut out from his eyes and thought the Teacher, the King, the Priest, the pleading Advocate. But the great Church fixes her larger sight on all, and sternly forbids him to narrow to his own vision the vast tracts of truth and knowledge she points out to all her millions.

In our own Church, at this day, the old weakness and narrowness of humanity, in the comprehension of God's truth, are working their old results. Baptism, for instance, is admission into the outward Church. That is a truth unassailable. It is something done by a man, or done by men for him. But does that exhaust the truth? Is that all? It is also something done by God; man is not the only actor. There is an inward as well as an outward, and both are real. This also is a truth unassailable. Now, why should either statement be held to be destructive of the other? Why should either claim to be all the truth? Still more, why should those who hold the first, who are at liberty to hold it, teach it, press it, make it fruitful (and it may be made greatly so), why should they insist that others, believing that, shall not be allowed to believe and teach the other also, and find that fruitful?

Take the other Sacrament. He who said, "This is my body," "This is my blood," said also, "Do this in remembrance of me." The Eucharist is a memorial. That is one certain truth. But it is, we hold, more. That statement does not exhaust the nature of the Eucharist It is also "the communication of the body and blood of the Lord." And yet these two statements about it, both plain on the

face of the New Testament, have been ranged as destructive of each other for three hundred years. Especially have those who hold the first insisted that no man shall hold the last. They make a bare, bald memorial of it, and insist it shall be nothing else. Now, since others are just as free as they to hold it to be a memorial, as there is no debate about that at all; since the truth so dear to them is a truth so dear to others, is there any reason why they should insist that people shall hold no other truths, that their spiritual sight shall be the measure for all humanity and the whole Church of God?

We can easily conceive that men may, in the matter of Sacraments, grasp and hold mainly the outward. So rich are they, that even in the shells, souls may find meat to strengthen and sustain them. The man who comes to the Holy Communion only lovingly to commemorate his Lord's death, only to gather up and fuse into one strong act of devotion his love for and faith in that dear Victim and Deliverer, has surely not received in vain; has surely not gone away without a blessing farther reaching than he knows.

Why shall he insist that his conception shall be all men's, and his single apprehension the supreme truth? Why, above all, shall he insist on making the Church of God see with his eyes and teach out of his soul?

It is a lesson for us to learn at this time, that truth is manifold; that its many sides are seen by no one pair of eyes; that there are luminous points of vision which the strongest sight can but glance at and turn from. But also it is never to be forgotton that the weak shall not make his vision the measure for the strong; that he shall not be allowed to say that all he does not and cannot see is the red light from below, and that his brethren must bandage their eyes to his measure, or perish in their sins.

The Church of God is large enough to hold all men. All possible statements of the truth are hers, and it is hers to see that no one statement insist on destroying the others.

EVIL FOR GOOD.

EVERY falsehood is but the corruption of some truth. The greater the falsehood, indeed, the greater the truth. The bigger the lie, the more truth it needs to keep it living.

It is an argument for positive teaching that we find here. Denial of a falsehood may also be a denial of the truth which is in the falsehood.

But we let that thought pass. The other one is uppermost,—that it is the best things which, changed in their proper nature, become the worst. The holiest truth, distorted, becomes the most deceitful devil's lie. The greatest and the grandest truths, with this metamorphosis of the pit upon them, are the lies that lead souls to ruin. The catholic truth of the perfect humanity of our Lord, which has flashed in glory and flamed in hope through the Church of God since the beginning, becomes caricatured into the Socinian denial of Christ's divinity, which takes away man's Lord, and leaves the world darkened of its deliverer.

It has been so with every falsehood from the first. Some holy and priceless truth has been twisted out of its proper place, turned loose and wild, and armed against its fellow truths, and has faced astonished men as a hideous lie henceforward.

It is not in the matter of doctrinal truth only that men are ruined and the world driven wild by heavenly things, turned evil by truths converted into lies, by angels turned to demons. The experience runs through our earthly life. The fall of the lost angels is typical of a perpetual truth.

Our vices live next door to our virtues. Beside all human good, all finite good, stands evil, the caricature of that good, and wearing its very lineaments, distorted indeed, but in the shadows of this world the distinctions are half the time invisible. The demon in the dusk of life passes for an angel, the shadow of whose face he borrows.

Men perish by the best that is in them. That is the pity of it. The best, fallen, becomes the worst. The highest archangel has fallen the lowest, for he had the farthest to fall. Men are seduced by evil always in the guise of good. No soul chooses the evil for itself. Whatever man follows he follows as good. And the temptation always comes to him on some good side.

The hatred, scorn, and wrath against wrong and wrong-doing, which is one of the divine lineaments stamped on humanity, becomes revenge, malice, and hate. Generosity, large-heartedness, warm social feeling, become prodigality, gluttony, drunkenness, and riotous living. Frugality and economy become meanness and miserliness. The whole desire to go upward, and not downward, to walk the white heights of life among the best, turns into a wretched ambition which sneaks toward its end by the dirtiest paths. There is not a noble gift that adorns humanity that has not its hideous "double," hideously like it, hideously unlike it, and in the blindness that falls on an abused conscience, a man loses the power to distinguish, and follows the "double." So imperceptibly does the change take place, so gradually does the virtue change into the vice, the good thing into the misleading and evil thing, that a man goes far, often, before his eyes are opened, if they are ever opened at all.

It is the most awful mystery of human nature this, that it touches hell and heaven all its days, that they both lie so near it, and that one seems to change so often into the other. To say that men are lost by their virtue is not a paradox, though it sounds so, for the virtue changes into vice, and the man follows it still. In how many a man is

even the love of wife and children and home, one of the most beautiful things in his nature, changed into an exaggerated selfishness, of which he is the slave in utter ignorance, while he gives his selfishness a sacred name?

The Word of God gives a high place to love, speaks high words of it, makes it the ruler of the world, the one thing that lasts forever, the fulfilling of the law, a heavenly guest on earth. It has its hell-born caricature too, wearing its holy name, using its holy phrases, clothing itself in its holy garments, and men break through every tie, and outrage every human relation, and damn their own souls and the souls of others, and work ruin for which their lives can never atone, in the name of that which "worketh no ill to his neighbor," and "is the fulfilling of the law."

So always hell is served with the liturgies of heaven. The devil demands the best men have to give. He will not be content with half the nature, and that the lowest. He must have all, only he must have it inverted.

"Woe to them that put evil for good and good for evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness." It is an easy thing to do, and the woe falls commonly. It is done in all sin and by every sinner. A man purchases ruin at the price of stultifying his conscience. He mistakes Satan at last for the Lord, as he mistakes a drunken debauch for brotherly feeling, and lust for love.

Beneath this solemn responsibility, as beneath all the solemn responsibilities of life, a man walks his life long. The evil will assail him on the best side of his nature, his temptations will come where he is apparently the highest. He will guard the weak points. What he thinks the strong points will be left unguarded, and there is where he will find the danger.

Satan comes never in his own guise. He would frighten the most careless, coming as himself. He puts on the garb of an agel of light, and speaks to a man on the side that seems to look heavenward. He quoted Scripture to our

Lord in the desert. He always tempts in the language of heaven.

What is the conclusion? That bare, bold, professed, and ugly evil will seldom be the evil which will assail a man; that what he considers the outspoken and confessed bad in his nature is not that which he will most need to watch; that he wants a clear spiritual sight, and a conscience like a touchstone to detect the evil under its disguise of good, and that he needs to guard especially against what he considers his virtues, lest, in the accursed alchemy of hell, they have been transmuted, while he slept, into vices.

Many a sinner deludes himself with the notion that he may find heaven on his road to hell. Many a lost soul has found hell on what it dreamed was the road to heaven.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

WITH a certain class of people in this country there seems to be nothing so pleasant as the prospect of trouble with England. They are small people, it is true, and densely ignorant people as a rule, but as politicians and newspaper men they are, for their size, remarkably noisy people. The prospect of any trouble in England delights them. The appearance of any humiliation for England enchants them; and if their words convey their meaning, a war between this country and England, for any cause, or none at all, would confer upon them supreme felicity.

Much of all this is mere bluster, indulged because it is felt to be mere bluster, and because there is not the slightest prospect of its becoming anything else. It is indulged, where the writer or speaker has any sense or intelligence, for the Irish, or some equally discriminating vote.

There is sometimes, on the other side, the same sort of exhibition of ignorance, prejudice, and empty brag against this country. It finds its way into speech and print, where it grieves all sober people, and, as far as it goes, is fit to compare with its echo on this side.

How much this silly clatter on both sides of the water complicates the settlement of any diplomatic difficulty between the countries is easily seen from late experience. The noise is so loud that each country takes it to express the sober conviction of the other. A "buncombe" speech in Congress; a truculent article in the "Broad Axe of Liberty," are taken as expressing the sentiments of the American people. Some equally insane performance on the other side,

in the way of speech or writing, is supposed to express the deliberate conviction of "the governing classes," as we call them, of England about America.

Toward no country except England do American writers and speakers, of a certain calibre, express themselves so recklessly, impudently, and truculently, and toward no people except the American do English writers and speakers of the same grade of sense indulge in habitual depreciation, sneers, and falsehood. And yet between England and ourselves relations are closer than between any two countries on the globe. To no country is our friendship so important as it is to England. To no country is that of England so important as to ours. A thousand ties of interest and sympathy exist between the two nations. In many respects we are almost the same people. A war with England would do us quite as much harm as it would England. To neither country could it do any possible good, turn out as it might.

All this is well understood by all except the most ignorant; and yet it seems, at times, as if the intention on both sides was to stir up the utmost possible ill-will between two countries whose highest interests depend upon being at peace each with the other.

How little the bluster and bray of little politicians and political writers on this side amount to as expressing American sentiment we here understand. They do not understand it in England. How little the same sort of thing amounts to in England is understood there, but not understood here. Each people takes the folly of the other for sober sense, and allows itself to be lashed periodically into excited wrath by what the other counts as absolute folly.

The English mistake arises from the fact that this is a republic; the people are the rulers. Every utterance throughout the country is taken to be the serious utterance of the rulers. The Englishman considers that in this country every declaration that can get itself made public is a

sort of official declaration, because it is presumed to reflect the convictions of the people; and the people in this land are the sovereigns.

We make a like mistake. England is a monarchy. England has an aristocracy, and to the ordinary American mind a monarchy and an aristocracy are powers that rule a country so completely that no sentiment can be entertained, or at least expressed, without their sanction. Whatever opinion about America can get itself made public in England is supposed to be the opinion of "the governing classes" at least; otherwise why do they allow it to be put forth? Thus each country, in the strangest way, misunderstands the other, and from that misunderstanding each contrives to keep the other in a chronic state of irritation.

It might help matters on both sides to remember that both countries are free, and are, in fact, the only free countries existing; that they are, after all, essentially alike in constitution and law. One of the inconveniences of a free country is that it must have free speech and free printing; that it must allow anything not criminal to be spoken and published. This being so, an intolerable deal of folly, stupidity, insanity, and nonsense must be uttered in such a country. It is every man's right to utter his wisdom, but also to utter his folly; and on this last right your free denizen of a free country plants himself firmly, and says his say.

England and the United States see fit each to allow this right. Indeed, in both countries it is considered quite a sacred right. It follows that all sorts of talk about England is tolerated here, as all sorts of talk about the United States is tolerated in England. But the American people would be very sorry to hold itself responsible for all that appears in the "Broad Axe of Liberty," or is bellowed in the speeches of the Hon. Elijah Pogram, in Congress. And England would be equally loth to claim responsibility for the "powerful leaders" of the penny paper, or the speeches of some of its big-headed M. P.'s.

The Emperor of Russia forbade the publication, in his dominions, of caricatures of the great surrenderer of Sedan. But we fear Queen Victoria would hardly dare to suppress the "Times" for a sharp onslaught on our President, or the President to attempt the same operation on the "Herald" for a slashing attack at Mr. Gladstone. If one has a free press, one must pay the price for the blessing. The free press of England must enjoy the happiness of thorning Americans, and the free press of the United States must be left in undisturbed possession of its privilege of abusing England.

Both countries have not only the same blessing of free speech and a free press,—they have also a common language. The compliments of each to the other do not need translating. The intercourse between the two countries, also, is as regular and frequent as though they were parts of the same. Whatever is said in the one is instantly repeated in the other, and is readable by every man who cares to read. If we spoke different tongues, half the bitter things said or written here would never reach England, and English writers and speakers might sneer to their hearts' content at America, and we would sleep undisturbed. But as it is, we are two nations speaking the same tongue, and yet totally distinct; enough alike to feel every point of difference as a wrong, and enough unlike to make us know we are strangers; close enough to know whatever each says about the other, and having that respect for each other which makes hostile criticism from us bitter to England.

We touch each other at so many points that the chances of jar and irritation are immensely multiplied. Were we utterly strange people, we would treat each other as strangers, expecting nothing else, and be satisfied. But it is the fact that English opinion about America is the one opinion for which we naturally care, as American opinion about England is the opinion about which England is most concerned.

There is no remedy for a chronic condition of irritation except in the increasing good sense of both countries. Let Americans learn to value the hasty utterances of a free press or platform in England as they value the same utterances at home, and let Englishmen understand that bluster and brag in America amount to just the same as bluster and brag in England. In neither country are these things to be taken seriously. In neither do they represent the sentiment of the country. They are incident to the freedom which rules in both lands; froth on the surface of the great calm deep beneath.

Two great nations, bound almost as closely as if they were one; bound by all bonds, for their own sake and the world's sake to respect each other, and keep the peace each with the other, will find, in time, that this is the best done by laughing at a great deal which causes ill-feeling now. There has not been in more than half a century, and there is not likely to be for many more half centuries, any serious danger of a rupture in the friendly relation of the two countries. If there were any chance whatever that irritating babble on either side could make such rupture, that babble would be the most wicked thing on earth. As there is no such chance, it is simple nonsense to be laughed at, if one is in the mood; to be taken any way but seriously.

Perhaps it is the conviction, on both sides, of the fact that the relations between the two countries can never be other than friendly and peaceful that makes possible between America and England a kind of talk which would be ventured on in neither country if it were supposed, for a moment, to mean anything serious. Everybody here knows that such is the case on this side the water, and we will not be far wrong in inferring that it is the same on the other.

FIGHTING AND PRAYING.

IT is a curious fact that, from the opening of the late Franco-Prussian war, neither under the imperial government nor the so-called republic, was there any reference whatever publicly made to the Almighty as having anything to do with the issue on the part of France.

The Germans continually referred all their successes to the God of Battles. Kaiser William has been even accused by shallow-pated fools of "cant," because he habitually, in all his dispatches, gave God thanks for every marvellous success,—he, the grimmest and most downright simple-hearted and hard-headed of men, who has little to say ever, and says that little under pressure, has been accused of "cant," because he gave God the glory.

When we were in the depths of our national agony, we set apart days of fasting and prayer in every dark time, and days of thanksgiving when we were cheered by victory. We deprecated the wrath of heaven in our distress; we gave God thanks when He raised us out of the depths. We referred our cause to Him all through, and took the blows in chastisement, and the victories with thankfulness. We could not well do otherwise. The government, in proclaiming such days, was only giving expression to a universal national sentiment. There was no cant about it. It was all felt to be downrightly real. In the throes of what might be national dissolution, the people, on both sides, cried aloud to heaven, and put their cause in the hands of God,—North and South alike. Perhaps that has had more to do with

the quiet acceptance of the fact than shallow-brained talkers have discovered.

In France there has not, as far as we know, been one official word to indicate that the King of the Earth has anything to do with the issue. In her deep humiliation there has been no day of prayer. She has been atheistic all through. She has taken her defeats in impotent wrath or in sullen despair. She has vapored, bragged, scolded, gnashed her teeth in wrath; she has done everything but humble herself under the hand of heaven. As far as any official utterance goes, no man would learn that France believes there is any God that has anything to do with the rise or fall of nations, or the government of this earth.

No doubt there are thousands of religious souls in France who have turned to the Lord in their distress, but the strange fact remains, that a nominal Christian nation has not, as a nation, in the midst of defeats which seem to have been beyond the power of man to inflict, appointed one hour of prayer, or called upon the people to appeal against man to the Lord of Hosts.

It does not appear that the Church even has done so. Paris, beleaguered by enemies, strangling daily in the coils drawn round her throat, has blustered, lied, and suffered, but neither her government nor her archbishop has cried, "Repent ye, and turn to the Lord."

That such should have been the case in England, America, or Prussia, is out of the question. Were London beleaguered as has Paris been, its vast population would have thronged its churches on appointed days, and men who never prayed would have prayed then to the God of all mercy; would have put their cause into the hands of the Almighty, and in His name, and with prayers upon their lips, would have rushed out to meet their enemies.

Never, we think, in the history of the world, has there been such an atheistic exhibition as France has given in these last months. And to day beaten, humiliated, ground

into the dust, she turns no hand or eye to God. Heathen nations, in their distress, supplicated their gods. Led by the blind instincts of natural religion, they recognized the hand that smote them, and from smoking altars cried for pity to the unseen powers whom they dimly felt, but did not know. But in the end of the nineteenth century a Christian nation looks for help everywhere but to the Lord of Sabaoth.

Is Romanism responsible? Is it ignorance of that Word of God which draws the veil and reveals the Ruler who guides all; ignorance of those grand old Scriptures which proclaim the fact that nations are but the instruments of God—the rods in His hand—that "He putteth down one and setteth up another;" is it this which makes Gambetta, Favre, and Hugo bluster insane rhetoric about "liberty, equality, and fraternity," while William, Moltke, and Bismarck fight and pray? Is it this which makes French armies, composed of as brave men as live, melt away before the men that sing Luther's hymns and carry New Testaments in their spiked helmets?

Shall we say that Germany has conquered because she prays, and France has fallen because she is in that state that no government of hers thinks of referring things to heaven? We would not be far wrong, on the lowest grounds, to assert the affirmative. No man fights so terribly as the man that goes to battle from his knees. No troops march, endure, and wrestle, like troops that march to war singing hymns to the Lord of Hosts. That Kaiser William believes that his sword is the sword of God may be a right or wrong belief, but no man will question the effect of the belief on him and his soldiers. Praying never interfered with fighting since the world began; and the most terrible enemies a foe can meet are those who charge rifles and fix bayonets with a prayer to Him who sustains the right and puts down the wrong in His own good time.

Nearly three hundred years ago there was a terrible Sunday in Calais Roads. The harbor was like the mouth of

hell, that lovely July day. The Spanish fleet, "invincible," was there, and around it were gathered the English ships that had followed its broad wake, like bulldogs, up the Channel. Howard, Drake, Raleigh,—the gentlemen of England, in their own ships, or the Queen's, were shouting through the battling smoke and the glare of burning hulks the English words of command. It was tens against hundreds. It was coasting ships against the towering ships of Spain. It was David and Goliath once more. And across the waters, in peaceful England, the bells rang to prayer, and from every parish church and cathedral aisle, over all the land, rose a nation's cry to the God of Battles, that He would save His kneeling suppliants from Alva's soldiers and the Inquisition; would deliver England from blood and fire and the trampling feet of wrathful enemies. If we take the atheistic ground that God neither heard nor cared, shall we dare to deny that the knowledge that all England—wives, children, brothers, sisters, Queen, nobles, priests, peasants—was on its knees that day did not fire, with even more than their ancestral daring, the men who drove the shattered, burning hulks of the armada out into the stormy Northern seas?

Let a people have the Bible in its hands, let it hear and read those grand old Hebrew Scriptures which claim this earth and all its kingdoms for God, let it believe in Him, "the King of kings and Lord of lords," by whom "kings reign and princes execute justice," and however it may forget Him in the day of its prosperity, that people will turn to Him in the day of its trial, and from battered walls and new-made graves will appeal its cause to the eternal justice, and will rise from its knees to victory.

The atheist may scoff at the supposition that God interferes, but he will not scoff when meeting such a people in battle. They have never been subjects of much amusement to their foes, these people who fast and pray before battle, and thank God after victory. When the Germans lay along

the Saar, holding prayer meetings and singing German hymns in their nightly camps, and Berlin closed her theatres and wept and prayed in her churches, and Frenchmen sang and made themselves merry on the other side, and Paris thronged the opera and the *Jardin Mobile*, it was not hard to forecast the end.

Is Romanism responsible? The French fact, we answer, is only equalled by the Roman fact, that in the hour of his fall, so good a man in his way as Pius should not have asked his followers over the world to keep one day of supplication and prayer and fasting in his behalf. He, too, scolds and blusters and prophecies—the Dumas rhetoric turned into Italian or bad Latin; does everything but recognize the hand of God in his humiliation, and bow down humbly beneath the chastisement.

It is not the bare fact that France and Rome do not appoint days of humiliation and prayer. That fact is but evidence of the other fact,—that a sense of responsibility to God, as a government and a people, a sense of His presence and sovereignty, has passed out of the national life. When that sense is gone, no matter what the apparent power and permanence of the government and the people, they are doomed; they have forgotten God, and the whole life is hollow, and the secret of strength has departed.

The world has told the story with all her voices for three thousand years. Any time, for twenty years past, it would have required no prophet to have foretold the fate of Paris.

NEED OF THE JUDGMENT.

THE world goes to vast trouble and expense to get justice done. In all civilized countries the machinery of justice is an important, perhaps the most important, part of the government. There are legislative bodies to make laws, courts to try causes under the laws, officers to execute their decisions, and a large and learned body of men employed as the business of their lives to conduct causes before these courts.

In the rudest form of social life the business of getting judgment and justice done is a matter that men have never neglected. But in highly-civilized and vast communities it rises to overshadowing proportions, and consumes a large share of the study, the labor, and the time of men.

And these are rendered willingly, for deep in the heart of man lies the desire to see wrong punished and right rewarded. He considers time and pain and wealth not wasted in the work of getting the right thing established between man and man. Notwithstanding all its wrongdoings, there is the abiding love of justice in humanity which prompts men to be at any pains to get it. The most lawless communities strive for it in wild ways, the most lawless man respects it.

An evidence this, as so many other things are, of the existence yet, in man, of the broken image of his Maker. In a perfect world we would expect perfect justice. We will try to make this world as perfect as possible by getting as much justice as possible. In a world where every wrong is punished, and every right rewarded, we would look on the

morrow for the millennium. It would be our conception of a perfect social order, for we have the strong conviction that out of such an order evil would vanish suddenly, and the whole business of punishment end.

So we labor with our contrivances of one sort or other, in imperfect, blind ways, it is true, but patiently and faithfully, to bring a little of Heaven's justice down to earth, and make righteousness in our feeble way prosperous and triumphant.

We do not succeed. It needs no superhuman eyesight to see that. We have faith, some of us, that wrong is unsafe, accursed, and sure to be punished; that right alone will triumph and will stand; that, in the long run, it does not pay to work for the devil, and that it does pay richly to work for God. We repeat the faith to ourselves and others to strengthen it, we mark the instances that confirm it, we teach it to our children, we put it into our tales to make them consistent, and yet, after all, we know it remains a faith. It never becomes a knowledge.

There are a thousand instances against it. The vast mass of the wrongs of this world are never, as far as this world is concerned, righted at all. Thousands of them the world could not right if it devoted all its wisdom and power to that sole business. Wrongs are prosperous and unchecked in a whole nation for years. Millions of men are guilty in the mass of gigantic wrongs which triumph while generations are born and die, the wrongers and the wronged together. Among men, as individuals, the same thing occurs. The evil-doer lives and dies, and there has been no sign of punishment for his evil-doing. He lived and died in prosperity, and lies under marble. The righteous man, the true, honest soul, that suffered his wrongs, that bore the torture and the bitterness, lived and died wretchedly, and lies forgotten.

No man come to years accepts the prosperous man as necessarily a good man, nor the suffering man as necessarily a bad man. We cease to expect that men, in the corrupted

currents of this world, shall get their deservings. We mark the rare cases where punishment comes swift and seen on evil-doing, not as establishing a rule, but as confirming a faith that needs strengthening. We confess that the world does not do justice. Its rewards and its penalties are alike unfair. It crowns the scoundrel and slays the prophet as of old.

We protest against this. We refuse to accept it as the thing that ought to be. Our instincts rise in revolt against it, and we patiently struggle on, year in and year out, trying new methods, or a more careful administration of old; doing anything rather than the last and worst and most faithless thing,—sitting down content. For all this, the triumph of evil-doing, the success of fraud and force, the prosperity of lies, we hold to be against God's will. To hold them otherwise is to dethrone the Almighty. What would a man wish to do with himself if he could believe for an instant that successful villany is a thing which God can let stand? In working to make villany unsuccessful, more, to punish it, trample on it, and crush it out,—so only do we hold ourselves to be working according to God's will.

The everlasting and unalterable justice of God is the sheet-anchor of faith and hope in the injustices and wrongs of time. The enlightened conscience refuses to accept the temporary shows of things as agreeable to that justice. They are manifestly unjust, often. And yet the high God rules over all. What is the end? There must be a rehearing. The Scriptures declare it, and reason seconds Scripture, and demands it; and man's dim sense of justice grows with the righteousness of Heaven, and declares that even its sense of right would be outraged if things are to stand as they are.

God's justice is a perfect justice. It is as impossible that it should pass over the wrong of a man as the wrong of a world. It would as effectually deny that justice to suppose that God can let a beggar lie under injustice or suffer unrighted injury, as to suppose that it can be deaf to the

wrongs of a universe. But as a matter of fact, as far as this world goes, wrongs do go unrighted, and evil-doing unpunished, before our eyes all the while. The grave closes on things earthly, and justice was not rendered to the evil man, or to the victim of his wrong. If this were all, if there is to be no calling up of unsettled questions again, we must submit to believe the universe governed by an unjust God. And because we cannot do that, we are driven by our reason to accept what the Lord reveals,—a future rehearing.

The general judgment is, among other things, God's justification of Himself before His creatures. It is a necessity in His nature, and it is a necessity to men and angels. It cannot help being. It is not an arbitrary arrangement on His part, which He makes capriciously. It is the result of a Divine necessity. He cannot leave a single wrong unanswered for. He cannot have a solitary injustice unrighted. Therefore, "we must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ." Therefore, oppressor and victim, slanderer and slandered, cheat and cheated, seducer and seduced, tempter and tempted, wronger and wronged, between whom in this world there was no decision risked, or else a decision that was lame or false, must face each other some time, and have the case heard and decided, and even-handed justice meted in the case. No soul can be spared. Can even the child-souls, that died before a fallen nature showed its fall in act, can even they be spared, when we know that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and the mother by her sin hands down to the daughter her own evil taint? Ah, we are so bound and tied with interwoven cords, each to each, that we are victims and wrong-doers in turn, and in any hour when the long roll of wrongs the world has seen are to be righted, we shall find ourselves in turn accuser and accused.

The Day of Judgment, whatever of unfathomed meaning those awful words contain, is a necessity to the moral nature of man. We cannot understand life, or the world without.

There is nothing more senseless than both if there be nothing coming after them. They are too far wrong, too hopelessly and totally inconclusive and unfair, to allow us to believe that eternal justice can let them pass unquestioned. The assurance that they shall not, that some day, in the great days of eternity, the whole long story shall be gone over again, in the open court of the universe, and all false judgments be reversed, and all wrongs righted, is the only thing that makes time and the world tolerable.

And in that assurance—the passionate, blind assurance of their own hearts, even unconfirmed by any word from Heaven—men have knelt in all ages and in all lands, appealing to the great God against the bitter wrongs of men, appealing from all earthly tribunals wherever men give judgment to that awful Supreme Court of final hearing, whose vision in flame and whiteness has blazed through all the darkness of all the sorrow-burdened years, the terror of the evil-doer, the hope of the suffering and the wronged.

SOME PREHISTORIC VILLAGES.

WE have all heard about "prehistoric man." He lived, they tell us, long before Adam. The history of man in the Old Testament has, therefore, nothing to do with him. He began life as a savage, Mr. Huxley says, as a tailless monkey, having struggled up to that point from the original "protoplasm." He then gradually emerged from his monkey condition, finding out the use of stone, then bronze, and gradually iron, and so comes down to historic times. There is a picture of a "prehistoric" family done to the life (? taken from life) in a highly scientific work published by the Harpers. In this picture a couple of "prehistoric" gentlemen, in primitive "prehistoric" costume, are pitching into a "prehistoric" bear with a pair of stone hammers. A "prehistoric" elephant, and a number of other animals, look sedately on the fight. In a cave in the background are a number of "prehistoric" ladies and infants. Altogether, it is a wonderful picture of the period.

The "scientific" folk have divided these prehistoric times into several ages. The principal ones are the Stone, the Bronze, and the Iron Ages. Before the Stone there was, by analogy, a Wooden Age, when they used clubs; and after the Iron, come the historic people.

The theory, or, as they will call it, the "science," is that these were very long ages indeed; that for centuries—many centuries—men used stone hatchets and flint knives, and then, for many other centuries, they used bronze weapons, having first invented them of course, and then, for other long centuries, they used iron.

To be sure, iron is a simple metal, easily found, easily reduced, and easily wrought; while bronze is a compound metal, demanding, for its production, some knowledge of metallic combinations, and finding its two constituents far apart; and moreover, bronze is found in countries where neither of the metals that compose it are found, and therefore we might infer that it was imported, and that, therefore, in the "Bronze Age," there was not only skill in compounding metals into an artificial material, but also trade and intercommunication, which argues commerce, and even shipping. On any other supposition it would be hard to account for the bronze weapons found in Ireland, for instance. But your true scientific man is troubled by no small difficulties of this sort. Having got astride his theory, he is bound to ride it over all obstacles. He is so far gone that he even calls the copper knives found in America, and cut from the virgin copper of Lake Superior, "bronze," and assigns them to the Bronze Age.

The extravagance of the theories of geologists and biologists (if we may call them so) rises from the fact that they take no note of any other sources of knowledge save their own specialties. They absolutely ignore the best ascertained facts of history, and insist on constructing a history of the past from the rocks and the fossils, and the deductions they draw, with more or less accuracy, from those data.

This is the way in which they have built up their ages of stone, bronze, and iron. They refuse any help from human history, and insist that the bronze or iron instrument, and the stratum in which they are found, must tell their own story without any help. It reminds us of the ancient mathematician who would always tell the clock by algebra, or the famous physician who cured all diseases by mathematics.

As an instance of the extraordinary absurdities into which this persistent ignoring of the commonest facts of history lead men, working on their own narrow lines, the lake dwellings of Switzerland are a beautiful illustration. In the

marshes of Switzerland are found the remains of villages where the houses were built on piles. These piles are found charred, the villages mostly burned, and there are found in the peat, broken pottery, burned grain, bones of animals, and also bronze articles.

Because bronze has been found, these "lacustrine" villages figure among our prehistoric savans as very venerable villages indeed,—some thousands of years before Adam, anyway. The bronze proves that they belong to the Bronze Age, and it is a foregone conclusion that the Bronze Age was an age away beyond all human knowledge, except as these gentlemen can guess about it. To be sure, bronze was used in Homer's time, and bronze was used in Ireland down to the seventh century of our own era, and the Stone Age continued in England till the Norman Conquest, those foolish people, the historians, telling us that the Saxons were armed with stone hammers at the battle of Hastings; and in Prussia, as they also tell us, stone hammers were battle-weapons to the thirteenth century; but all that does not trouble your true savant, who will tell you the clock by algebra, and will cure the toothache by mathematics.

We pass these all by. The curious thing about it is, that these Swiss lake-dwellings, about which the geologists, the strata and fossil people, have been so busy, and on which they have founded such wonderful theories, are no more prehistoric than Washington city, and that these archæological gentlemen have had to do a vast amount of forgetting to get themselves so stultified.

Most of them, as boys, read Cæsar's "Commentaries," we take it, and if they did, they once knew all about the Swiss lake villages, and how they came to be burned, and how the burnt corn, and all the rest of the rubbish, came to be among the ruins. They may have been too busy over the grammar and dictionary drill to pay much heed to the sense of Cæsar's beautifully told story, but even the dullest boy could scarcely pass Orgetorix and his doings without observation.

Now, it is the fact, as the "North British Review" reminds us, in its review of Sir John Lubbock's "Prehistoric Times," that in the first book of that well-thumbed school volume, "The Commentaries of C. Julius Cæsar on the Gallic War," there is a complete explanation of the facts that have puzzled their wise brains in connection with the lacustrine villages of Switzerland, their burnt piles and burnt corn, their pottery and their bronze. In the second, third, fourth, and fifth chapters of the first book we are told what we translate in substance as follows:

"Orgetorix was the richest and most noble among the Helvetians. He persuaded the Helvetians that they should leave their territory with all their forces. He did this the more easily because they were hemmed in on all sides by the nature of the territory—on one side by the Rhine, on another by Mount Jura, on a third by Lake Leman and the River Rhone, which divided them from the Roman Province—so pressed in, they could make but short expeditions, and it was a grief to them.

"Induced by these considerations, and led by the influence of Orgetorix, they determined to prepare for a migration. Orgetorix was chosen to make a treaty of peace with the neighboring tribes (that they might not be attacked in the midst of their preparations). On this embassy he persuaded Casticus, a prince of the tribe of the Sequani, and Dumnorix, a chief of Ædui, to enter into a conspiracy with him, that, using the three powerful tribes he and they represented, they might become masters of all Gaul.

"The plot was discovered by the Helvetians. Orgetorix was summoned to stand his trial for a treasonable conspiracy, and, as the report went, he killed himself. At all events he died.

"But the Helvetians did not change their purpose of leaving their country and finding new settlements, and when they had prepared everything, they burned all their towns to the number of twelve, their villages to the number of

forty, all their private edifices and all their corn, except what they could carry with them, that, all hope of returning being taken away, they might be more ready to face dangers. They also persuaded the neighboring tribes, the Rauraci, the Tulingi, and the Latobrogi, to accompany them, and they, too, burnt their towns, villages, and unnecessary supplies."

The reader, after considering the above bit of history out of a familiar old school-book, will agree with the "North British Review:"

"We do not remember to have seen these important facts mentioned in connection with the Swiss lake dwellings, and yet they afford a complete explanation of the absence of many valuable articles in metal, of the burnt corn, half-burnt piles, broken crockery, and, in fact, all the circumstances for the explanation of which the most ingenious theories have been invented."

In other words, the antiquarian wisdom about the Swiss villages is another edition of the story of that mysterious inscription laid before that learned body, the famous "Pickwick Club," and which turned out, after a vast expenditure of archæological lore, to be only,—"Bill Stumps, His Mark."

PAIN—ITS MEANING.

THE Christian view of life is that it is a discipline. God is training men for another life and a higher service. He arranges circumstances and controls events, so as to give the best opportunity for such training. But with God's sovereignty man's free agency must concur. The opportunity is given. God does not force its acceptance. While, therefore, God's design may be a blessing, man may turn the blessing to a curse.

On the doctrine only of its being a moral discipline can we account for the differences in men's earthly fortunes. The old Pharisaic and pagan notion that pain and suffering are evidences of sin, and punishment of it in the individual was long ago condemned by our Lord, as was also its correlative notion, that prosperity argues goodness and righteousness in him that enjoys it. They are both condemned by our ordinary human experience. We see the good man go his weary road with bleeding feet and aching heart. The hot sun smites him, and he stumbles on a weary road, with no light but the light seen by faith. We see the bad man—often the utterly vile, godless, hypocritical, selfish, bold, bad man—enjoying all the outward bliss of life, of family and friends, of honor and wealth and social station; living in prosperity and peace. The villain lives, and is honored; and dies, and is honored in his grave; and the honest, faithful soul he ruined, with earthly ruin at least, walks to the grave dishonored, and lies down dishonored, thanking God for a merciful escape from a world that to him was only evil. We cannot understand it at all, unless for the vision of a

day when all the wrongs of time will be righted; unless on the faith that this world is a probation, and this life only a discipline and a training for another.

Pain, in this world at least, then, is not evil, nor always the punishment for evil done. Sin, indeed, brought pain into the world, but not always does the pain come to him who does the sin. By the blessed alchemy of Heaven, God has transmuted the result of sin into a blessing. Pain, in this world, instead of being evil, is often good; for while some are best disciplined by prosperity—while the sunshine and the summer rains will best bring to growth whatever of good seed is in their hearts—there are others, and they are the majority, who must endure the ploughings of sorrow, the harrowings of agony, and into whose hearts must fall the blinding storms of tears and bitterness. "All thy waves and storms have gone over me," cried David, out of the depths, and turned to God while he cried. There are times when a man can sit in the dust and thank God that he is smitten; times when he feels that every blow is a blow of love; when he can offer thanks for pain, and praise God for suffering, because these are the evidences that God is not forgetting him.

In a good deal of the popular religionism of the time we see a dangerous shallowness on the subject. It has no place for pain. It represents religion rather as an insurance against pain present or to come. It knows nothing of self-discipline, and talks shallowly, as if happiness were the aim and end of all things, and Christianity were sent to insure it, now and always.

Nay, the making of men is the aim and end of all things here, the training to strength and perfection of human souls and spirits and bodies for the grand life and work to come. Small matter whether they be happy, as we call it, or unhappy, for the few years they are here. Great matter that they are disciplined into a robust power for what is coming in the other worlds of God. And therefore God

ploughs deep, and harrows strong. Therefore He sends the lashing storms, and the winds that twist and bend the tree. Therefore He takes pain, which sin brought and brings, and in the crucible of love transmutes it into a blessing, and sends it as the best gift to a soul that will grow to perfect stature.

A man accepts it at God's holy hands. He drinks the dregs of life,—the bitterest draught is often the best tonic. He grows strong by bearing. He becomes patient, calm, masterful of the world and life, fearless of events, trustful in the darkness, courageous in the gloom, and very tender and very pitiful to others. There never was a strong soul yet nursed on delicacies and swathed in silk. The great leaders of the world, the star-crowned kings and deliverers of men, the strong heroic souls who loom through the haze of time in outlines half-divine were men, all, who walked hand in hand with pain, who drank the wormwood and the rue of life in daily draughts. All real crowns have been crowns of thorns.

Christianity came as the consecration of pain. The Lord offered it in measure infinite on the altar of Calvary. Strange that we should any of us forget that. Strange we should miss its meaning, when all our hopes hang on a pain that was infinite, and a sorrow that God alone can measure. If a man will take it as God sends it, he will find, as millions have done, that it is a pure blessing. There is nothing so much to be feared in this world as unalloyed happiness. Long-continued prosperity is a trial few souls can endure. But when earthly ties are breaking, when earthly trusts are rotten reeds, when faith is gone in things here, and a house a man had builded on the earth for his home is reeling into ruin round him, then is the time he lies closest to God's feet, when, through the darkness and the terror, he can clasp the strong Hand that alone sustains the world, and stand amid the wrecks of life, unshaken, by virtue of that awful clasp and grasp of the one Hand that changes not.

Such hours come, and let no soul cry or moan or weakly despair. They are the birth-hours of life. They are times when the soul grows to manhood in a night; times when it rises in God's power, and defies hell and time, and chance and change, in the vision of its own immortality and the might of its undying trust. And they are so, even when the pain is one that comes from no common loss of life, from no mere bereavement of death, or visitation of what we call misfortune. They are so, even in higher measure, when the pain is, as it often may be, the Christlike pain that is endured for others, that comes to the innocent by others' guilt, and falls on the guiltless by others' sins.

Yet this, the sorest form in which pain comes to men, Christianity finds a place for, and transmutes into a blessing. It was the very pain of our dear Lord, this. A man stands by Him when such pain comes; he goes down with Him to Gethsemane, and wrestles alone in the garden with Christ. He follows Him to Pilate's hall, and endures beside Him the mockery and the buffeting and the scourging. He carries His cross, following humbly up the stony ascent to Calvary. Never is suffering so Christlike, and pain so divine, as when it is borne by a man for the unfaithfulness, the ingratitute, the sins of others. Never can he approach Christ so confidently, and be so sure he shares His Spirit, as in the patient, manful bearing of such pain.

But one must know whence it comes, and who sends it. One must take the discipline rightly, and bow his head, not in sorrow only, but in manful patience; for come what will, the high God rules, and here, in the apprenticehood of time, is training souls, by stern but loving discipline, for the work of masters somewhere in His white worlds far away; and the strong masters, in those other fields of heaven's high joy and duty, are those who here bent patiently to the burden, and faced manfully the bitterness, and walked with the Great Master in His pains.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

THE "Piegan Massacre" shocked the nation from end to end. The thing is a horror, at whose report the world's ears tingle. A United States force is sent out, and, according to its general's report, "strikes a good hard blow" on an Indian village; the "hard blow" consisting in murdering one hundred and seventy-three persons, of whom thirty-three were men, and the rest women and children,—fifty children under twelve, and some in their mothers' arms!

People are asking if this is the sort of business for which United States officers and soldiers are kept, and the thing which a Christian, or at least a civilized nation, considers warfare in the nineteenth century? And yet this horror, which has disgraced the nation and the army before the civilized world, is only the culmination of the imbecility and idiocy which has so far guided us in dealing with the Indians. It has come to this at last, that we have learned from the savages, and have concluded to carry on war as they do.

We call it imbecility. Horrible as the thing is, its cruelty strikes one less than its idiocy. Positively we do not know any better. We have had two centuries of experience, and we have not learned to deal any better with the native tribes of this continent than to excel them in savagery.

In the ancient days of Europe, when our Teutonic forefathers came down red-handed on the Roman Empire and took possession of its territories and cities, in their ignorance and barbarism they adopted the principle that law goes by race, and not by territory. They made law a personal affair.

The Roman provincial in Gaul or Spain was to be governed by Roman law, to be tried and punished by that. The conquering Frank or Visigoth or Ostrogoth was to be governed, tried, and punished by Frankish or Gothic law. There were a half dozen laws sometimes in one territory. This was the first barbarous arrangement.

Under such an arrangement it is pretty clear now there could be no settled government, no fixed and stable order. It must have been social chaos, a reign of disorder, robbery, and blood. The very first necessity in building up a civilization was to make one law supreme, as wide as the land, and embracing all men in the land equally. Till Europe settled into such a law there was no progress possible. And, therefore, the first dawning of order and civilization shows us the effort to abolish the idea that law goes with the man, and establish the principle that it goes with the land.

Nevertheless, the United States, since the nation existed, has persistently revived and acted on this old absurdity of European barbarism. We have acted on the theory that law is not for the land, but for the person. We have had white-man's law for ourselves, and red-man's law for the Indian. We have allowed every little squad of Indians the rights of a nationality. We have recognized, in our own territory, the absurdity of a half dozen different codes. We have deliberately gone back twelve hundred years, to the twilight of civilization, for our method of governing one half of our national domain.

What do we mean? We mean that Wyoming, Utah, Montana, and the rest, are either American territory or they are not. If they are, the law of the land is supreme there over every man, black, red, white, or parti-colored,—call himself settler or Indian, miner or digger, it matters not. We should have long since ceased to recognize any such thing as Indian tribes or nations; we should have ignored Indian laws; we should have insisted on ending Indian "palavers," "peace-pipes," and all such nonsense, for

good and all; we should have dealt with Indians as individuals, exactly as we deal with other people; we should have recognized one law for all, and insisted that all men should obey that law, giving Indians just the same rights—no less and no more—that we give to all other human creatures in the country.

So England has treated her Indians in Canada; so Russia has treated hers in Alaska, as she treated her savages in Europe and Asia. Instead of that, we have recognized every half-starved swarm of Indians as a nation, with national rights of peace and war. We have made solemn palavers with them, wonderful treaties with them, have sent ambassadors to them, and have given them a premium to remain savages still As long as they remained Indians, any fifty or a hundred of them were a nation to be treated with, half-starved and naked though they might be. If only they would settle down, and take to farming and decency, and good food and washing, their importance would vanish on the instant.

Our system has kept them savages and enemies as effectually as if it had been framed for the purpose. The Piegan massacre is but a natural outcome of the system. We do not know any better than to cut the throats of babies at the breast Our wiseacres at Washington, after ninety years of apprenticeship, have not found out any better use for General Sheridan and his troops than to employ them at that. And the cost! How much does it take to get an Indian mother in Montana murdered? What is the cost of slaughtering a two-weeks old infant? Ten thousand dollars for the mother, and five thousand for the child, at the lowest figure.

The thing is so sickening, that one is tempted to put it aside as a horrible dream. The thing is so weak and stupid, that one wonders whether there is any sense left among what we call by a figure of speech statesmen. The whole business of Indian bureaus and Indian agencies, the imbecile and

corrupt system, should have been abolished long since. Indian rights and Indian treaties, and all such undignified tomfoolery, should have been buried. The law of the land should have been over the Indian, to coerce him and to protect him, as it is over everybody else. It should have been made to his advantage, and not to his disadvantage, to civilize himself. Transgressing the law, robbing or stealing, he should have been dealt with as an individual, and a sufficient force employed to enforce the law.

This is the common-sense way, and the civilized way, and the way that has succeeded in other countries, and is succeding at the present time. British soldiers have never been employed in Canada as General Sheridan has employed our brave fellows in Montana, because a trifle of common-sense and common honesty has guided Canada in dealing with Indians as she deals with other people in her boundaries.

If the act which makes the country blush for its good name before the world only rouses the people to look at this matter, and induces them to demand that the question of the lives of several hundred thousand human beings, and the safety of our settlers on the frontier, receive as much attention at Washington as is given to the placing or displacing of some paltry office-holder, the poor Piegan mothers and their babies will not have been murdered in vain.

FAILURES, AND WHAT THEY PROVE.

WE have seen it mentioned that a certain clergyman has preached a sermon to show that "Protestantism is a failure"

We do not know the value or ability of the sermon. It is a very easy subject on which to get up a sermon, book, pamphlet, or essay, and we have no doubt the sermon was, in its way, quite able,—for Protestantism can easily be proved a failure. There is no doubt about that, and if a man wants to be eloquent and fluent and startling, he can show it to be a terrible and disgraceful failure. We must admit all this. But just here we must also add that the same man, if he wants to be eloquent and fluent and original, can, by the very same course of reasoning, prove that Christianity is a failure.

Once, when we were very young indeed, this failure business had a great deal of importance in our eyes. We thought it really a very nice thing done to have Romanism proved a failure, or infidelity proved a failure, or monarchy proved a failure, or anything else we disliked proved a failure.

We grew older, and it slowly dawned upon us that not only the things we abhorred, but also the things we loved, could be proved failures, equally. It came to us, as it comes, we think, to most men who keep open eyes to life and its experiences, that, on the whole, this world is a world of failures; that the good thing does not always prosper nor the wise thing always succeed; that, on the whole, a show of hands proves nothing; nor does any amount of triumphant shouts, from any extent of throat and

lungs, declare the truth; that, somehow, the right is often trampled beneath the victorious hoofs of brutal wrong,—seems utterly to fail and perish on some lost field.

Nevertheless, men will always, perhaps, bring up the argument supposed to be in failure. They will still cite failure as an evidence of untruth, of wrong, or, at least, of mistake. What is the value of the argument? Suppose that we admit Protestantism, for instance, a failure, do we thereby admit Protestantism to be wrong? Certainly not, unless we assume that, in this world, the truth will always succeed, which is an assumption that no man of experience in this world will admit for a moment. Protestantism may be utterly right, and yet utterly a failure nevertheless. Its right or wrong must be determined by entirely other arguments. We cannot settle its truth or falsehood by a show of hands. Now, it is no concern of ours here to prove Protestantism either true or false We do not know exactly what the preacher mentioned meant by Protestantism. It is a very vague term. It includes, in one sense, Mormons, Spiritualists, infidels of all sorts. What we are concerned to say is, that the proof that it has failed, take it as we may, is very easily collected, and yet that its failure is a matter of no importance in any argument against it.

It is easy, for instance, to prove that monarchy is a failure, as a system of government. It is based on the theory of divine right,—that the king is the father of the people; that the wise and strong should rule, for their good, the weak and foolish. It has never come up to its theory. As a matter of fact, the king has not usually been as wise or as strong as thousands of his subjects. Men in hundreds, in his dominions, have had more royal and ruling souls than the crowned king. The real shepherds of the people have not carried the sceptre. The real kings of men have not worn the diadem. Monarchy has failed, tested by its own tests.

But republicanism has failed equally. There is not much, one might say, to choose. The theory that all men

are equal—the only theory on which republicanism can stand—has never been carried out, possibly never will be. The wise and the unwise have equal voices too. The corrupt and the pure vote with equal authority. The honest citizen deposits a ballot which the bribed traitor, who sells his vote, neutralizes the next moment. There is crime in the republic, civil war, poverty, suffering, injustice, governmental corruption, fraud, and oppression. Tested by its own tests, measured by its own chosen measures, republicanism also is a failure.

So Protestantism may be proved a failure. It has not come up to its own measure. It has promised great things, and has not fulfilled them. It was strong once, in its own youth, where now it is weak. It came with open Bible, claiming to have God's infallible truth, and it began at once endless contests about the meaning of that infallible truth. It shivered itself into sects. It lost to all profession of the Christian name thousands of its children. It has become weak and divided. Its manifestations of Christian life and duty are low and mean.

It is easy to keep up such charges against Protestantism. Tested by its own tests, it is easy to condemn it. Measured by its own claims, it fails disgracefully. Its promises have so far failed of fulfilment. Its hopes have died out in disappointment. Its triumphant youth has been followed by a weak and fruitless age. It is very easy for a fluent preacher to condemn it from the barrier of his pulpit as a failure.

But is it not just as easy for another fluent preacher, from the barrier of another pulpit, to prove Romanism a failure? For has not Romanism begotten Protestantism? Is it not, therefore, at last, responsible for all the failures of the thing itself created? All Protestants are the children of those who once were subjects of the Papacy. Their fathers were driven out because the Papacy had become, on the testimony of its own popes and princes, too utterly corrupt and shameless for decent men to endure. It was a gross

and disgraceful failure, and men turned protestants against it because it was so confessed. Protestantism and all its failures are, therefore, historically, parts of the still greater failure of Romanism. But even passing this plain fact, which, in the argument, is always as strangely forgotten, Romanism once had Europe in its hands. What did it do for it? It created Protestantism. Perhaps the only good it did do. It was such a failure in England, that England turned it out. It was such a failure in Germany, that a great part of Germany did the same. It was driven out of Sweden and Denmark and Norway, not certainly as a successful thing.

In the countries that have retained it, it has surely not been any remarkable blessing. Its results in Spain are hardly in the nature of a triumphant success, and even Italy presents no evidence that Romanism in its best estate and in its purest shape is so much better than Protestantism, as seen in Prussia, England, or the United States.

It is easy to measure Romanism with its own measure, and prove it a disgraceful failure. It has claimed and exercised the most scrutinizing tyranny over the souls of men. It has demanded the secret thoughts as well as the words and deeds for the control and direction of its priesthood. It has professed to be the Holy Church, the Miraculous Church, the Church of Infallibility, and the seat of its supreme power and holiness, Rome, is the most immoral and criminal city of its size in Christendom. So, by our argument, Romanism is a failure. But we may go on. It is just as easy, by the same style of argumentation, to prove Christianity a failure. Christianity is responsible for Romanism, as Romanism is for Protestantism, and all the failures of both are failures of Christianity. The infidel has his barrier to speak fluent argument from, and he turns on our Romish failure and Protestant failure alike, and undertakes to show that Christianity itself is the greatest failure of all. For look at all Asia Minor. It was once Christian. Bishops,

priests, people, and churches filled the whole land. There were the first seats of the Gospel, the very Churches the Apostles planted. All are swept away. Christianity has not fulfilled the promise of its youth. It has failed utterly over all that ancient land. It is even a question whether there are any more Christians to-day than there were fourteen hundred years ago. Apparent gains, westward, have scarcely more than compensated for losses eastward. And then see how the promise of Christianity has been unfulfilled. It has lost all aggressive power. It has converted no new nation for six centuries. It stands helpless before an overwhelming paganism.

Worse still. Those who profess it, measured by its laws, are a disgrace to it. So-called Christians break every law of Christianity. It has no power over the lives of millions in nominally Christian lands. There are foul crimes innumerable in Christian countries as in heathen. There are poverty, misery, oppression, wretchedness, in Christian cities, to touch the hardest heart. There are nests of unrelieved and utter misery under the shadow of church spires, and palaces dedicated to vice and sin in cities where honest poverty or misfortune can find no shelter.

So we prove Christianity a failure. The eloquent opposer could go on indefinitely, on this course, and prove, quite to his own satisfaction, that there is no greater failure than Christianity itself. And what shall we say it all amounts to? That Christianity is false? That Protestantism is false? That republicanism is not as good as monarchy? That, in short, there is no thing on earth true, and no thing good, because there is no thing which has not failed and does not fail, and will not more or less fail, while this world stands? We certainly shall not say it amounts to this at all. When some fluent gentleman proves that republicanism is a failure, we shall not thereupon conclude, as inexperienced and exceedingly young men are apt to do, that monarchy is therefore divine, for we know that monarchy is

a failure also. Nor when he proves that Protestantism is a failure shall we accept, as he would seem to think we should, Romanism as the truth of God, inasmuch as we know that Romanism is a still grosser failure. Nor when he proves, as he easily may, that Christianity is what he calls a failure, shall we, thereupon, feel compelled to turn pagan or infidel without further hesitation, because we know that paganism and infidelity are gigantic failures these several thousand years. But we shall say that it all amounts to this, and no more. There is nothing which quite comes up to even its own standard. And the loftier the standard, the more striking and marked the failure to reach it,—the greater the difference between promise and performance.

All systems fail to reach their promise, as all men fail to reach their ideal. The very best and holiest faith will not find a fitting covering in practice. The elements of human weakness, instability, and sin, come in, in all things, and injure all.

Since this is so—since human sin and weakness make all men and all systems fail—it is easy enough to prove Protestantism, or anything else, a failure. Every form of government, or every form of faith, tried even by its own standards, fails to put into practice its own principles, and condemns itself, more or less, by its own measures.

It does not, therefore, follow that there is no true form of faith, and no wise form of government. Neither does it follow that one form is just as good as another.

It does follow (and this is the only logical conclusion) that talk about failure or success is shallow talk, and proves nothing; that everything can be shown to fail, but also that everything can be shown to succeed; and that, therefore, we are remanded back to the examination of the truth of any system, not by its success or failure, but by its agreement with the Word of God, which, fail what may or succeed what may, go up or down what may, "shall stand forever."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE,—THE ASSUMPTION.

THE "woman question," as it is called, is one about which we have very little to say. Whether a few million more be added to the number of voters who now vote with all the wisdom and considerateness with which a flock of sheep jump one after another, following their leader, into a ditch, has not seemed to us a question of any very great consequence. The advocates of woman suffrage have promised great things as the result of their measure, in the way of higher principle and purer morals The higher principle and the purer morals we should be all glad to see. But the hope of their following on women's voting rests on an assumption which is by no means proved.

The "Woman's Journal" puts it forth in the following question:

Does any one suppose that if the women of New York, who constitute one half its people, had their equal voice in the government of the city, that every tenth house would continue to be a den of drunkenness, or worse debauchery?"

The assumption here is that women are better, higher in principle, truer to right and good and purity than men. It is always taken for granted by the "women's rights" people that this is the case It is an axiom on which they found a great deal of their talk. Is it *true?*

There have been times in the history of various peoples when they have sunk into the lowest depths of vileness, of self-indulgence and sensuality. Such times have been the forerunners, in all cases, of a people's ruin, either by visitation of foreign enemies or by domestic disruption. The

Canaanites sank into such depths, and Joshua came down upon them from the desert. Rome descended into the mire after the fall of Carthage, and the Barbarians were at hand to swarm in on Rome. In our day France followed, in a degree, Roman example, and the Revolution and the Reign of Terror were not delayed. And when the life of a nation has so become rotten, is the rottenness only in the men? Have the men been beasts or demons, and have the women of the nation been angels? The fact is the other way, in all such cases In any widespread corruption of a nation's life the women have been the most corrupt, and naturally enough, as the weaker sex and the one least led by reason. Bad as Roman men were in the days of Rome's decline, they were certainly, as any student of history knows, no worse than Roman women. Unprincipled as were the French higher classes before the flood came and swept them away, the women were quite as unprincipled as the men.

The best, when it does deteriorate, becomes the worst, and in a general national corruption it is always found that women can sink to depths of infamy which are impossible to men. Led by the affections (we do not mean the passions), and by the emotions, and by the example of those with whom they live, and lacking in that reason which, in spite of the example of evil times, can build up for itself right and duty on the foundation of eternal fact, women have gone faster and farther down than men, in such crises, and have left names which might be the names of demons to blacken the page of history. It was not the men alone of ancient Rome that thronged the amphitheatre at the gladiatorial shows. The applause that broke out when the corpses were dragged out over the bloody sand would have been little regarded had it not come also from Roman virgins and Roman matrons.

Apart from romantic twaddle, there is nothing in the sex itself which makes it the anchor of national morality. There is nothing which affords the hope that when the men

of a land go wrong, the women of the land will be far behind them. There is certainly nothing in our own social life to lead us to suppose that the suffrage extended to all women would introduce any new element of justice, righteousness, or purity.

There are good men and bad men. We do not care to speculate on the ratio between them. There are good women and bad women, and we suspect the ratio, on the whole, is about the same as between the others. We have no reason to suppose that the result would be essentially changed if all the women, as well as the men, voted. If our national tone is lowered, and our national morals are deteriorating, the blame is found with the women as well as with the men. In the carnival of crime, which is rampant over the land, the women are quite as active revellers as the men. Indeed, there are some crimes, and they are those which eat out a people's manliness the deepest, which men cannot perform. These are monopolized by the women. Moralists and physicians are calling earnest attention to them, warning and pleading against them on grounds of morality and grounds of physical health; and whether they exist in the degree in which we are told they do or not, they are crimes peculiar to womanhood, even to matronhood. The young gentleman of the period may not be a very noble specimen of humanity, but it must be confessed he will not find his ideal of human nature much elevated by a careful study of the girl of the period. In the breaking up of homes and the corruption of the sacredness of the family by unlimited divorce, and the crimes which it fosters and suggests, the blame lies, as a rule, with the women. Where one husband applies for a divorce, statistics will show that two or three wives do. Indeed, the divorce business, as any one will find who examines the records, is patronized by the wives of the country; and the one cause for which alone, as a rule, husbands apply for the relief of a divorce, is a most infamous crime

in the wife, which breaks the marriage tie, divorce or no divorce.

The tone of American life is rapidly going down; perhaps in no land, at no period, did corruption work faster. The war was a warning and a punishment, but only the beginning, a hint at the entrance of the downward road. It is natural enough for a certain class of impractical dreamers to imagine that the downward sweep may be arrested by some political management,—by an improved ballot-box, or a new method of registration, or an extension of the suffrage. A great many of us have still the old, stupid European notion, that a government makes a country; that the remedy for all evils is a bill in Congress. But even these dreamy reformers ought to have their eyes open enough to see that there is no ground for their hopes in this particular direction. If uprightness, high principle, courage, honor, truth, integrity, and earnest purpose are wanting in American life, there is small hope, ungallant as it may be to say it, that they will be supplied by American women. On the whole, the thoughtlessness and frivolity of the nation are not found rampant under the breasts of its coats. The earnestness of the nation is not found generally preserved only by panniers and the Grecian bend. We are far gone, indeed, if our only hope for the preservation of a high national tone is found in these last "institutions."

When the standard of life is high among the men of a land, it is high also among the women. When it is lowered among the men, the inevitable fact has been that it is lower still among the women. Let romantic reformers say what they will, when the strong go down, the weak go lower, and we must take the sexes as God made them, to supplement each other, and not as female lecturers would have had them made, if they had been called into council.

THE GOSPEL VISIBLE.

THE Church of God has several offices, several classes of duties. It is one of the most fruitful causes of misunderstanding and mistake, that men are apt to select one of these offices or one of these classes of duties, and magnify it to the lessening, or perhaps to the denial, of the others.

The Church has a prophetic office. She is sent to preach the Word, to teach the truth, to illuminate and guide mankind. But this is but one of her offices. She has others quite as important, as absolutely necessary, indeed, for men.

These other offices, in our time and country, have been too much ignored. The prophetic office has been magnified to the dwarfing of the others. The duty of preaching the Word has been dwelt upon to the extent almost of forgetting other duties which are quite as important, and just as greatly needed. This has given the Church an appearance of one-sidedness. She appears, mainly, as a talking organization, a corporation whose end is words. The words, indeed, are divine. The truths are God's. They are of the most awful import. But is the Church only to deal with them as words? Are they not awfully important because they are not to be words only, but are to be translated into acts?

If we look to the Apostolic age, we find the Church in the amplest exercise of the prophetic office. She magnified that office. She made it, of necessity, of first importance. She proclaimed the Gospel with all her voices. She went everywhere preaching "that men should repent." But she did

more than this. She was also in the fullest exercise of her other duties. She never forgot these, or shrank from these. She did these in the eyes of all the world, and preached the Gospel in deed as well as word, in life and visible fact as well as in reasoning and exhortation.

If we look back to that early Church, we find that she was not only an organization for the preaching of the Gospel, for guarding and spreading and teaching the doctrine of the Lord, but she was also an organization for carrying out into visible result the principles she proclaimed and the law of love she preached. She was a doing as well as a talking body. She addressed men's eyes as well as their ears. She proclaimed a concrete, embodied truth. She, herself, was a divine epistle, a holy evangel, "known and read of all men."

We have too much forgotten this phase of her character. And yet it stands forth clear and bright on the pages of the New Testament, and in the records of primitive days. She was the divine organization for taking care of men. She was the bride, the Lord's spouse, doing on the earth her Lord's work. She was the pitiful, merciful, tender benefactress of humanity. She was the almoner of Christ. Her fair hands were ever stretched out in love and pity. Her kind arms were open to all the wretched and the needy. For her dear Lord's sake she was come to seek out and comfort and help those for whom He died.

There had been nothing like her on the earth before. What she undertook was a work which was everywhere left undone. She proclaimed the brotherhood and equality of men. She declared the awful value of the meanest beggar, the untold eternal worth of the most disgusting lazar. The souls and the bodies of men she declared to be sacred for evermore. She knew no earthly names, no national or race distinctions, no social differences in her work. As her Lord had died for all, so she was come to care for all. Greek and Jew, Barbarian and Scythian, bond and free, she was sent

to them all, because man is more than his circumstances, humanity greater than its accidents.

In the very beginning we find this indelible mark upon the Apostolic Church. She is working as well as talking, preaching with her hands as well as with her mouth. She stands organized to help men in soul and body. The "widows" were not to be "neglected in the daily ministration." Every man is cared for "according as he had need." The poor, the destitute, are, at the very beginning, embraced in the systematic charity of the Church.

If there be want among "the poor saints at Jerusalem," provision is made for that want even from Macedonia. Paul and Barnabas not only preach, they are the collectors and disbursers of an organized charity for the needy brethren. The inspired account of a bishop's duty, written to Timothy, the first bishop of Ephesus, finds, among directions for governing the Church and ordaining clergy, and ordering the public services, a large place for directions about the charities of the Church and the care of its destitute widows.

When we come to the historic times, when we have full accounts of the working of the Church, we see into how large a system the first spontaneous charity has developed itself. In the third century, under persecution, and beaten upon by all the storms of imperial wrath, the Church is nevertheless the great benevolent organization of the world. We know she preached and taught. Nevertheless, we hear comparatively little of this. The preaching which had the great effect, which so rapidly overcame heathenism, which won her triumph from fire and rack and block, was the visible preaching of her charity, her divine love and pity toward mankind. She had her organizations to nurse the sick. Pestilence had no terrors for them. They carried their lives in their hands. She had her societies to bury the outcast and uncared-for dead. She taught the world the reverent care we all have now as a common possession for the body of the very beggar, because Christ took human flesh.

She visited her confessors in their prison-houses, and consoling hands ministered to their needs. She followed her martyrs to the stake, or stood with them on the bloody sand of the amphitheatre, and they left to her beneficent care their orphans and widows as sacred legacies. She gathered the children "exposed" by the legalized savagery of Roman law, and made them her own and her Lord's.

So she stood amid the vileness of heathenism,—talking? Aye, talking, but doing also,—preaching in every movement, proclaiming the Gospel as an embodied living truth, visibly, with both her hands. Clear, white, and beautiful, the bride's pitying eyes met everywhere the outcast, and everywhere in her arms the wretched were comforted.

It is astonishing how the feeling that a Church has anything more to do than talk, to say pious words, has dropped out of the thought of men. If they want any good work done, they organize a human society. The Church is to preach. Other institutions are to practise. Meanwhile, every day the absurdity is becoming more evident, and preaching is becoming more empty and fruitless.

There is a way to preach Christ in this land as He never has been preached yet. The land needs Him so preached. Thousands are unbelievers because they have never had Him preached in this way to them. His Church was sent on earth to preach Him in that way, to represent His person and His character, and make men love Him because she visibly revealed Him. By works of mercy, by charity for the needy, by care for the sick, by pity for the outcasts, by instruction for the ignorant, by ready love and ready help to all who want help or comfort in soul or body,—so must the Church preach her Lord once more. The world has become deaf to words. Talk has about driven it to indifference. But it has eyes. It can see a visible Gospel. It can be overcome by a visible Christianity. It has had an invisible Church long enough. That Church has almost made it lose faith in any reality. It asks now for a visible Church, for a

Church that not only talks about Christ, but preaches and reveals Him. The orphan asylum is worth ten thousand sermons. The hospital is worth a hundred "pulpit orators" of the most sweet voices. The ragged-school, the Magdalene home, the alms-house,—*they* preach the Gospel as the pulpit cannot; *they* make Christianity visible and preaching real.

Till we rise to a higher appreciation of a Church's duty, until we see that she was sent to work as well as talk, until we make her what she was at first,—Christ's divine society to take care of those He died for, we can look for no triumphs like those of old.

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS.

HOW far Christianity, in its development, was affected by the heathenism which it superseded will be always a subject of debate. That it was so affected, after the conversion of the empire, and especially after its establishment in the place of paganism, in some degree, admits of no doubt.

When it became the religion of the empire and the emperor, conversions to it were rapid and very numerous, and these conversions, from political, social, or other worldly motives, were not of a kind to add to its spiritual power. Christianity became "the law of the land," and paganism was the object of hostile legislation. The result was that the Church was filled with merely nominal Christians. They were not such as had braved the axe and the fire in the "persecutions." It is easy to understand what an effect this must have had on the moral life of the Church, and how far it goes in accounting for the rapid deterioration of Christian character in the sixth and seventh centuries. But this might have taken place with no deterioration in Christian opinion or acknowledged practice. It might have done so, but it is hardly possible it could, and, as a matter of fact, it did not.

These nominal Christians, whose conversion was from one form of the state religion to another, brought their old views with them, their superstitions, their ignorance, their degraded thoughts of God, and they came in such numbers that they more or less modified opinion in the Church.

Moreover, the desire to convert the heathen, and to unify as fast as possible the religion of the empire, by making the transition from heathenism to Christianity, existed and

worked in a degree dangerous to the purity of religion. Gregory the Great, in his instructions to Augustine for the conduct of his mission among the Angles and Saxons, allowed the retention of ancient pagan feasts and ceremonies when they had been given a Christian meaning.

It is commonly known that the superstitions which remain in the lower stratum of European populations, even to this day, are pagan in their origin,—the horse-shoe over the door against witchcraft, the powers attributed to the mistletoe, the notions about the "right foot foremost," which imposed even on the sound sense of Dr. Johnson, and a hundred other popular superstitions of the sort, root themselves at last into the old paganism of our forefathers.

It is startling, as an evidence of the slow departure of paganism, even after the empire had been long nominally Christian, to read that Constantine, until his death, was the Pontifex Maximus of Jupiter Capitolinus, and that six of his successors held the same office; that Constantine, in his visit to Rome, exercised the office, by confirming their rights to the virgin priestesses of Vesta, and by making several nobles priests; that the haruspices were to be consulted by law in public calamities, according to the Theodosian code, and that even Pope Innocent was willing to allow the heathen rites to be celebrated for deliverance from the northern barbarians, if only the rites were performed with decorous secrecy. It is not to be wondered at, considering the state of society and the times, that a number of customs and even beliefs received by the mediæval Church, and still received in the unreformed Church, are relics of paganism.

The official title of the Bishop of Rome—"Pontifex Maximus"—is a simple pagan title. There is no such name in the Gospel. There is no such office indicated. It arose from no development of Christian doctrine. It was the title of the priest of Jupiter, an office borne by Julius Cæsar, by Augustus, by every emperor, *ex officio*, for four hundred years. To the early Christain it could only have

meant a pagan priest, and suggested only idolatry. It was adopted with the cast-off properties of defunct heathenism by the Bishop of Rome, when discarded by the right feeling of Christian emperors.

The practice of kissing the toe of the Pontifex Maximus was conveyed with the name from heathenism also. That was a peculiar honor paid to the emperor when he received visitors in the capacity of Pontifex, and the Pope, when he set up for the office, took also the custom.

Burning candles in the day-time at altars and shrines as a religious observance is one of the most universal customs of heathenism now, as it was of Roman and Greek heathenism of old. It is a direct transfer of a piece of heathenish ritual to the Christian Church.

Monkery is another transfer. The oldest monks were Buddhists, as the oldest hermits about whom we know anything were Brahmins. The institution was transferred, with all that grew out of it and around it, from the preëxisting heathenism.

The shaving of the head, which is the mark of the Romish priesthood, even in America and England (although they manage to conceal the tonsure, which is a small one, from observation), is another transfer from the priests of heathenism,—the worship of the dog-headed Anubis, which worship had been long naturalized at Rome. Lampridius tells us that Commodus got his head shaved in order to assist in carrying that deity in procession.

A vessel of holy water (not the primitive fountain in the court-yard of the church for actual washing of the feet and hands before entering) for sprinkling on the worshippers, and for the worshippers to apply before entering, which we see in Romish chapels and churches now, is the direct successor of the same vessel which stood in the doorway of heathen temples in Rome. The water was made, too, as it is now, by putting salt into it. Herodotus tells us that Crœsus sent two holy water-pots, one of silver and one of

gold, to stand at the door of the temple of Delphi. It was a minor excommunication to forbid a man from sprinkling himself with this holy water. The very *aspergillum*, or sprinkling-brush, used by the Romish priest now, is an exact copy of that used by the pagan priest for the same service.

In Roman Catholic countries it is a common sight to see the priests in their official robes carrying in procession images of the Madonna, or the saints—gorgeously dressed dolls—from one shrine to another, for the reverence of the people. In pagan times, in the same cities, the prototype of the same ceremony was an ordinary sight,—the heathen priests carrying images of their gods, gorgeously arrayed, in solemn procession, for the adoration of the people.

In the cities of Italy, at the present time, a familiar sight to visitors, and a striking one, is the funeral procession of hooded monks and masked brotherhoods, with torches in their hands, following the bier.

Could an ancient pagan inhabitant of the same cities be brought to life, the sight would be no strange one to him. The flaming torches in procession after the bier would be his own method of funeral march. So Virgil describes the funeral of Pallas in the eleventh book of "Æneid,"—"The way flames with the long rank of torches."

Another striking sight to a stranger at many foreign Roman shrines is the votive offerings hung up in honor of the saint. Figures of arms and legs, paintings of diseases of which the offerers have been healed, even crutches and garments; and, as at some holy wells in Ireland, even bits of rags are suspended by superstitious votaries in acknowledgment of some cure which the presiding saint is supposed to have wrought. The Church of St. Anthony, in Padua (the saint who cures erysipelas), is a museum of such offerings. The exact counterparts of these offerings have been dug up in abundance in the Insula Tiberina, the site of the ancient Temple of Esculapius, the god of medicine. This form of devotion is a simple relic of paganism, transferred exactly

as it stood. The pagan simply ceased hanging up his votive offering in a pagan temple, but continued the practice by hanging it up in a Christian church. He ceased honoring Esculapius in that way, and honored instead St. Anthony or some other fancied healer.

And this suggests still another evident transfer from paganism, which goes deeper than outward observance, and has corrupted the very source of worship, and dethroned Christ among the thousands of so-called Christians.

We need hardly tell our readers that the thousands of deities worshipped in Rome and Greece were only small gods in the minds of their worshippers. They were local or particular deities,—a sort of invisible powers, intermediate between man and the supreme God. Under each of them was some special department of administration: to one, one country, to another, another; to one, seed-time, to another, harvest; to one the garden, to another, the orchard; to one, the stream, to another, the wood; to one, one part of human life, to another, another part. We need hardly remind them either that many of these little deities were deified men, demigods, heroes, deified dead people, male and female.

Olympus was peopled with an army of this sort of canonized or deified mortals. Toward the last it became the universal practice to thus deify the emperors, and to make every dead Cæsar a god. This practice came down to the very times of Constantine, and was a part of the Roman religion when Christianity was winning its first conquests. It was even thought one of the most reasonable forms of piety to canonize, in this way, benefactors and heroes and rulers, and the worship of the dead emperors had almost become the national worship of Rome, to the exclusion of Jupiter and his family.

The saint-worship, the canonization of the Church of Rome, are striking continuations of the national pagan custom. Each saint has his department. Each is worshipped

for his special blessing. One looks, as of old, to seed-time and another to harvest. One patronizes merchants and another shoemakers. One cures fever and another tooth-ache. One takes care of horses and another, in Romish countries, takes care of asses. And the worship of these intermediate deities has, as all travellers testify, almost extinguished, in some places, the worship of God. And in this connection there is another striking transfer. The old paganism surnamed its deities by the places where they were supposed to have shown special blessings or to possess special power. There was a Diana of Ephesus and an Apollo of Delphi, a Jupiter of the Capitol and a Jupiter Ammon. In this, too, the very pagan phrase has been preserved, and has been transferred to our own country even. We have the Madonna of Loretto and the Madonna of Burlington, Vermont. We have special St. Johns for special places, and special shrines for special St. Anthonys. Heaven has been peopled with an unnumbered army of these lesser deities, in exact imitation of the ancient paganism, and they are honored with statues, incense offerings, and prayers, as the demigods and heroes of old. The names are changed, and that is about all; as they called it apotheosis in the old time, and canonization now.

We have indicated here a few only of the instances in which the transfer of pagan rites and opinions is marked. More will occur to any one in thinking on the subject. And it will be clear, we should think, from whence came the corruption, which, after the sixth century and through the middle ages, so banefully affected Christianity.

While our holy religion was struggling with the world, while it stood the confessed foe of the world, as the world was of it, it remained as it came from the hands of the Lord and His Apostles. When it was placed in the shoes of paganism, and became the religion of a pagan empire, when paganism was disestablished and disendowed (our English friends will understand that), and Christianity was

established and endowed in its stead, it succeeded to an evil and corrupting inheritance, and its sudden deterioration is plainly accounted for.

The Reformation was an attempt, more or less consistent, in its various centres of movement, to restore Christianity to its primitive estate. It was not merely false outgrowths of true Christian doctrine which it attempted to remove. It was actually seeking to destroy a paganism which had crept in in ignorant times, and claimed to be Christianity.

No one appreciates the Reformation who does not understand the real sources of the corruptions against which it protested. A lame or distorted Christianity is one thing; a paganism masquerading under Christian names and titles is another thing. And the very name by which the head of mediæval Christianity claimed the allegiance of men, the very name under which he claims it now—Pontifex Maximus—in every official utterance, in every bombastic invitation to return to his obedience, is a purely pagan name, a name unknown to the Word of God, foreign, utterly, to Christianity, and inherited, with much besides, from his predecessors, down to the fourth century, the Pontifices Maximi of the Capitoline Jove.

The additions of Romanism to the Catholic Christian faith against which we protest are all typified by the heathen title of its head,—they are all like it, when one examines them, bits of paganism dressed up in Christian clothes.

THE WATCHWORD OF CIVILIZATION.

WE met the other day, in a paper not counted infidel, the quotation, "Take no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself," followed by some such flippant remark as that "it is well farmers, merchants, sailors, and practical people generally, do not follow this advice, otherwise we should be as badly off as the savages."

The flippant and blasphemous sneer was quoted afterward into one of our religious exchanges, and some small criticism was made upon the misapprehension of the meaning of the phrase "take no thought." It was said to mean "take no anxious thought," we believe, or something of that sort.

We do not think the Lord's words need any such weak defence. The sneer arises as much from ignorance of the world as from ignorance of His saying. That speech goes down into the deeps of life and human nature, and reveals the ground on which civilization stands. To the shallow ear it conveys what was in the shallow mind that penned the sneer above. To the thoughtful mind it is the word of Him who knows all that is in man. For it is just because the savage takes thought for the morrow that he remains a savage, and just because the civilized man takes no thought for the morrow that he has become and remains civilized.

The savage believes only in to-day. The future to him has no fixity. The world is not governed by a God of Law, but by evil and capricious powers. His life is one of uncertainty and violence. What he has now is his own. He

can enjoy it now. He is not sure he can enjoy it to-morrow. He greedily grasps and devours the good of the moment, because he takes thought for the next as a thing altogether in the power of evil chances. And so taking thought for the morrow as for something that he has no certainty about, as for a thing that may be or may not be, as the evil powers will, he neither builds nor plants. He makes no ventures for the future, because he is so anxious for the future. His thought about it scares him so that he does nothing for it. He remains a savage, living from hand to mouth.

The civilized man, on the other hand, believes that which has been will be. He has seen into the ordering of nature and the divine harmony of life so far, that he has faith in that order and harmony for the morrow as he has for to-day. He is calmly confident in the overruling powers. Suns will rise and set, rains will fall, and dews and seed-time will come, and harvest. His home will be his own, guarded by the sanctions of law. His goods will be his own to enjoy, shielded by the sword of justice. His morrow, if he lives, will be in all these respects as secure as his to-day. Therefore, he takes no thought for it. He rests, and is confident in the security of a divinely-guarded world. He believes that justice and righteousness and God are supreme. So he lays up for to-morrow. He plants orchards, of which his great-grandchildren may eat. He builds houses that may shelter his descendants when he has been dead for centuries He works not for himself, but for the race; not for to-day, but for all time. He constructs not the wigwam to shelter himself for a night, but the marble wall that shall defy the to-morrows of centuries. He does it all, trusting and believing, taking no more thought for to-morrow than he takes for to-day.

Therefore he works to-day confidently, and gives his work permanence. He plows and plants to-day, because he believes in a future harvest. Did he take thought for the drought and the blight and the storm of to-

morrow, he would gather no harvest in the autumn. He sends his ships away around the world, meeting the dangers of the tides, the winds, the waves, and the fires, because he takes no thought for to-morrow, but trusts that to-morrow's duty and care will be repaid as to-day's are. He builds his lighthouses on the coast, because that to-morrow, as to-day, the white-winged wanderers of the sea will come sailing to his haven. He founds his time-defying institutions of government, learning, and religion, because he calmly believes in a million morrows, for which he cannot, and only the good God can and will take thought.

Nay, it is the calm confidence in the future, the taking no thought for the morrow, the leaving to-morrow's things to itself, its work, its questions, its dangers, its battles, its sad defeats, perhaps, in sure confidence in the great Hands that guide the ages; it is the faithful, hopeful doing of to-day's work, the fighting out to the bitter end to-day's battles, that lies at the root of civilization, and makes its difference from savagery.

Faith is the foundation of power. The world might teach a thinking man that, if he found it no where else. The man who believes that the high God rules the ages, and under that great faith does the little or great to-day's duty, certainly trusting that God will care for him and it on the morrow, is the man who does work to stand. The nation that so does its duty, with something of the same faith, even though it be unconscious, is the nation that lays foundations for a thousand years of to-morrow.

Our Lord was announcing the watchword, not only of Christian conquest, but of the conquests of civilization, when He said:

"Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

PERSONAL IDENTITY AFTER DEATH.

IF men are punished or rewarded in another life, they must be the men who in this life have deserved punishment or reward. Their identity must be unquestionable. It must also, if that punishment or reward is to mean anything as an example of God's judgment in righteousness, be an identity which is known publicly. The man who sinned must be, unquestionably, the man who is condemned. The man who did righteousness and loved mercy and walked humbly with his God must be, without question, to any on-looker, the same man who is justified at the judgment.

"The recognition of friends in another world," a subject which has been a good deal discussed, and about which, we believe, books have been written, seems a very superfluous question,—a question only possible to a mind that has failed to comprehend the sharp realities of the other life. In the examples given us in Scripture of those who have returned from the unseen realms, there is no question about the identity. Saul knew Samuel as if he were in the flesh; Moses and Elias, on the mount of transfiguration, were recognized as readily as the incarnate Christ.

The stamp of individuality, that identity and oneness of being which God has impressed on every man as if he were the single soul created in all the universe, is never taken away. Neither sickness nor sorrow nor misfortune, neither insanity nor idiocy nor death can change it. The child receives it at its birth, and the world-weary man of fourscore dies, after all life's chances and changes, and

passes into the world of spirits, and is there the same,—the child that lay in its cradle a century ago.

Identity is one of the mysteries of being. But it is a mystery never lost when once conferred. And John Doe in heaven will be the identical John Doe his friends knew on earth, and Richard Roe in hell will be the same Richard that we used to see fitting himself for that position so pertinaciously here on earth. John's old friends will all gladly recognize him, and Richard's old companions will all greet him.

HUMAN NATURE.

DOES human nature lose anything in dying? Pity, tenderness, sympathy for the unfortunate and the fallen, belong to the best and, as we say in this world, the most Christian side of our nature. They are things that make us most like God. Would a man be a real man without these? If, in Paradise, he grows more perfect, must he not become more pitiful, more tender, more sympathetic? Is not God always so? And if the redeemed go on through eternity, growing more and more into the likeness of God, must they not share this part of the likeness and grow in it also? Supposing these qualities of our nature destroyed, would the redeemed be lovable by men or angels or God? But if these qualities remain, on whom shall they be exercised? They cannot be dead possibilities merely. They must be active and living powers, or nothing. There must be some to pity, or there can be no pity; some toward whom to be tender and helpful, or there can be no tenderness and no helpfulness; some to be merciful and forgiving toward, or there can be no mercy and no forgiveness. Who are they?

We remember, somewhere, reading a description of the joys of heaven, in which the author made a large portion of that joy consist in the comfortable contemplation by the saved of the tortures of the damned. One could only ask that, if the saved really find joy in such a sight, he may not be numbered among them, for, according to this notion, the sheep and goats have changed places, and the fiends have captured heaven.

BITS OF THOUGHT.

A GREAT deal of the wisdom of a man in this century is shown in leaving things unknown,—a great deal of his practical good sense in leaving things undone.

It is no longer possible to know everything. A universal scholar will be no more seen among men. The range of human knowledge has increased so vastly, has swept out and away so far and so fast, that no brain, be its quantity or quality what it may, can, in the years commonly given to man, even survey the field. A man, therefore, must make up his mind, if he propose to learn anything, to be content with profound ignorance of a great many other things. It is a bitter thing, perhaps, but it is the fact that a man who would know anything in this century must purchase his knowledge with voluntary and chosen ignorance of a hundred other things. One must choose his specialty, and devotion and diligence in that is the price he pays for success.

It is with doing as it is with knowing. There is only a certain amount of work in any case. He cannot do everything. Nevertheless everything needs doing. All about him is undone work clamoring for hands. There are two courses before one. To undertake everything, to fret and grieve because one finds this and that undone, and to make spasmodic efforts to do it,—this is the way of failure.

Resolutely to make up one's mind to let, as far as he is concerned, the most that should be done stay undone still, to steel one's heart against demands and necessities, to resist all inducements to put forth a single effort, to close one's eyes to it all, and to stick heart, hand, life, and love to

the thing a man undertakes and calls his own,—that is the way of success.

Life is very short, and the single brain and hand, at best, very weak, and there are thousands of things to know and to do. One must choose, and be content with his choice. And so it comes to pass that now, at last, the measure of a man's learning will be the amount of his voluntary ignorance, the measure of his practical effectiveness the amount of what he is content to leave unattempted.

We have said it is bitter. But we must accept a changed world cheerfully. There is no use in fretting. Many a man wears his heart out with regrets over things he wants to do and cannot, here and there one, over things he wants to know and cannot.

Neither God nor man demands impossibilities. The part of all the world's knowing or doing that comes to one's self is one's own responsibility, and will be borne effectively and happily as one resolutely shuts his eyes to the enormous mass of things he cannot know and cannot do. Let others look to those.

THERE is nothing better for a human being, sometimes, than a little hearty praise. Many good people conscientiously act on the directly opposite, and seem to think nothing better than a little hearty blame. They are mistaken, be conscientious in their blame as they may. There are sore burdens enough in life, bitterness and pain enough, hard work enough, and little enough for it, enough to depress a man and keep him humble, a keen enough sense of failure, succeed as he may, and a word of hearty commendation, now and then, will lighten his load and brighten his heart, and send him on with new hope and energy, and if he have any reasonable amount of brains at all, will do him no harm.

Children are sometimes heart-starved for a little hearty praise. Conscientious teachers and parents refuse it on principle. They are conscientious fools for their pains. Boys will act up to the estimate put upon them, or at least try to, if they are worth their salt. A hearty word of commendation is meat and drink to them for the next endeavor.

It is so with men. The strongest of us cannot work without some recognition of our work. We want to know that it is considered good. Our own judgments are not sufficient for us. A "well done," now and then, makes us certain of better doing still, in the future.

We are not speaking of the silly nonsense of flattery. We mean sensible, honest, hearty commendation, because a man deserves it. We mean the showing that a man's good work is appreciated, that the doer is regarded for the doing, and that other people are happy in his doing, and want to cheer him on to do more. It will not hurt anybody, boy or man. To hold it back often does great harm, and inflicts on many a sensitive soul sore pain. For our own part, we consider it only an honest man's duty, when he sees another man doing good work, faithful and hearty service, and doing it well, to say so, and, if it will help him at all in his work, to say it to him freely and heartily.

Sincere commendation is the wine of life. He who withholds it, when he can give it, is a churl. He may be a pious churl, a conscientious churl, a churl from the best of motives, but he is a churl nevertheless.